POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST APRIL 13 • 1963 20c

BILLY GRAHAM
Millions heed his call

Also: **John O'Hara** · **Boston Mail Robbery** · **Barry Goldwater**

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A step ahead

It's almost like having a second car

This new refrigerator can save you three shopping trips a week... The new Westinghouse Center Drawer Refrigerator eliminates all those extra trips to the market. Its roomy interior will hold all the fresh food you can cram into your car—and then some.

And note the center drawer . . . a Westinghouse first . . . with its own specially-controlled temperature, it holds enough fresh meats and vegetables for a family of five *for a week*, without freezing!

From top to bottom, the new Center Drawer Refrigerator is completely Frost-Free. Frost never forms in the big fresh food compartment at top, the center drawer, the 152-pound capacity freezer down below. So there's no defrosting ever.

One trip to your Westinghouse Dealer can save you many trips to the supermarket . . . ask to see the Center Drawer Refrigerator.

We never forget how much you rely on Westinghouse

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"We miss you...

how was your day?"

Almost bedtime for Jimmy—and Daddy calls Long Distance. Just in time to say goodnight and hear what's been happening at home. Whenever you have to be out of town for a while, a phone call is the reassuring way to keep in touch. Very thoughtful, too.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

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LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES • 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY
OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE FOR LEADING SPORTS AND
CONTEST ASSOCIATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD

New Longines "Gold Medal" Watches—$65 to $95* *Left to right:* GM 2126, with alligator strap • GM 2127, with matching bracelet GM 2030*, with alligator strap • GM 3006*, with silk cord • GM 3053, with matching bracelet • GM 3150, with suede strap.

LONGINES--A WORLD STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

The Longines Credo: "Every Longines watch, whatever its type, for whatever its purpose, today, as for almost a century, is manufactured to be the finest of its kind and worthy in every respect to be called *The World's Most Honored Watch.*" This daring statement means exactly what it says. It is your promise of quality, performance and complete satisfaction. It means that if your watch is a Longines, it is a watch of the world's finest quality, a world standard of excellence.

About Price And Value. You cannot judge the quality of a watch by price alone. Some watches far below Longines quality carry far higher price tags. The Longines "Gold Medal" watches shown above are priced from $65. But Longines are watches of the world's finest quality. The superiority of Longines watches has been proved over and over again in public competitions at World's Fairs, at Observatory Contests, in the official timing of International Sports.

When You Pay The Price Of A Longines: When you pay the price of a Longines, be sure that you get a Longines, The World's Most Honored Watch. Whether you buy a watch for yourself or someone you love, see the new 1963 Longines collection. Your favorite jeweler can sell you the Longines watch of your choice. If asked to accept a substitute, please write us. We will see that you are served. Style folders on request. Longines-Wittnauer, Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

Prices plus Federal Tax. Longines watches are also available in Canada.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

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The oil portrait of Billy Graham which accompanies Harold Martin's article is by C. L. (Bud) MacNelly, publisher of *The Post*, sketched at left by Al Hirschfeld. MacNelly, a gifted part-time painter whose oils sold out at a recent New York gallery exhibition, was named publisher of *The Post* last September. Since he received his economics degree from Rutgers in 1941, MacNelly has been enthusiastically combining his keen interest in art with a demanding business career. While still in his thirties he was a director and vice-president of one of the nation's biggest advertising agencies; yet in his spare time he managed to squeeze in many long hours at his easel. Early this year, on a visit to Washington, D.C., MacNelly was introduced to Graham. He found the evangelist "a fantastically compelling personality" and asked him to sit for the portrait which appears on page 17.

Other Bylines. After keeping pace with Edie Adams, **Richard Warren Lewis** observed that "she has so much energy she seems like twins." . . . **Roul Tunley** is a *Post* contributing editor. . . . *New York Times* correspondent **Max Frankel** spent three years in Moscow for his paper. . . . **Sheila John Daly** writes a syndicated newspaper column. . . . Golfer **Charles Price** retired from tournament competition several years ago. . . . Free-lancer **Booton Herndon** lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, where his friend Mortimer Caplin made his home before moving on to Washington as the nation's tax collector. . . . **Evan Wylie** and Boston *Globe* reporter **Robert Leary** collaborated on the incredible cops-and-robbers tale of vanished money bags, tapped telephones, spies and counterspies.

The Cover portrait of evangelist Billy Graham was made in St. Andrew's Cathedral in Honolulu by *Post* photographer **John Zimmerman.**

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LETTERS

Intelligent Integration

Dear Sirs:

I would like to thank you for your frank and unprejudiced report on South Carolina's peaceful integration at Clemson College (INTEGRATION WITH DIGNITY, by George McMillan, Mar. 16). The state most assuredly did conduct herself with dignity. But, more than that, your praise of the state on your editorial page deserves the thanks of every loyal Southerner. Racial violence here in the South gets front-page stories, often headlines, while our peaceful integration cases get stuck on the back pages, if they make the newspapers at all. I hope that Governor Wallace has learned something from both Oxford and Clemson.

ANTONY KENNEDY
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Students at Clemson College feel that the citizens of South Carolina and the student body were unfairly "glossed over" with McMillan's emphasis on the business and political leaders.

Granted, it would have been much more difficult to establish the overall contribution of the public and the student body, but the illusion of so much credit to a handful of people was both poor in taste and inaccurate.

J. DAVID E. GUMULA, *Editor*
The Tiger
Clemson College
Clemson, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

I read INTEGRATION WITH DIGNITY with tears in my eyes and joy in my heart. I am a Southerner by birth, yet I am proud of the course of action taken by these wise men in South Carolina.

I congratulate the author and *Post* editors for the clear, concise, thorough coverage on this timely problem.

R. BARNES
Lake Ariel, Pa.

Left as in Veeck

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Bill Veeck for his article (WHAT'S LEFT FOR THE LEFT-HANDER?, Mar. 16). Having belonged to this minority all my life, I know exactly how he feels.

There is nothing that makes me madder than to have someone say, "Why I didn't know you were left-handed!" It happens so often, and every time it does I do a slow burn and feel just a little more like something from a circus side-show. I wish people realized that being left-handed does not make one a freak of nature.

SHARON A. SCHARLACH
Watseka, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

May I be one of the first to join the NAALP (National Association for the Advancement of Left-handed People)? A housewife's world is just as one-sided, i.e. butter knives, soup ladles, can openers and many other such gadgets. Or, have you ever seen these extra-large liquor bottles with finger imprints for easy gripping? You guessed it. Right-handed!

MRS. E. A. DOOLITTLE
Northford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

The greatest pitch Bill Veeck ever made! I agree with every word of it.

The Navy made me fly off their ships with my right hand on the stick and my more dexterous left hand was relegated to the throttle. Even if you had to jump, they made you pull the cord with your right hand.

JOHN S. COOKE
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Fashion Preview

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on being first with color photographs of Paris fashions (PARIS CLOTHES GO PRETTY, photographs by Burt Glinn) *and* on the most informative and definitive report of the collections (VOILÀ! LES GIRLS RETURN, by Eugenia Sheppard, Mar. 16). A great coup for the *Post*.

ELIZABETH ORNDUFF
I. Magnin & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Have you, the editors, ever considered just how many of your readers could or would wear these outrageous numbers, let alone pay for them?

Could you please give us a look-see into something nice for spring, which we men would like to see in a medium price range and displayed on a woman with meat on her bones?

S. K. MORTIMER JR.
Newland, N.C.

Educational Aids

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hibbs has done a fine job in describing some startling achievements of MR. FORD'S BUSY BILLIONS (Mar. 16). One more example: Mr. Ford's 52 millions to Woodrow Wilson Fellowships go a long way toward solving the college-teacher shortage, and they attract outstanding men and women to college-teaching careers.

Although this particular Ford venture is of recent vintage, we can already see its effects. Woodrow Wilson Fellows today hold teaching posts on some 300 college faculties.

HANS ROSENHAUPT
National Director
Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation
Princeton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

All of us need to get busy in giving some foundation to our society and our lives rather than letting the Ford (and other) Foundation's busy billions dictate and shape our economy.

Our educational institutions will inevitably produce a stifled product—a diluted alumni under this unearned massive gift.

MRS. CHARLES F. REEVES
Aurora, Colo.

Economy Masterpiece

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your most interesting article on the work and love which went into the making of the film *David and Lisa* (SMALL-BUDGET FILM TRIUMPH: DAVID AND LISA, by William Trombley, Mar. 16). I think its success proves that Americans are eager and responsive to quality and depth in their film viewing. It's a shame that most often we are constantly "talked down to" through the Hollywood confections which are foisted upon us.

VIOLE REIK
Chicago, Ill.

Delinquent Fiction

Dear Sirs:

William Price Fox's MOONSHINE LIGHT, MOONSHINE BRIGHT (Mar. 16) is the greatest piece of writing since John Steinbeck's Great Frog Hunt.

Oh, this is a breath of fresh air! No improbable blonde on the beach (who is really a Ph.D.) who meets an equally improbable young Hercules who really isn't a beach bum but an architect worth forty million dollars.

Mr. Fox's story of two delightful delinquents is a masterpiece.

LAWRENCE FERGUSON
Tucson, Ariz.

Rooting for Rickover

Dear Sirs:

Vice Admiral Rickover's accomplishments, mentioned in your editorial, LET'S SOLVE THE "RICKOVER PROBLEM," of March 16, should be an inspiration to our youth and not a warning to those who would follow in his footsteps, that should they persist they would be in for a rough time instead of reward.

Let any person in our military establishment prove beyond any doubt to be foremost in his reasoning, knowledge, honesty and display an avowed hatred of waste, and immediately he becomes a target for those not so equipped.

S. SEILER
Knob Lick, Mo.

Cuban Complications

Dear Sirs:

I was delighted with Mr. Stewart Alsop's THE FRUITS OF CASTRO'S PLOTTING (Mar. 16). Mr. Alsop's concept and understanding of Latin America are not only thorough but carry the voice of experience and ring the bell loud and clear as well.

May I offer my congratulations to Mr. Alsop, and to your magazine for publishing this alarming but true study of the situation at a time when it is very important that the average North American learns the factual truth.

A. MACKAY
Montreal, Can.

Dear Sirs:

In your March 16 issue Stewart Alsop makes no bones about whom he considers boss in the Western Hemisphere. He invokes the Monroe Doctrine as though it were a law of nature and shamelessly espouses the ethics of the jungle—that simple force is the essential ingredient of our power. Noting that heavy-handed military intervention has the disadvantage of stirring up hate, he prefers underhanded methods, such as the overthrow of President Guzman of Guatemala "with an assist from the CIA." In the event such methods are inadequate, however, the American eagle must always be ready and willing to swoop down, talons bared, upon any southern neighbors insufficiently submissive. There is no mention whatsoever of the U.N. or the O.A.S., both of which outlaw such actions, nor is there any mention of the wishes of the U.S. citizenry, other than one Mr. Alsop.

BEATRICE HENSHAW
Ann Arbor, Mich.

COMING...in next week's Post

Armageddon

A major excerpt from a new novel

By LEON URIS

Author of EXODUS

HOW WASHINGTON STAGE-MANAGES THE NEWS

THE SOFT SELL IN JAPAN
By Vance Packard

BIRTH CONTROL

A Catholic doctor speaks out

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

3–Hirshfeld. • 10–Andrew St. George (Magnum). • 17–C. L. MacNelly. • 18, 19, 20, 21, 23–John Zimmerman. 24–Julian Wasser. • 25–3 by Julian Wasser; Ernest Reshovsky. • 26–Julian Wasser. • 27–Bill Bridges. • 28–Archie Lieberman. • 30–Sovfoto; Dalmas (Pix). • 35–Sovfoto. • 38, 39–Des Asmussen. • 42, 43–Neil Boyle. • 54, 55–Joe Cleary. • 60, 61, 62–John Zimmerman. • 66, 69–Fred Lyon. • 71–Joe Scherschel. • 75–U.P.I. • 76–Wide World; 2 by U.P.I.; Wide World. • 77–U.P.I. • 78–U.P.I.; 2 by Everett Tatreau (Quincy Ledger). • 79, 80, 81–John Launois.

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Step into your shower with the Dial Soap Sweepstakes Ticket on the next page (You may step out $25,000.00 richer.)

Dial showers are the nicest kind. After all, no other soap gives you such protection. (Only Dial has AT-7 to wipe out bacteria that cause perspiration odor.) But your next Dial shower may be even nicer. It might make you rich. To find out how, turn the page.

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WORLD'S FIRST Instant

Step into your shower with this Dial Soap Sweepstakes Ticket.

(You may step out $25,000.00 richer.)

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Sweepstakes

$50,000 IN PRIZES

And Dial lets you know right now if you're a winner!

Your sweepstakes number is written on the Sweepstakes Ticket in invisible ink. Just step into your shower or bath and your individual number will appear when you wash the Sweepstakes Ticket with soap and water. (Dial, of course, works best.) Then check your number against

the winning numbers right on this page. You don't have to write or buy a thing. Even if you don't have a winning number, all is not lost. The red coupon saves you 5¢ on your next Dial purchase. So everybody's a winner. It's just a question of how much you win.

Here are the winning numbers in Dial's Instant Sweepstakes

GRAND PRIZE—$25,000	2ND PRIZE—$5,000	3RD PRIZE—$2,500
NO. HM 45029	NO. VX 53425	NO. CK 45534

75–4TH PRIZES—$100 Each

AB 40681	GL 23240	RC 54318
AM 51194	GT 45655	RC 21541
AP 67373	HF 82841	SJ 33918
AW 75053	HV 39593	SK 48696
AW 51781	JB 71437	SQ 32998
BK 87008	JV 44619	SS 50878
BT 35039	KJ 91340	TU 31812
BU 65375	KQ 24811	UH 92353
BZ 65093	LF 32311	UW 68630
CC 66627	LU 87835	VV 53713
CE 90468	MG 10458	VW 71110
CG 13840	ML 99809	VZ 99428
CJ 78396	NF 78139	WG 95562
CK 77050	NN 71152	WJ 96053
CQ 95835	NU 62318	WL 93684
CT 34916	PB 52245	WM 58406
EB 92253	PE 91091	WM 87600
FA 27353	PE 12154	XB 98159
FG 63020	PF 77807	XL 38130
FP 79763	PZ 15341	XM 10020
FP 65291	PZ 27395	XY 37906
FR 19067	QR 69224	XY 72195
FT 71407	QU 47195	YN 96663
FV 30355	QX 77002	ZW 55819
GJ 34741	QZ 79178	ZW 68096

200–5TH PRIZES—$50 Each

AB 89713	EZ 87490	JB 99815	LQ 32702	NZ 11476	QZ 27197	UG 19282	XJ 98967
AG 94563	FK 84957	JC 24251	LY 26912	PA 60151	RC 64763	UM 61016	XK 36217
AJ 43027	FL 68321	JC 94384	LZ 87259	PA 91014	RG 58114	UN 93712	XM 86647
AV 13011	FP 44976	JN 22108	MA 88701	PB 62958	RK 73573	UR 80005	XN 34164
AX 74840	FQ 10760	JQ 76661	MC 89909	PH 94372	RK 92648	UU 76555	XP 32761
BH 17855	FX 86540	JS 68646	MQ 26532	PL 11945	RL 57271	UV 91726	XR 61311
BJ 29475	FY 28820	JS 35299	MQ 56449	PL 88888	RL 25949	UY 39343	XU 17106
BM 24644	FY 55575	JT 22597	MR 84611	PL 38351	RN 52119	VC 81568	XV 59965
BQ 46326	FZ 92552	JV 45133	MT 89037	PM 36135	RN 44450	VK 33657	XV 68912
BT 51940	GG 82275	JY 80567	MT 66513	PT 75474	RR 61860	VL 65244	XX 77366
BV 93919	GG 44169	KA 63392	MU 93210	PW 97180	SF 47884	VN 28803	YC 36179
BV 32641	GK 72535	KE 94731	NB 35295	PZ 53859	SM 56658	VR 41301	YE 96319
BX 40131	GN 51356	KG 56728	NE 59039	QA 56132	SW 82529	VT 77384	YG 45481
BZ 91020	GU 86594	KH 61398	NG 42241	QB 88547	TB 69774	VV 28172	YH 53466
CA 89051	HA 71343	KN 97071	NH 70330	QC 65809	TF 25186	VV 13799	YN 24034
CE 74232	HA 47292	KU 13831	NJ 36540	QC 33958	TH 84559	WC 88218	YW 69945
CH 56422	HC 43774	KW 12109	NK 92796	QF 83318	TR 35175	WR 23211	ZE 68308
CJ 75812	HE 83975	KW 37654	NL 62241	QH 35514	TS 50205	WT 61952	ZF 89809
CP 97612	HF 38011	KY 81623	NL 88915	QH 93493	TU 34567	WW 61954	ZK 96476
CW 46632	HF 28235	LF 41967	NQ 79713	QL 15196	TV 36069	WX 46277	ZL 20924
CZ 44214	HJ 98159	LF 32560	NS 47446	QP 12657	TX 15295	WX 53684	ZN 24239
EC 53662	HX 42224	LG 83459	NV 50049	QR 91262	TX 77096	WY 22739	ZR 83590
EN 15458	HY 94718	LH 99245	NV 44841	QS 11770	UA 65445	XF 16027	ZV 76329
EZ 53020	HZ 41268	LJ 35297	NX 67907	QT 50312	UB 49955	XF 37066	ZV 74067
EZ 28256	JA 64386	LN 37301	NX 82483	QV 42227	UC 76022	XG 99155	ZX 47245

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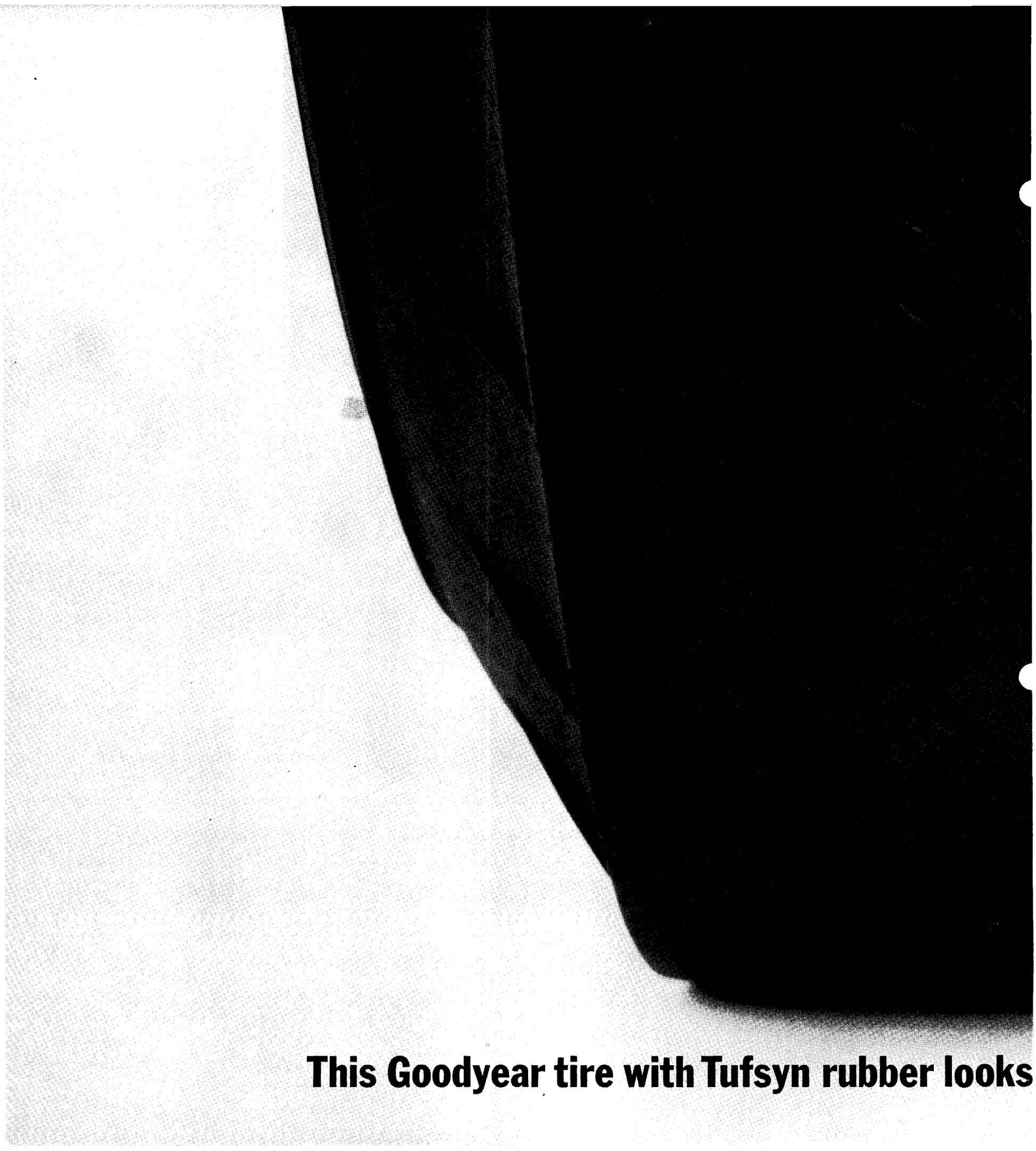

This Goodyear tire with Tufsyn rubber looks

26,084 miles. And not just ordinary miles.

They were hard-driving test miles on the Ohio Turnpike. As fast as the law allows. Tough, hard service for any tire, yet look how this Goodyear Custom Super-Cushion can take it!

If your tires looked like this after so much abuse for so long, wouldn't you think you had it made? You bet you would.

And it's all because of Tufsyn. Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's tough new synthetic rubber—as developed and specially processed for use in Goodyear tires.

Tufsyn is different from conventional rubbers—either natural rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same, feels the same. It's in the same family. But it's tougher, more durable.

TUFSYN, SUPER-CUSHION, T.M.'S THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

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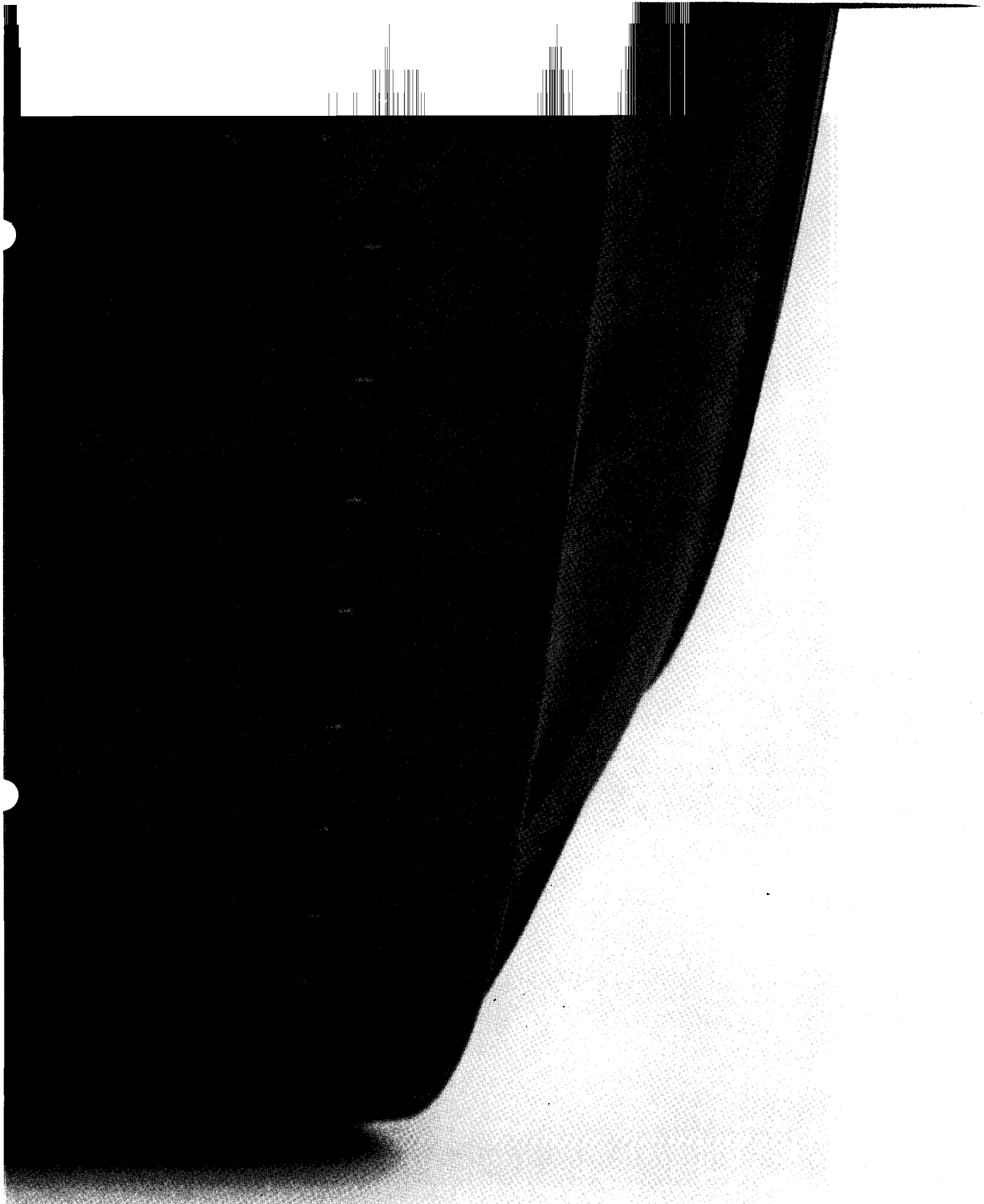

most new. It has actually gone 26,084 miles.

' why Tufsyn is in every Goodyear tire.
.'.syn's in the tread—and in the body. It holds the tire together better
uard against blowouts, chunking, chipping, cracking. Tufsyn makes
)dyears as much as 25% more durable.
Goodyear tires with Tufsyn are the
ghest passenger tires Goodyear ever made. Yet they cost no more than those so-called "bargains." More reason why—the sooner you visit your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store, the sooner you've got it made.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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SPEAKING OUT

THE G.O.P. INVADES THE SOUTH

A Conservative sees a bright future for the Republicans below the Mason-Dixon line.

By Senator Barry Goldwater

A young, healthy Republican Party is on the move in the South today. The once solid South is no longer a monopoly bloc devoted to the automatic election of Democratic candidates. Republicans in the South no longer are made to feel like skunks at a church social. Democratic Party membership is no longer considered a social and economic as well as a political necessity for citizenship south of the Mason-Dixon line.

There has been a change. This change has been a long time coming, and the first cracks began appearing in presidential voting. Republican candidate Thomas E. Dewey made surprising inroads in the South in the elections of 1944 and 1948, polling one third of the total popular vote in the area embraced by Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia.

It may be that this was the beginning of a revelation to many Southerners. For in getting their feet wet in presidential elections, they gradually began to understand that it was possible to vote Republican without being hit by a bolt of lightning and without being branded "Yankees."

Consequently, in 1952 with General Eisenhower as their candidate, Republicans increased their percentage of votes in the South to 48.8 percent and made minor gains in congressional races.

That year saw the elections of Republican Congressmen Joel T. Broyhill and Richard Poff in Virginia and of Charles Jonas in North Carolina. Running for reelection in 1956, President Eisenhower increased his southern-vote percentage to 51.1; Broyhill, Poff and Jonas were reelected, and the Republicans picked up one congressional seat each in Florida and Texas with the election of Representatives William Cramer and Bruce Alger.

And for those who think that these gains were primarily attributable to the personal popularity of President Eisenhower, it should be pointed out that Republican candidate Richard M. Nixon polled 47.7 percent of the South's presidential vote in 1960, and all Republican congressional incumbents were reelected. In other words, the trend to Republican voting not only was a lasting feature of presidential races but also was beginning to influence the balloting for lesser offices. A case in point was the 1961 Texas election of John Tower to the U. S. Senate—the first Republican Senator from that state since Reconstruction.

The fact that Republican candidates polled nearly half the votes in the South in the past three presidential elections is not generally recognized. It is proof positive that Republicanism in the South is not a brand-new phenomenon to be attributed to a particular issue or feeling.

Now what exactly happened in the South this past November?

1. Five new Republican congressmen were elected, two of them in districts where Republicans didn't even nominate candidates in the 1958 elections.

2. All Republican incumbents in Congress were reelected with sizable majorities, despite intervention by the Kennedy administration and the gerrymandering of some Republican-held districts.

3. In the 11 states of the old South, Republicans tripled the vote they registered in 1958, the last mid-term congressional election, and they doubled their share of the total vote.

4. Republican victories were registered in a long string of state, county and local elections, ranging all the way from state senators to hospital-board members.

5. Republicans won "moral" victories in many contests where candidates challenged entrenched Democrats and came within an eyelash of gaining election.

In Alabama, Republicans astounded the entire nation by polling 49.2 percent of the total vote cast for the United States Senate, coming within 7,000 votes of defeating veteran Democrat Lister Hill, who never before had encountered serious opposition from the G.O.P. The Alabama balloting also saw the Republicans elect two state representatives and gain a seat on the board of education in Union Springs.

In Florida, aside from electing a second Republican congressman, the G.O.P. polled 44 percent of the total vote in a statewide contest for railroad-and-public-utility commissioner—for the strongest showing by a Republican in recent history. Additionally, Florida Republicans elected five county commissioners, several judges, a port-authority member, a sheriff, a constable, five hospital-board members, ten school-board members and three budget commissioners. The 1962 elections saw the Republicans increase their grand total of officeholders in the state to 117.

In Georgia the Republicans elected two state senators—the first since Reconstruction—and four state representatives.

In North Carolina, Republicans held one congressional seat, picked up another, and elected 21 state representatives and two state senators for a net gain of six in the state legislature. In addition, complete Republican tickets were elected in Guilford, Stanly, Henderson and Randolph counties, and the Democratic boss of Buncombe County was defeated for reelection as sheriff.

Texans, too, join in

In Texas, Republicans polled 45.9 percent of the statewide vote for governor, compared with a percentage of only 37.5 in 1958. In addition, the Republicans gained five seats in the state legislature, elected judges in Kerr, Midland, Dallas and Harrison counties, a superintendent of schools in El Paso County and a constable in Potter County.

This partial recital of Republican gains is important primarily because it demonstrates clearly that the habit of voting Republican—long confined to presidential contests when discernible at all—has now seeped down to the county and local levels of political action in the South. These are the roots of the party system in America. When the Republicans begin to spawn strength in county commissions, in state legislatures, in the county judiciary, there can be little doubt of the fundamental nature of the change.

The significance of this change extends far beyond a regional border, however, and there is therefore a great need today for a proper understanding of this emergent political phenomenon in the South. Unfortunately it has been singularly lacking in the postelection statements of party officials and "think pieces" offered by some of the nation's political reporters and analyzers. Their solutions, almost without exception, deal variously with the candidates or the weight of a single issue or the concurrence of a temporary crisis.

One of the common explanations for growing Republican strength in the South asserts that the G.O.P. is making its gains through appeals to extreme segregationists. This is a theme popular with northern Democrats and with some northern Republicans who are annoyed at the conservative nature of the Republican trend. And no analysis could be more absurd on its face. Republican influence in the South is growing in direct proportion to the South's moderation on the race issue. It is located in the urban areas, where a new view is emerging, while the Democratic strength is more and more being confined to the rural communities, where the race issue has undergone little change.

While Democrats might point to one or two contests in which a Republican tried to outshout his Democratic opponent on the segregation issue, not one of the 11 newly elected congressmen from the South actually exploited the racial issue. When I spoke at a Republican rally in Jackson, Mississippi, I said that the time had come for all politicians to stop appealing for votes on the grounds of race, color or creed. It was the only mention of the race issue at the rally. When the Democrats held their rally in Jackson, Mississippi, the incumbent senator, a Democrat, brought up the trouble at the University of Mississippi and blamed Republican President Eisenhower for his efforts on behalf of desegregation.

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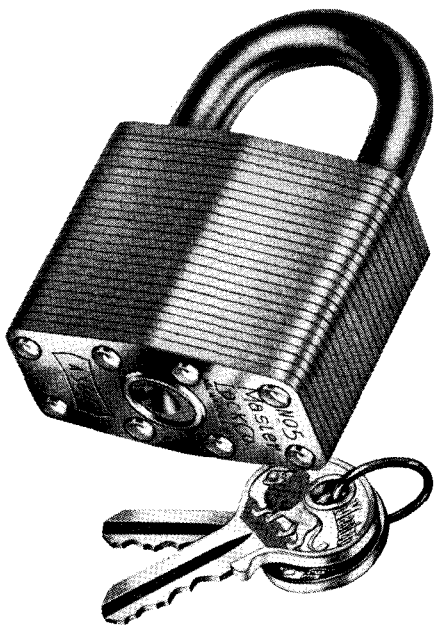

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SPEAKING OUT

Any arguments which attempt to localize the cause of Republican strength in the South simply ignore not only the process but also the causes of what is happening throughout the southern states of our country. They miss the point that the South is, and has been for some time past, undergoing a profound evolution of political thinking and acting. They fail to take into account the vast changes which have taken place in the South over the past two decades.

But perhaps the greatest mistake made by the newly risen "host" of experts on southern politics is the belief that the Republican trend is something new.

This, of course, is utter nonsense. The Republican trend in the South has been developing over a period of years and has kept pace with the evolutionary process of change. In effect, it amounts to a political flowering of a new society. It is the expression of progress toward a two-party political system in a section of the country which long confused traditional political practice with its own welfare. Call it an awakening, if you like. But you must remember that it has been a gradual, slow-paced awakening which has gone on for a long time and only showed up in a relatively massive way in the last elections.

The very deliberateness of the process attests to its soundness and marks its lasting qualities. Make no mistake about it, Republicanism is in the South to stay. If it were the overnight development that many commentators and politicians would like us to think, then I believe we might be justified in looking for a single reason for Republican strength.

But this is not the case. The changes which are now finding political expression in the South have been going on for years. They are attuned to new economic and commercial developments and attitudes. They have roots in the new industrialization of a part of the country which from its earliest settlement has existed in an agricultural economy and society. They are related to the growing importance of business activity and concern for the interests of the business community. They are tied in with the steady and growing expansion of urban communities and cities and the declining influence of the rural areas.

And this last point is of particular importance. Republican strength is greatest in the urban areas of the South. These areas are growing in numbers and in importance. The recent Supreme Court decision on reapportionment makes it certain that the urban areas of the South will become increasingly important in statewide elections. And, as Republicans gain in these elections, so will the political sinews of the party organization. More and more patronage at the state and local levels will fall into Republican hands and become the framework for lasting political organizations at the "grass roots" of the South.

It is the South itself that is changing, not the approach of political parties to the South. A new and vigorous middle-class society is developing in the wake of industrialization and heavier emphasis on commercial attitudes.

And because of this it is particularly significant that Republican strength in the South is emerging in a city environment. It shows that a new and different kind of conservatism is rising to displace the old, rural traditional—almost hereditary—conservatism of the Democrats. It is primarily an economic conservatism stemming from the growth in business activity, the increase in per capita income and the rising confidence of the South in its own ability to expand industrially and commercially. And it is a brand of conservatism which sees Democratic Party policies of inflation and nonproductive, reactionary devices, such as unbalanced budgets and deficit financing, as parts of the old pessimism which once gripped their region.

In the Republican Party the South therefore sees a welcome trend away from centralized control of government and an emphasis on local responsibility and individual freedom.

The Republican Party in the South is based on truly progressive elements. It is manned by young, energetic and imaginative Southerners who are standing up in the nation and looking about them with a kind of pride and optimism and hope which hasn't been seen since before the days of the Reconstruction. These are the new, vigorous Southerners who have adopted the full scale of modern technology without sacrificing respect for and belief in the essential underpinnings of history. Having adopted this modern technology, they are following through with a realistic political outlook that is unwilling to be taken in by the reactionary devices and mechanisms of government extravagance and the other manifold varieties of economic fallacy which have become the standard program of the northern Democrats.

New challenge to G.O.P.

Consequently I believe the South has become an area of new opportunity and therefore new challenge for the Republican Party. And it has become an area which will demand and obtain an increasingly strong voice in the conduct of Republican Party affairs.

What we do with this opportunity can affect the future of the Republican Party and the nation for many years to come. By the same token, what we might fail to do—through some mistaken interpretation of what the growing Republican trend in the South actually means—could have long and lasting effects.

In this I strongly disagree with some members of my own political party who have evidenced a timidity—almost a reluctance—to take full advantage of the enlightened trend toward Republicanism and economic conservatism in the South.

When we get around to drafting a party platform in 1964, we must take cognizance of the Republican viewpoint in the South as well as the Republican viewpoint in the North. Unlike the Democrats, we are not a schizophrenic political organization with a different set of recommendations for every region of the country. Consequently I do not believe the drafting of a party platform—upon which a candidate devoted to traditional Republican principles can be elected with the support of the South—will be an insurmountable task. The Republican platform must be one that will be in the interest of all Americans and not directed primarily toward some special groups in the North or a special viewpoint in the South.

Nomination in Democratic primaries below the Mason-Dixon line can no longer be considered tantamount to election, as was the case for so many years. The states of the South can no longer be taken for granted by the national leaders of the Democratic Party. THE END

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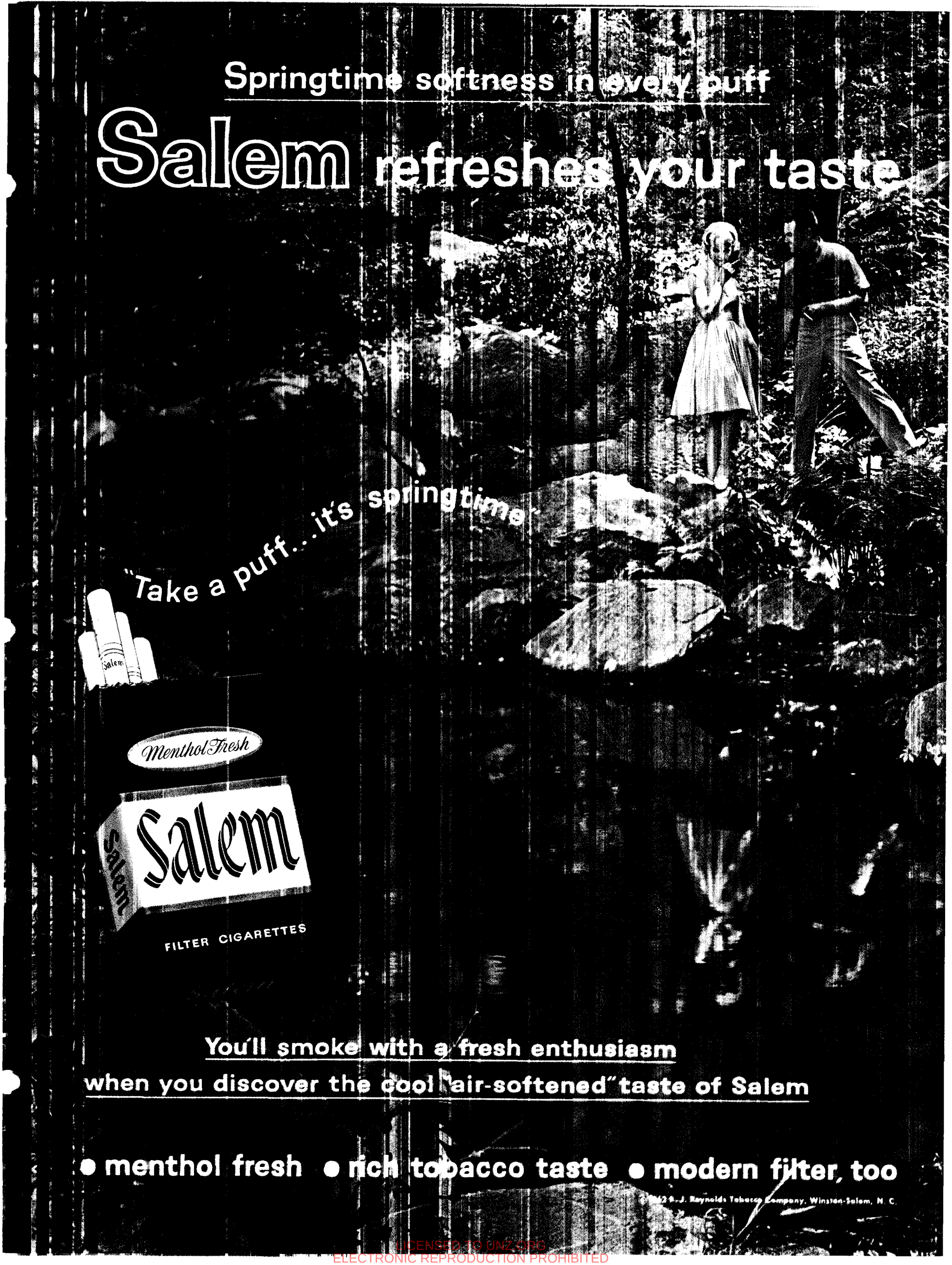
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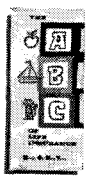

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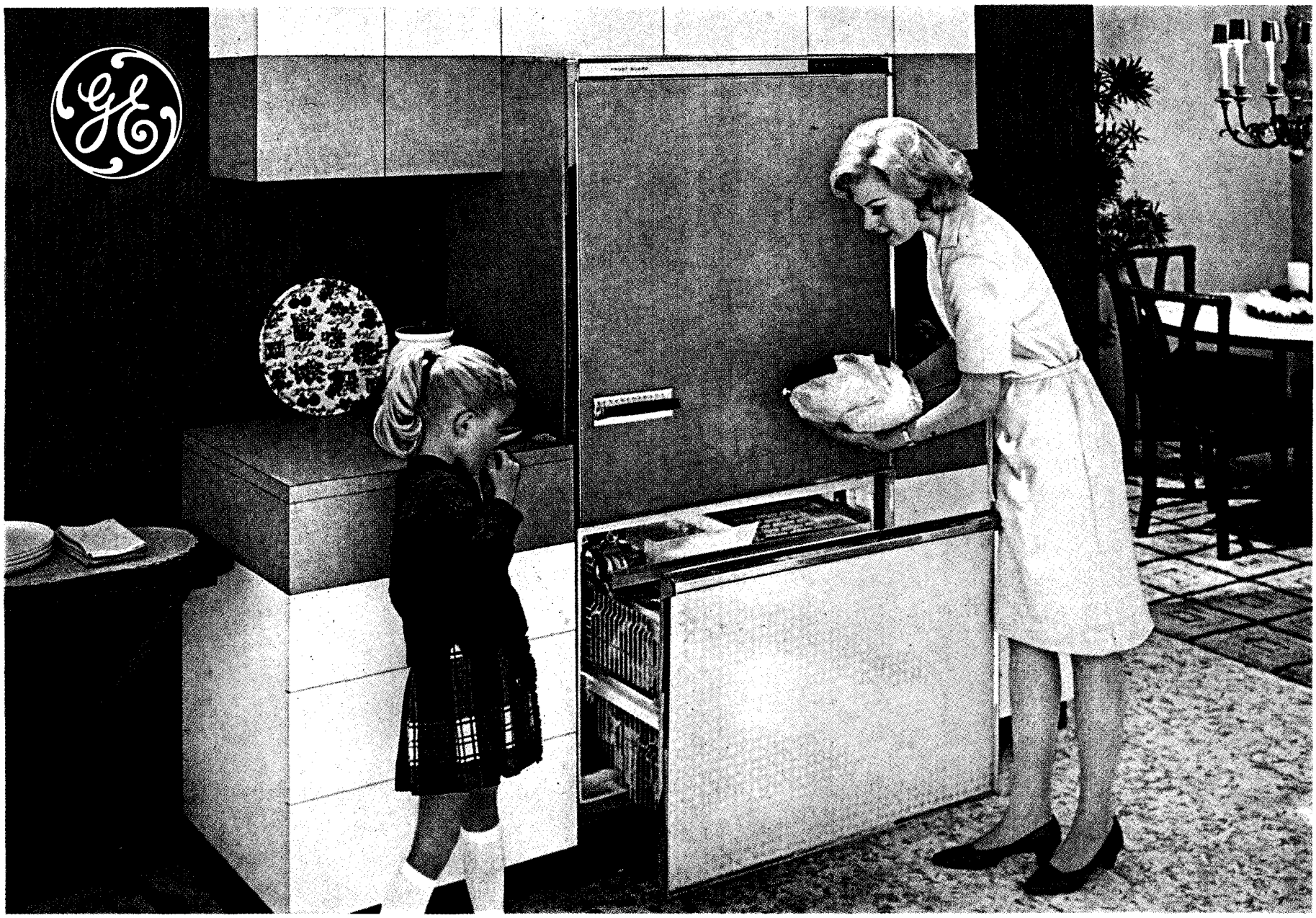

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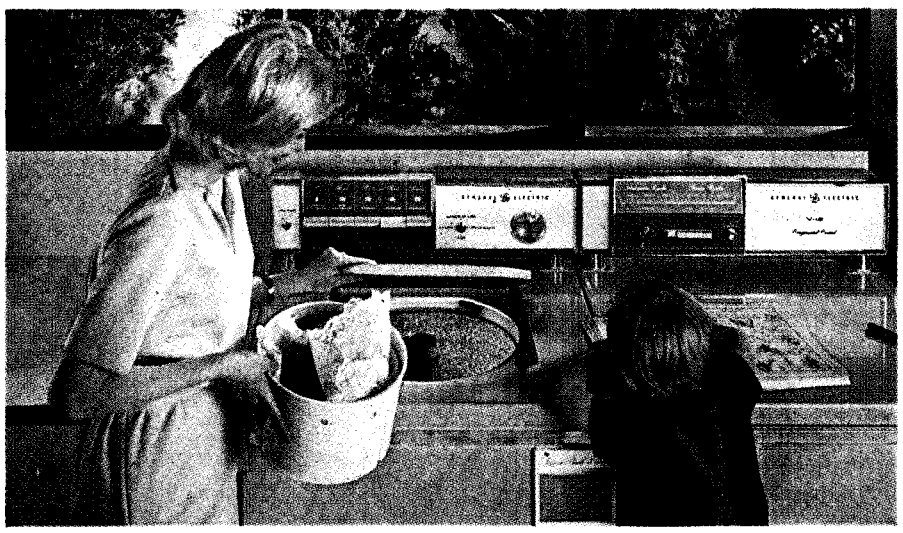

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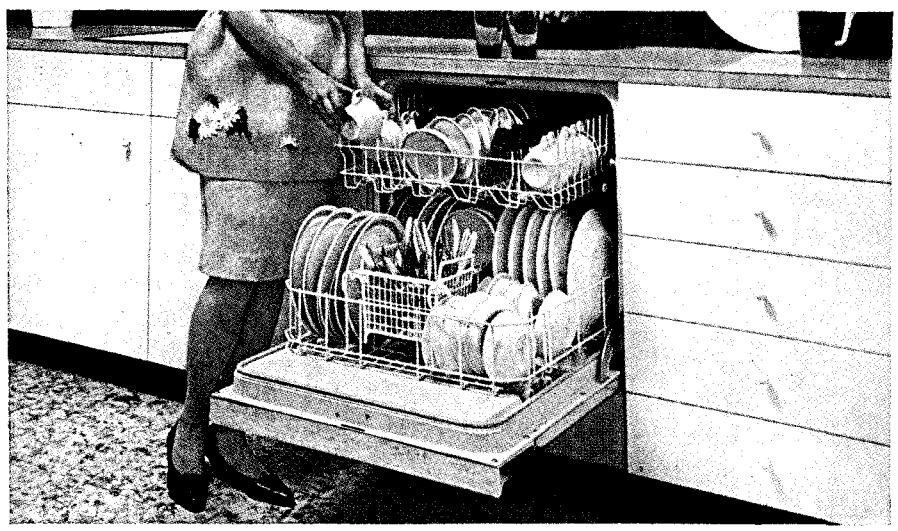

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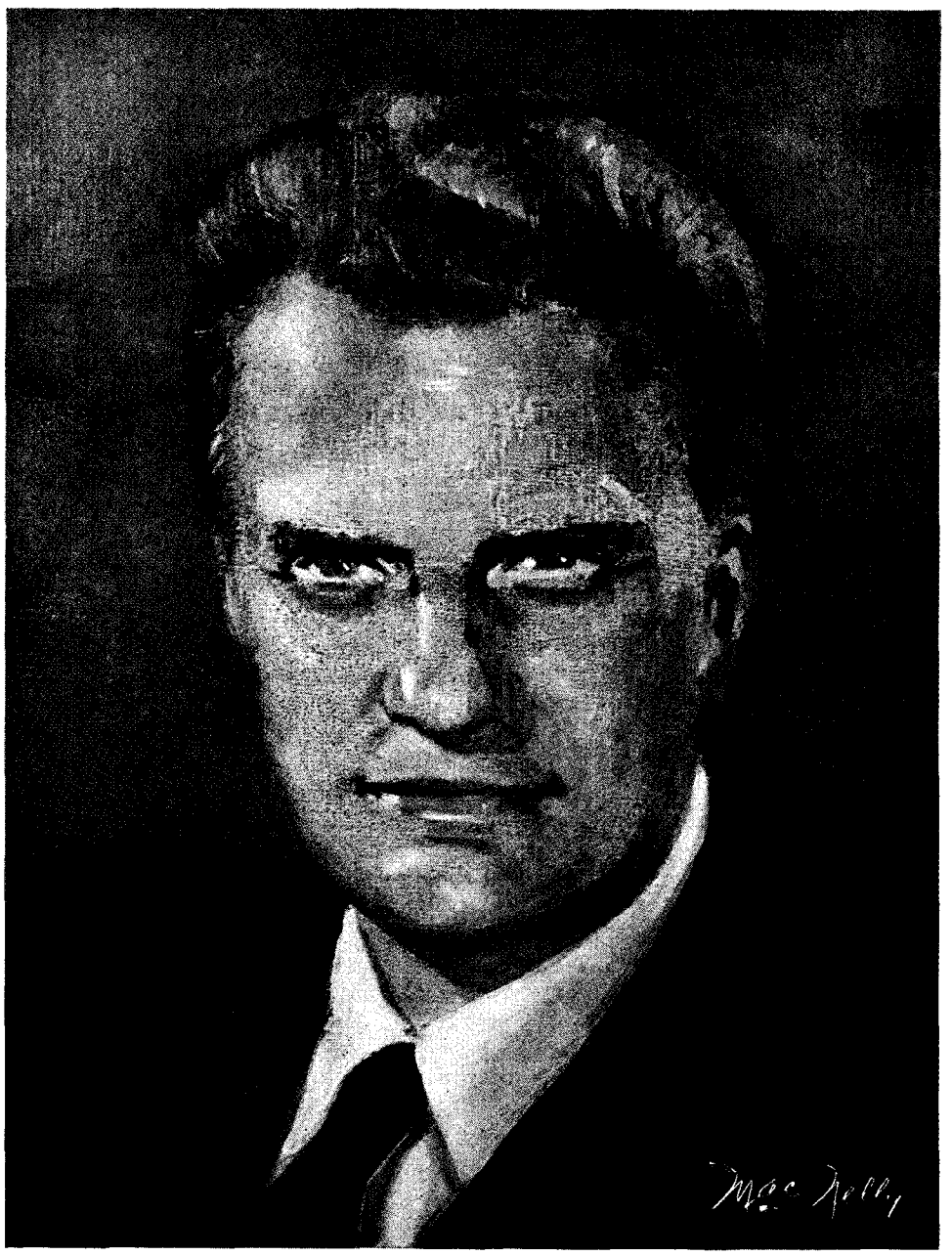

A VIVID PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS REVIVALIST

BILLY GRAHAM

By Harold H. Martin

The prayers have been offered, the last hymns sung. The deep bass-baritone of the soloist dies away. The preacher, who for half an hour has been sitting with his head bowed over his Bible, rises and walks unannounced to the pulpit. Tall, blond, blue-eyed, handsome, he stands for a long moment in silence, looking out over the crowd. In the congregation, which may number 100,000, there is no movement, no sound. He begins quietly, in conversational tones, the tiny microphone clasped to his tie carrying his voice to the farthest seats. "We are here tonight by divine appointment," he says. "We are here to meet God and His Son, Jesus Christ. Let us open our hearts to receive Him."

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"MY SERMONS ARE SIMPLE, BUT SO WAS CHRIST."

From the worn Bible, its every page marked with his own penciled notations, he reads, strongly but without oratory, the Scripture from which he will take his text.

As he finishes reading and his message begins to stir in him, his manner changes. His body tenses. His voice grows high and clear and takes on a note of desperate urgency. His eyes glow and flash, and his long arms slash the air or thrust suddenly upward to hold the Bible aloft. With the open Bible in his hand he moves like a boxer, weaving and crouching. Behind him an associate, holding the thin microphone wire, plays him like a trout, reeling in as he comes closer, paying out line as he moves away.

He speaks to his hearers of their doubts and fears, of the emptiness of their lives, the loneliness of heart that all men feel who have separated themselves from God. He tells them of the deep inner peace that comes when they place their lives in God's hands. He begs them to accept by faith what their minds cannot comprehend—the magnitude of God's love, the miracle of Christ's birth and death and resurrection, His atonement for their sins.

As he moves smoothly from the exhortation into the closing invitation his manner again changes. His voice softens, and he stands without moving. "Come forward now in the quietness with the simple faith of a little child," he tells them, half-pleading, half-commanding. "Here tonight take the first trusting, childlike step." He stands quietly waiting, saying no more. He waits for what seems to be a long time, and nothing happens. Then, by ones and twos and tens and hundreds, the people stand up and begin to move toward him. There is no weeping, no shouting, no visible sign of emotion. "They go forward as quietly as communicants going up to the altar rail to receive the bread and wine," a British minister once observed.

For 16 years, using these same techniques, evangelist Billy Graham has been transforming tents into tabernacles and sports coliseums into cathedrals from Boston to Buenos Aires and from India to England The sermon is always basically the same. The words may vary, the approach differ, but always at the heart of it is the same message—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Thousands of evangelists for hundreds of years have held out this same promise, and from thousands of pulpits all over the world it will be heard again this Easter morning, for in the language of theology this is the *kerygma*, the heart of the gospel. Many who propound it are more eloquent preachers than Mr. Graham, and many are deeper theologians. None, however, has carried the message to more people in more lands, nor presented it with more power and authority, nor stirred a deeper response in his hearers.

Since 1947 in his formal "crusades" Mr. Graham has spoken face to face with more than 31 million people. More than 800,000 of them have come forward at his invitation to make their decision to follow Christ. Somewhere in the world, every night, 200 people make the same decision after watching some of the more than 40 movies which feature his sermons. Every Sunday evening 15 to 20 million people in the United States and Canada, and uncounted millions more in Europe, England and Australia, listen to *The Hour of Decision*, his weekly sermon on the air. His column, *My Answer*, is carried in 225 newspapers. The magazine *Decision*, whose lead article is always a sermon by Mr. Graham, is read each month by 1,250,000 subscribers and their families. His book *Peace With God*, which has sold 400,000 copies in hard covers and 750,000 in paperback, is now published in 45 languages.

In the jungles of Fiji and New Guinea tapes of his sermons are played by missionaries, who translate them into pidgin for tribesmen squatting in village compounds. A dairyman's son from North Carolina, with little formal theological education, he has become, around the world, a religious figure only slightly less well known than the Pope. In the United States he has become a symbol like the flag, a national institution like J. Edgar Hoover.

Theologians, sociologists and psychologists have studied Mr. Graham and his audiences, trying to analyze what it is that gives him such a power to sway men's minds.

To one eminent theologian the explanation is that he is a charismatic personality. This implies far more than saying he is a man of great personal magnetism. "Charisma," by definition, is "a spiritual gift or talent, regarded as being divinely granted to a person as a token of grace and favor," giving to the recipient a "supernatural power" to inspire "enthusiastic popular support."

"I would not deny that at times the power of the Holy Spirit seems to be manifest in Mr. Graham's meetings," says Dr. Paul L. Lehmann, professor of systematic theology at Union Theological Seminary. At the same time, Doctor Lehmann points out, he feels that Graham's evangelism is "evangelism with a backward look, which presents the content and power of Christianity in terms of ideas, values and individual decisions which have steadily lost significance for this generation."

A message of love and hope

To the psychologist Mr. Graham's persuasive power lies in the fact that his audiences are eager to accept his message of hope and reassurance. He came along at a time when men were frightened, floundering and clutching for a rock to cling to. Two world wars and a great depression had destroyed their bright illusion that man by his own virtues could create the kingdom of God on earth. Mr. Graham teaches that man is innately sinful but that all his sins were atoned for in the moment that Christ died on the cross. To find peace of heart and mind, therefore, all that is required of him is that he repent of his sins, put his trust in Christ and work for Him thereafter in the body of His church. To the frightened this has been a message of love and hope.

Finally, in addition to Mr. Graham's own great talents, all those who have studied him agree, he has had working for him one of the smartest promotional organizations ever assembled, whether secular or religious. His team of bright, hard-working young men are masters of the mechanics of mass persuasion, and all are dedicated to him and to his cause.

Mr. Graham believes that all such appraisals of his genius miss the point.

"I myself am nothing," he says. "I am what every evangelist has been—the herald, the trumpeter, telling the good news of the gospel. I can't convert anybody. God converts them. I am only the channel through which He works."

He makes no apologies for the fact that his team uses all the methods of mass communication to publicize his ministry.

"We are selling the greatest product on earth," he says. "Why shouldn't we promote it as effectively as we promote a bar of soap?"

It is inevitable that Mr. Graham, as his ministry progressed, should have become a controversial figure. Nonbelievers have derided him as just another Pied Piper of the pulpit, leading a deluded people into the swamps of ancient superstition. Within the Christian community, Fundamentalists, Modernists, and the neo-orthodox alike at times have taken sharp issue with him. Dr. Bob Jones Sr. of Bob Jones University in South Carolina, a citadel of rockbound funda-

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mentalism, has been quoted as saying that "Billy Graham has done more harm to the cause of Christ than any man in history." He accuses Mr. Graham of watering down his orthodoxy to please liberals and modernists, and he is particularly disturbed by the fact that Mr. Graham merely leads his converts to the gates of the Kingdom and ushers them in, leaving them to find their own church thereafter, whether it be modernist, fundamentalist, or middle ground.

Mr. Graham, who attended Dr. Jones's college for three months before finding the atmosphere spiritually and physically stultifying, has no harsh words for his old mentor.

"Dr. Bob," he says, "was a great preacher. He helped strengthen my own faith. But it is not my job to lead an inquirer into any particular denomination, or any particular form of baptism. That is the task of the teacher and pastor."

Religious thinkers far from Dr. Jones on the theological spectrum have also found occasion to fault Mr. Graham.

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, retired professor of applied Christianity at Union and dean of American protestant theologians, also seems to feel that Mr. Graham offers too simple a panacea for the troubles that beset a complex world.

"An individualistic approach to faith and commitment, inevitable as it may be," Dr. Niebuhr writes, "is in danger both of obscuring the highly complex tasks of justice in the community and of making too sharp distinctions between the 'saved' and 'unsaved.' We must . . . bring Christian evangelism into correspondence with . . . our social obligations. . . ."

Mr. Graham turns the other cheek. "When Doctor Niebuhr makes his criticisms of me, I study them," he says, "for I have great respect for him. I think he has helped me to apply Christianity to the social problems we face, and has helped me to comprehend what those problems are. But I disagree with Doctor Niebuhr in one respect. I don't think you can change the world, with all its lust and hate and greed, until you change men's hearts. Men must love God before they can truly love their neighbors. The theologians don't seem to understand that fact."

On one great social issue, his critics agree, Mr. Graham has not been silent. Ever since 1954, when the Supreme Court handed down its decision on segregation in the schools, Mr. Graham has spoken out so strongly for love and justice toward the Negro that many of his warmest supporters in the Deep South have fallen away, refusing to send in their usual contributions to the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association.

No color barriers in heaven

No Graham crusade has been segregated since 1954, and Mr. Graham has made a point of going to Clinton, Tennessee, Little Rock, and New Orleans to hold unsegregated meetings following outbursts of racial trouble in these places. There are no color barriers in heaven, and there is nothing in Scripture, Mr. Graham says, which commands the separation of the races. "A lot of segregationists are going to be mighty surprised when they get to heaven and find their Negro brethren there," he says.

Graham has also been rebuked for not preaching more frequently against Communism. "I'm aware of what Communism is and what a danger it is," he says. "But I can't direct my whole ministry toward an attack on Communism. No man with Christ in his heart could be a Communist, and my mission is to be the channel through which the Holy Spirit leads men to Christ."

There are also those who feel that Mr. Graham doesn't preach strongly enough on hell.

"It is true," he said, "that I don't dangle people over the fires of hell. I believe there is a hell. But I no longer try to describe what hell is like, nor where it is. I don't know what it's like. Hell to me is separation from God. I don't know what heaven is like, either. All I know is this: heaven is where God is, and His Son, and the believing Christian will spend eternity there."

Liberals and modernists, says Mr. Graham, have sometimes challenged his belief in the infallibility of the Bible.

"I am not a literalist," he explains. "If you try to accept the literal meaning of every word in the Bible you get in all sorts of trouble. I believe all the writers had their own style. The inspiration was from God, the actual words may have undergone changes in meaning through translation.

"I do believe this. I believe the Bible is God's holy and inspired word. I accept the Apostles' Creed one hundred percent. Many liberals don't. They do not believe that Jesus was born of a virgin. I do. They do not believe that Christ was raised bodily from the dead. I do. They do not believe He will come again, in glory, to judge the world. I do. But I don't try to predict the day and hour of His coming, as some preachers have done to their sorrow, for I don't know the day and hour. Nobody does."

Perhaps the harshest criticism of Mr. Graham—and of mass evangelism as a religious phenomenon—has come not from churchmen but from the ranks of the historians. In his book *Modern Revivalism* Prof. William G. McLoughlin Jr. of Brown University has placed under critical

Graham addresses a 7:30 prayer breakfast in Honolulu. Hospitalized by a virus infection a few hours later, he canceled his proposed Far Eastern tour.

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Graham follows a drive on a Honolulu golf course where he relaxed during a prescribed rest cure. He shoots in the eighties.

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TO SOME, HE SEEMS TOO SOFT ON HELL.

He charms an admirer by giving his autograph.

examination the careers of a number of famous American evangelists, including Charles G. Finney, Dwight L. Moody, Sam Jones, Billy Sunday, and Billy Graham. His conclusion is that their combined efforts have produced few tangible and lasting results. Each was a representative of the America of his day—"Finney, the argumentative frontier lawyer; Moody, the aggressive enterprising drummer; Sunday, the slangy sport; and Graham, the clean-cut college boy." Each sought "to harness God's magnetic power to human ends" and each in the end "compromised with American secularism on its own terms." As a result, "the revivalists . . . have done more to make men conform than to reform. . . .They had no fresh insights to offer to meet . . . the problems of their age."

Mr. Graham's reply again is mild. No man, he says, is wise enough to evaluate an evangelist's work until many generations have passed.

"The great crowds themselves are meaningless," he says. "The thing that counts is what happens in the hearts of men. The evangelist sows the seed, and much inevitably falls upon stony ground, and bears no fruit. But if only a few seeds flourish, the results are manifold. After three and a half years of preaching to thousands of people, Christ could number only 120 followers at Pentecost. But these 120 changed the world."

As for his own ministry, all he knows is this: Throughout the world, wherever he goes, he finds men and women working as missionaries, teachers, doctors, who made their first commitment at one of his meetings.

He makes no claim that all those who come forward at his meetings go on to live dedicated Christian lives. Surveys conducted by Robert Ferm of Graham's organization, as much as five years after a crusade, show that of those making their first commitment, about two-thirds go on into some church. The others just disappear.

"What good my ministry has done I'll never know until I get to heaven," Mr. Graham says. "Then I may find that some obscure preacher working in a slum mission somewhere has done more to advance the kingdom of God than I."

As to his having "no fresh insights" into the problems of the age, in Mr. Graham's view the problems of this age, like those of any other, are symptoms of the sickness of soul that has afflicted men since Adam's fall. They are the products of lust, hate, greed, selfishness, pride, and the denial of God. Once men have purged their hearts of these sins, by accepting God, all other problems can be solved.

These cardinal faults are Mr. Graham's main concern today, and unlike the old evangelists, he spends little time berating men for their minor diversions from the narrow path. He does not cast into outer darkness, for example, those who play cards, dance, go to movies or smoke cigarettes. "What may be sin to me may not be sin to you," he says. "I don't smoke or drink, because I look upon the human body as God's temple which should be kept pure and strong and healthy for His service. I also try to live as plainly and unostentatiously as I can. I don't want to call attention to myself in any way. I want to focus the attention of the whole world on God's message."

This does not mean that Mr. Graham does not strive to make a good appearance. His suits, sent him periodically by a Tennessee admirer who knows his size—43 long, 36-inch waist—fit him perfectly. He has had some cosmetic dentistry done to brighten his smile, and he wears his thick, wavy hair a little long over the temples so he won't look like a skinned rabbit when he appears on television.

Both Mr. Graham's dress and his platform habits have been modified considerably over the years to create a more conservative image. In the beginning of his ministry he wore Hollywood-draped suits and incandescent neckties. He was given to dramatics on the platform, and his sermons were full of crossroads colloquialisms.

"God Bless You Real Good"

Today Graham dresses as conservatively as a mortgage banker, and his speech has lost most of its Southernisms. He still ends his radio addresses with a bucolic benediction—"God Bless You Real Good," which causes many of his admirers to wince—but he can't stop using it. Whenever he substitutes a more formal blessing, thousands of hurt listeners write in to protest.

Graham has also grown more cautious in his utterances outside the field of religion. In the early days, though he may have had no fresh insights into current problems, he had a ready solution to any crisis that came up in the news. He at various times was sharply critical of the State Department, the Supreme Court, the U.N. and our involvement in the Korean War, and he admits that in his immaturity he frequently spoke and acted out of vast ignorance.

He and his associates still remember with acute embarrassment the day they knelt on the White House lawn, wearing loud, hand-painted neckties and white buckskin shoes, to demonstrate for Washington photographers how they had prayed with Mr. Truman. The uproar caused by this demonstration so disturbed Mr. Graham he later refused to be photographed with Elvis Presley for fear it would be construed as a publicity stunt, and he gave up his private efforts to convert the gangster, Mickey Cohen, when Cohen started leaking news of their secret meetings to the press.

Looking back over his career, it now seems inevitable that Mr. Graham would grow up to be a preacher. His father, William Franklin Graham Sr., was a devout Presbyterian who had prayed earnestly in his youth that the Lord would "call" him to the ministry. The call never came, and he became instead a prosperous dairyman operating a 200-acre farm on the outskirts of Charlotte, North Carolina. Knowing her husband's inner longing, Mr. Graham's mother had prayed with equal earnestness that the call would come to her firstborn son. The first evidence that these prayers might eventually be answered came in 1934, when young Graham was 16 and ambitious at the moment to escape the chore of milking 15 cows every morning by becoming a professional baseball player. A fire-snorting old evangelist named Mordecai Ham came to town, and Billy, with two of his friends, Grady and T. W. Wilson, went to hear him. Together, at the final meeting of the Ham revival, Graham and the Wilson brothers went down the aisle. The brothers are still with him, T.W. as associate evangelist, Grady as evangelist, confidant, bodyguard and closest friend. "The Lord keeps Bill dedicated," says Grady. "My job is to keep him humble." (Graham, curiously, prefers to be called Bill instead of "Billy," and "Mister" rather than "Reverend" or "Doctor.")

Two years after his conversion, at the urging of his parents, Graham began his religious education at Bob Jones University though he still felt no particular urge to become a minister. Being of amiable and outgoing disposition, he found the atmosphere at Bob Jones too somber, and at the end of the first semester he left to enroll at Florida Bible Institute near Tampa.

"There I had the Scriptures ground into me," he said. "I also had the opportunity to meet evangelists of the caliber of Gypsy Smith. It was a wonderful experience."

It was also, briefly, a traumatic experience. He became engaged to a fellow student, renowned for both her beauty and her piety, who threw him over, she said, because she felt he lacked religious purpose.

Mr. Graham was inconsolable. By night he would wander alone over a nearby golf course, praying for the Lord to heal his hurt. Finally, one night he fell to his knees by the eighteenth green and said, "All right, Lord, if You want me You can have me." From then on his course was clear. He would preach. He began reading other men's sermons, digesting them and preaching them in his own words, to drunks and hopheads at a mission in the Tampa slums and later to the residents of a nearby trailer camp. Still unsure of himself, he would go by night to a swamp adjoining the school, where standing on a stump he would earnestly exhort a congregation of bullfrogs, alligators and raccoons. As his preaching grew in power he was invited to conduct a revival at a small Baptist church near Palatka. Many were being converted, and during the course of the meeting the local pastor asked Mr. Graham what church he belonged to. When Mr. Graham confessed that he was a Presbyterian who had never been baptized by immersion, the pastor went into a state of shock. Mr. Graham, whose studies of the Bible by this time had convinced him that immersion was the form of baptism sanctioned by the Scriptures, agreed to be immersed at the end of the meeting along with his converts. Shortly thereafter he was ordained as a minister of the Southern Baptist Church.

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BILLY GRAHAM

Hungry for a broader education than the Florida Bible Institute offered, Mr. Graham went on to Wheaton College, in Illinois, where he majored in anthropology. Here he also fell in love again, this time with Ruth McCue Bell, the blithe and beautiful daughter of a noted Presbyterian medical missionary, Dr. R. Nelson Bell. They were married two months after both graduated, in 1943, and Mr. Graham began preparation to leave his bride to go into the Army as a chaplain. A severe case of mumps interfered with this plan. By the time he had recovered it was too late to catch up with his chaplain's class and he became instead the pastor of a congregation of 35 who met in the basement of an unfinished Baptist Church in Western Springs, Illinois.

Mr. Graham was well worth the $45 a week his congregation paid him, but his heart was in evangelistic preaching. At the urging of a friend, Torrey Johnson, founder of a new organization called Youth for Christ, Graham took over Johnson's radio program on a Chicago station. With the support of his church, which guaranteed the $150-a-week cost of the program, Graham hired as his soloist George Beverly Shea, a devout young man with a deep molasses-barrel baritone, and their program, called *Song in the Night*, soon became highly popular. Shea is still his soloist, singing the last song before Graham stands up.

For the first three years Mr. Graham, Shea, and Cliff Barrows, his song leader, were just another evangelistic team, one of many touring the country, holding meetings wherever they could find a few small churches to sponsor them. Crowds were adequate but not spectacular. Then in 1949 came Los Angeles, and the beginning of the career which was to change a backwoods preacher into one of the most influential religious figures of his time. Flamboyant advertising that sounded as if it were promoting a De Mille epic drew 3,000 people a night to a huge tent on the outskirts of the town. Several minor celebrities were converted—Stuart Hamblen, TV personality; Lou Zamperini, onetime Olympic track star, and Jim Vaus, who had worked for Mickey Cohen as a wire tapper. The late William Randolph Hearst Sr., a man not widely noted for his piety, took note of the public interest created by the entry of these sheep into the fold and passed the word to his city editors, "Puff Graham." Crowds jumped to 10,000 a night, the meetings were extended for an extra five weeks and 3,000 "inquirers"—Mr. Graham does not call them converts—came forward.

Cynics are inclined to attribute the sudden rise of Mr. Graham's evangelistic star to the drum-beating of the Hearst press. Mr. Graham, though grateful to Mr. Hearst, believes that something which happened shortly before the crusade began had more to do with it. He had gone to attend a youth meeting at a camp in the Sierra Nevada and had preached there to many young people who had been shaken in their faith.

One night after he had delivered one of his staunchly fundamentalist sermons, an older preacher who had listened to him was heard to say, "Poor Billy. He's still preaching a literal Bible. It's not going to work. He's got those old-fashioned ideas of theology that are not going to be listened to in our generation."

This comment was relayed to Graham by a friend. It left him shaken. "I slipped away to my cottage alone," he said. "I knelt down by the bed and wept. I opened my Bible and prayed. I said, 'Oh, God, am I wrong? Is this Your true word? Or is it what some people claim—just man-written history, myth and poetry?' And then the greatest peace, the greatest assurance, came over me. I said, 'Oh, God, I can't understand all that's in this book. But I am going to accept this book by faith, as Your revelation to man, Your word, Your message to the human race.'"

From that moment on, says Mr. Graham, "My mind was completely made up. I have never known a moment's doubt since then. This decision gave a power and authority to my preaching that has never left me. The gospel in my hands became a hammer and a flame."

With the Los Angeles crusade, Mr. Graham's career caught fire. The next year in Boston, Columbia, South Carolina, Portland, Oregon, Minneapolis and Atlanta, he preached to 1,757-000 people, and 43,700 of them "came forward" at his invitation. In Atlanta, however, a crisis arose. At the end of the meeting the Atlanta *Constitution* ran two pictures side by side. One was of Mr. Graham in the pulpit exhorting the throng. The other was of his chief usher carrying a bag containing the "love offering" of $16,000. The implication was unmistakable.

"It was like a kick in the stomach to me," said Mr. Graham. "We didn't know of any way to support our ministry except in the way it had always been done—by taking the 'love offering.' I asked Dr. Jesse Bader, the director of evangelism for the National Council of Churches, what I ought to do. There was just one thing I could do, he said. 'Go on a salary and publish it.'"

A $6 million-a-year income

On this advice he formed the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, now a $6 million-a-year operation supporting the worldwide ministry from headquarters in Minneapolis. Its revenues come from about a million faithful contributors whose gifts average about $6.07 a year. Crusades are supported locally, though any surplus may go to the association or to the launching of a crusade in another city. Mr. Graham and his associates are all on the payroll of the association. His salary is $19,500—more than most preachers make but about the same stipend the big theological seminaries pay their presidents.

Admirers give him many things, of course. His comfortable but unpretentious log house in the mountains near Montreat, North Carolina, was built for him by 10 businessmen, and the book-lined study where he prays, meditates, and writes his sermons when he is at home was the gift of a contractor whom he had never seen.

After Atlanta he also sat down to make a list of the things that seemed to him to be wrong with modern evangelism. As a guide he used a letter from the man who had converted him—Mordecai Ham, who at the end of his long career had listed his own mistakes. First, said Mr. Ham, he'd been too harsh on the local ministers. "I skinned 'em snout to tail," he wrote Mr. Graham. Second, his follow-up of converts had been weak.

Mr. Graham has since been careful to fall into neither of these errors, and now his acceptance by local Protestant ministers is almost unanimous. Follow-up is vigorous though brief. After each crusade the Billy Graham Association provides material called "B rations" for six weeks of Bible study which nourishes and strengthens the new Christian. Local pastors are urged to call on all those who signed decision cards, and the counselors who meet them as they come forward help them later with their Bible studies.

Mr. Graham's first international triumph came in 1954 in the spectacular London crusade. He arrived in England to receive a hiding from the press, who referred to him irreverently as a "hot gospeler" and the "Hollywood version of John the Baptist," and the Anglican hierarchy was cool to him. Before he left, 12 weeks later, he had preached to 2 million people at Harringay Arena and Wembley Stadium and nearly 40,000 of them had come forward. He had preached before the queen in her private chapel, and she had invited him to tea (where he suffered a moment of mild embarrassment when he shook hands with the butler who reached to take his hat). The Archbishop of Canterbury had publicly given him his blessing, and the once doubting press was adulatory. Even "Cassandra," the London Daily Mirror's acidulous columnist, had been won over. "He is a good, simple and friendly man," wrote "Cassandra" after a meeting with Graham at a pub called the Baptist's Head. Then he added, "I never thought friendliness had such a sharp cutting edge. I never thought that simplicity could cudgel us sinners so damned hard."

After London NBC offered him a five-year contract, at $1 million a year, to go on television opposite Arthur Godfrey. He turned it down. His burning mission was to carry the gospel to New York City, which he felt to be sorely in need of spiritual revival. He went "in fear and trembling" in 1957, to pack Madison Square Garden for 16 weeks and to draw 100,000 to Yankee Stadium for his last meeting. In all, 2,397,000 people heard him preach, and 61,000 made decisions.

London and New York were his greatest crusades, and both took something out of him, physically, that he has never been able to replace. As this is written Graham is in Honolulu recuperating from a recent gastrointestinal infection which laid him low while he was in the islands recovering from the effects of a rare lung disease. On doctors' orders he has canceled preaching engagements in Manila, Hong Kong, Taipeh and Tokyo, and the Far Eastern crusade is proceeding without him. If rest restores his strength he will go to France and Germany for crusades in May and June. And in August he goes back to Los Angeles. In a sense the Los Angeles crusade will be a challenge—a test to determine whether the "power and authority" that came to his preaching there 15 years ago still can stir the hearts of Angelenos.

At 44, after nearly 20 years of unremitting travel and preaching, Mr. Graham is tired. He finds it harder and harder to leave his quiet mountain home where he goes for a few weeks between crusades "to let the springs of the spirit fill up again." Nothing would please him more than for God to tell him his work was done, that he could retire to the mountain, to live quietly there with his wife and five children, studying the Bible, meditating and writing, and occasionally going down to preach at some little church.

But until that word comes he will continue to travel. He knows that some people have argued for years that the day of mass evangelism is over, but he says, "As long as there are people there will be sin. As long as there is sin there will be evangelists telling the people that Christ can save them from their sins. And as long as God wants me I will be one of them." THE END

Lei-bedecked evangelist and wife Ruth chat after church with Honolulu police chief Dan Liu.

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Since comedian Ernie Kovacs died in an auto accident, his widow has faced and fought bankruptcy, legal entanglements

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF EDIE ADAMS

Clutching the stage mike at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, Edie pours out a ballad.

Early on the morning of January 13, 1962, Edie Adams learned that her husband, Ernie Kovacs, was dead. They had arrived that evening at a Billy Wilder party in Beverly Hills in separate cars—Edie from home, Ernie from work. When they left the party—a baby shower for Mrs. Milton Berle—Edie took the family Rolls-Royce and Ernie the compact station wagon. Ernie never made it home. His car skidded on wet pavement along Santa Monica Boulevard and slammed into a pole. He died instantly.

Edie was unable to comprehend her loss in the beginning. In a town where the man-woman relationship is often casual and fleeting, their union had seemed enduring. They had been married for eight years and had been inseparable. "You couldn't believe how bad it was," recalls Edie today. "Like nothing, I felt like nothing. I had to pick myself up completely and arrange the little pieces. And then everybody around me suddenly started looking to me for strength. I had to be the rock of the family. Make decisions. And there was nothing inside me but whipped cream."

They had lived high while Ernie was alive. A tornado of a man, Kovacs was partial to all-night, high-stake gin rummy and poker games, big two-dollar cigars and 12-year-old Scotch. His cook cost $1,000 a month, and he owned five cars, including the Rolls-Royce, a Bugatti and a Bentley. The $200,000 home Ernie and Edie shared was equipped with a fanciful electronics system that permitted instant communication among all 17 rooms. Kovacs collected paintings, armor, antique guns and owned five pianos. He had acquired, on a whim, a two-million-dollar tennis club saddled with a $1.9 million mortgage.

"Ernie felt that the old days of Hollywood were really it, that a performer should be colorful. And he worked at it," says Edie. "He was not a practical man. When we needed a new kitchen we put in a steam room. When we needed a new hot-water system we put in a Japanese garden. And when we needed new plumbing we put in a turntable for cars at the end of the driveway. We always got something we really didn't need—which is kind of nice when you think about it."

Ernie was 42 when he died. He left behind him three daughters, two of them—Betty, now 16, and Kippie, 14—by his first wife; the other, Mia, 3, by Edie. He left behind him, too, the legend of a performer whose product was touched with genius, who was hailed by some observers as the most brilliant innovator in TV comedy. He also bequeathed his heirs a staggering pile of debts.

Two weeks after Kovacs's death the Federal tax men called. They coldly appraised the costly furniture, the paintings and such cherished memorabilia as a Venetian harpsichord and a suit of armor that was once worn by Douglas Fairbanks Sr. Back-tax liens against Ernie and Edie

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and a harrowing emotional void.

By Richard Warren Lewis

Bewigged Edie does takeoff on Ethel Merman.

Beribboned Edie kids kiddy star Shirley Temple.

exceeded $250,000. The estimates of total indebtedness ran to more than $475,000. Creditors jammed the telephone lines, and legal envelopes kept bulging in the mailbox.

The only course seemed a declaration of bankruptcy. That, plus placing the house on the auction block. Friends suggested it, and at first Edie agreed. "Then I thought about it," she says, "and I just couldn't do it. The house was all I had of Ernie—I couldn't part with it. I said to all my advisers, 'This is wrong. Give me two months to see what I can do about it.' They didn't believe I could make it. It just never occurred to them that I could earn any money at all."

As a beginning step Edie enrolled in an advanced Federal-tax-accounting class at U.C.L.A. She was the only girl among the assembled lawyers and C.P.A.'s. "It was like a funny bit, *Maisie Goes to College*, or something," Edie says. "The first day the instructor started talking about all kinds of things, and they turned out to be everything I was involved in. But after a few weeks when I came to understand the assets, liabilities and tax tables, I thought, *Never mind reading about all this; you better go out and do something about it.* So I quit the class after three weeks.

"Everybody was taking stock of all the physical things I had title to. I said, 'Well, I better take stock of what *I've* got.' The only thing I had was performing, and I hadn't really been doing that very much. I thought, *What can I do now, and how can I make money the fastest?*"

Edie had worked only occasionally in the year prior to Kovacs's death. She had earned about $50,000 as a TV guest star and in summer stock and could hardly be classified as a sizzling commodity at the box office. While she pondered, her personal difficulties multiplied.

"It rained for a month, January through mid-February," she remembers. "And I hate rain. There was a flood in the cellar. All my costumes wound up under three feet of water. Kippie and I had to rescue them in sneakers and rolled-up blue jeans. We covered the floor of the entrance hall with muslin and squeezed them dry before the dyes went. The whole cellar was water.

"We figured nothing more could go wrong, and we got a little kooky about it. We started doing funny bits on what else could happen. The house could fall in. Or 'How about a nice fire—wouldn't that do it, so that everything could be wiped out completely?' A week later the hot-water tank exploded. Another flood. It was like that old joke: It feels so good when you stop.

"It was horrible. There I was. Everybody was depending upon me, and I had to kid everybody along, not get upset about anything. I had to put up the big front no matter what. That's when I decided to go to an analyst. I had to talk to somebody. There were only women in the house."

Edie's analyst was—and is—Dr. Martin Grotjahn, author of a penetrating evaluation of comedy titled *Beyond Laughter*. "I read his book," she says, "and then I had to find him. He told me that the reaction to Ernie's death was going to be a long one. He prepared me for it. There apparently is a thing that happens—you don't believe it at first, and then you realize it but you don't *really* realize it, and maybe months later you really realize it. It didn't happen to me until six months later when I was in London. It's just a low, empty kind of thing.

"He also helped me with my performing. I never really knew what I was doing onstage. Ernie used to say, 'Don't try to find out what you're doing, just do it.' When I'd go out sometimes, and he wasn't there, I would bomb pretty good. I had no idea whether it was good or bad. I knew when I'd look at him when to stop and when to stand still. I could just look at his eyes.

"I never knew why I was uncomfortable doing comedy until I found out that humor and wit are an aggressive thing. It's a situation where you have to be on and really hock people, nag them, bother them. You can't just say to yourself, 'I'm only kidding.' It doesn't work.

"Another thing—I don't think I really liked to perform. I never seemed to work full-out, as the dancers say. I could almost think about something else while I was working. And, boy, you can't do that at all. Most people in this business are driven by it—it comes from something inside. I never had that. Now I'm learning to have it and like it. I may become one of the biggest hams of all time."

While Edie was undergoing psychiatric treatment the newspapers ground out daily communiqués on her financial entanglements. The public responded by sending letters containing checks and currency, which she turned over to charity. Four friends—directors Billy Wilder, Dick Quine and Barry Shear, and actor Jack Lemmon—charted a more substantial plan. Ernie Kovacs still had one television show remaining on his contract with ABC-TV, and the friends figured they would take over that commitment. "As the thing started to build," Shear says, "Shirley MacLaine wanted to get involved in it, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, all the people who had known Ernie. We had writers like I.A.L. Diamond and George Axelrod. We had Kim Novak, Marilyn Monroe, Jimmy Stewart, Greer Garson, Sinatra, Martin, MacLaine, Sammy Davis. Anybody would do anything. We tried to sell four one-hour television specials on the open market."

If the benefit shows had panned out, a clear profit of $750,000 could have been channeled into the Kovacs estate. "But Edie didn't want to be known as Young Widow Brown," says Shear. "When she learned of our plans, she said, 'Forget

Behatted Edie mimes the sultry Marlene Dietrich.

Backdropped by home pool, Edie spoofs Liz Taylor playing Cleopatra.

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"I would be a better person if I had a chance to

In Las Vegas, Edie and Eddie Fisher sang impromptu duets till three in the morning.

it.' The whole thing went kaput." Later Edie explained her views: "It would have been a great tribute to Ernie, but I am sure it would have embarrassed him."

Edie listened longer, though, to two proposals made by the cigar sponsor which had bankrolled the Ernie Kovacs TV shows. First the firm offered her a two-year contract calling for ten TV commercials at a fee of $66,000. Edie leaped for it. Then the company offered to star Edie in an ABC special.

The cigar contracts gave her the leverage she needed to deal with doubting tax men. After a series of conferences, her financial advisers extended Edie's "probation" period until March, 1963, but added a stiff proviso. In one year's time she would have to earn roughly $250,000, or five times her income for the previous year.

From this point on, according to Barry Shear, "Edie seemed to have a sense of urgency." Food bills at home were cut from the 1961 high of $2,500 a month to $100 weekly. The family began saving Green Stamps. Charge accounts were suspended. Ernie's 1952 Rolls-Royce and white Bentley were put in mothballs. His last Christmas gift to her, the Bugatti, was sold outright. A cheaper dry cleaner was located. Then Edie went to work on the television special, which had been scheduled in the coveted time slot in April just prior to the annual Academy Awards.

She designed her own clothes and labored over the TV format with Shear, without the benefit of writers. The show offered her Juilliard-trained voice in Kurt Weill tunes, a lyricless Gershwin melody and Edie's impressions of Shirley Temple, Marilyn Monroe and Jeanette MacDonald. "I just did the kind of thing I like to do," said Edie. The result was overpowering. Rave reviews streamed in, and one critic suggested there was more entertainment in her 30 minutes than in the two dreary hours of Academy Awards that followed. The show was nominated for two Emmy awards. More important, the voices on the next day's phone calls were producers instead of bill collectors.

"Just everything seemed to happen," she recalls. "Before the show I couldn't get on backyard home movies, and all of a sudden they were asking for me for films. That one show was it."

In its wake Edie was offered the costarring role opposite Sid Caesar in Broadway's *Little Me* (she turned it down because the money offered would have left her far short of her $250,000 goal). The cigar company signed her for eight television specials in 1962-1963, paying $450,000 to Ediad Productions, her own corporation. She was booked on a Bob Hope-Bing Crosby television hour and into a Hope movie titled *Call Me Bwana*. Stanley Kramer firmed the starting date for her costarring role in his $6 million, four-hour comedy, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. She took anything that was feasible, admitting, "When I have time to sit and think, I get into trouble."

Her troubles, however, did not halt. Edie and the Kovacs estate became the target of a dozen lawsuits, some still in progress.

"I had everybody in the world suing me," she says with resignation. "I guess I'm still a sitting duck for people. I am the one that they sue. When in doubt sue Edie. For anything. It seems to be the thing this year." Some of the suits:

• Mrs. Mary Kovacs, Ernie's 62-year-old mother has begun two different proceedings against Edie, charging a variety of grievances ranging from Edie's alleged mismanagement of the Kovacs estate to her alleged concealing of assets to being ordered out of the Kovacs home the night Ernie was killed. Still to be decided is Mrs. Kovacs's right to be guardian of the estate of her three grandchildren. The first action was dismissed by the trial court, but is being appealed by Ernie's mother. Edie sees little chance of a recession from this deluge of litigation. "It will be constant with her," she says. "She has a lot of problems, and she's very lonely. And I just can't call her every day and talk to her for a couple of hours, as Ernie did. If I did she'd be fine."

• Mrs. Betty Lee (Shotwell) Kovacs, Ernie's first wife and mother of Kippie and Betty, faced Edie in a bitter child-custody fight last September. The first Mrs. Kovacs hadn't seen her children for seven years; she maintained Ernie had abducted them in 1955. She sought control of the children and also filed a $500,000 damage claim against the Kovacs estate. Betty Kovacs's requests were rejected, and Edie gained complete legal guardianship of the children, but she is still shaken by the week-long proceedings in the Superior Court of California. "I knew it would be a terrible emotional strain for the kids," Edie says. "Worst of all for Kippie. She had told her schoolmates that I was her mother, that she looked more like me than she did Ernie. She couldn't face anybody. She didn't want to go to school."

The American Broadcasting Company, which aired Ernie's half-hour specials, is suing E. and E. K. Enterprises, one of Kovacs's myriad corporations, for $220,000, a sum that ABC alleges is due for Ernie's use of studio facilities on six separate programs.

• A court hearing is due in May involving an irate diner who charges that he got bumped on the head when Ernie abruptly opened the door to a Hollywood restaurant.

Despite the legal hassles, Edie managed by October to tape her first TV special in New York and record a 12-tune album for Decca, *Behind Those Swinging Doors*. Then she took off for England for 11 weeks to film *Call Me Bwana* with Bob Hope. A hired couple cared for the Kovacs children during Edie's absence.

Hope and Edie fronted vaudeville bills in the London area and appeared together at a command performance for the queen. On spare weekends she completed another TV special, a delightful glimpse of London which showed her marching with the Grenadier Guards and singing like a busker—a street entertainer. She had been working with a bad case of flu in London, and, completely exhausted, she finally retreated to New York, where she maintains a two-and-a-half-room apartment on the fringes of Greenwich Village. Its accouterments include a white polar-bear rug, beaded curtains, Victorian chairs, awful watercolors and a huge, ornate bed.

"If I didn't have that place I don't know what I'd do," she admits. "Just knowing it's there is nice. I usually go there and have a beautiful cold. My nose runs, and I'm a real slob, and I watch television and do my nails and sit around and look at my toes and relax. When I'm on a bicycle and everybody's picking and asking, asking, asking, I just go there and don't tell anybody about it. I pick up the phone and call the Weather Bureau, and they tell me something. They tell me the weather, and they tell me the time, and I say, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah. Marvelous. Tell me again.' Nobody bothers me. I live on eggs. Fried eggs for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner. It's my wig-out food."

Shortly after New Year's Edie began planning a February nightclub engagement in Las Vegas. She had to surmount a built-in antipathy to both the desert resort and its hard-nosed audiences. Doctor Grotjahn helped prepare Edie for her $15,000-a-week turn at the Riviera Hotel ("It's really his show," she says). The psychiatrist had some important outside help from singer Eddie Fisher, a gin rummy-playing buddy of Kovacs for whom Edie now admits a special affection.

Roma and homa made a poema

In 1962 Fisher's glum return to Hollywood from his decline and fall in Rome and wife Liz Taylor had been eased by a giant floral wreath from Edie with the legend, "Arrivederci, Roma, Welcoma Homa." He had been her escort at the Emmy Awards dinner and several other public appearances. He was at her Las Vegas opening. "He made me want to sing again and enjoy it," she says. "I watched him sing, and I couldn't believe it. I've known him a long time, and he never impressed me one way or another. With what he's been through, he's poured himself out, and he's now singing better than he ever has.

"Eddie's the first one who ever told me, 'Yeah, swing, go, work, enjoy it.' He's had a few little difficulties. He's not only over them, he's bigger for it. I understand him, and he understands me."

Despite the shock of a new lawsuit from her mother-in-law, Edie's opening night in Vegas was a smash. She played sexpot with a tune called *I'm a Woman*, danced in a bossa nova number and, dressed as Cleopatra, impersonated Liz Taylor singing *I Can't Say No*.

Said Fisher, "She sings now like it's a whole new thing. Sincere, real. With guts and yet a little shy." He promptly sent her a three-foot red-and-white Teddy bear named Yenta Tila Benda (in Yiddish "the busiest busybody") and for several nights thereafter sang impromptu duets with her until three in the morning in the cocktail lounge of the Desert Inn, where he was appearing.

Fisher was not alone in his admiration for Edie. There were so many floral accolades

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·est and gather myself."

tossed her way that local florists ran out of roses. Her jubilant TV sponsor distributed 150,000 free cigars over the ensuing four weeks. Lucrative nightclub offers came from the Americana Hotel and the Latin Quarter in New York, the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles and cabarets in Miami Beach, San Francisco and Puerto Rico. The Riviera signed her to a three-year contract at $25,000 a week—a jump of $10,000 over her previous fee. Her agents exulted.

"A year ago what she was capable of doing had to be proven," says Roy Gerber of General Artists Corporation. "We had to go out and sell. Now it's more a period of right decision against wrong decision."

Edie's own satisfaction came not only from the standing-room-only crowds (one night friend Kirk Douglas couldn't get a table) but more from her ability to mesmerize the customers. "I have never reached an audience this way before," she says. "Now I'm enthusiastic about performing. Nobody ever let me sing a ballad before. Maybe because I didn't sing it well. Maybe because I was hiding myself. Now I know I can do it. And I'm pulling them in. This is the first time I've been a draw of any kind."

As a result of her impact in Las Vegas she has been deluged with film offers. She has accepted roles in *Under the Yum Yum Tree* and *Love From the Proper Stranger*, but turned down others she considered unsuitable. "I don't want to play the kinds of parts I used to be identified with," she explains to the many who still think of her as Daisy Mae in *Li'l Abner*, a part she played on Broadway in 1956, or the "new Marilyn Monroe," a term stemming from her devastating impersonation of the actress. (The imitation was eliminated from the Adams act after Miss Monroe's death.) "I don't want to do Ado Annie, either. What I really want to be is Gertie Lawrence."

The outstanding Kovacs debts will be paid by the end of this year. But Edie must maintain a high level of income—she will take on 19 more TV specials next season—to meet the mortgages on the house and the tennis club. Still lingering is a residue of unsettled lawsuits. A reopening of the child-custody case is "just rumbling in the back there, just enough to keep me uneasy," she says. "If the kids have to go through anything again, that might do it to me. If I thought it was going to be the last time it would be all right. If it's going to be constant it will be like the little drops in the water torture."

For sustenance these days she keeps an underlined copy of Doctor Grotjahn's book at her bedside. When she gets exceptionally riled, her therapy is sewing on a portable Singer she carries all over the country. Her biggest yearning: "I would be a better person if I'd had a chance to rest and gather myself. I never have an opportunity to do that. But for the first time I feel all the problems don't have me.

"But I've sacrificed some things. My three-year-old daughter, Mia. I should be with her more. And there should be a guy. A guy is a full-time job. And I can't do both for a while. There is just no way to do the two. I believe in Adam's rib. But not this year. Wrong year. In a couple of years, I think so.

"The danger is you build up the walls so big that you think they're never going to crumble down. I have to keep an eye on that too. I'm working on it." THE END

Edie capers with Sid Caesar in scene from new movie, "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."

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The king of the discounters

Nobody moves merchandise like Chicago's Sol Polk. His creed: "We're not suffering from overproduction; we're suffering from underconsumption."

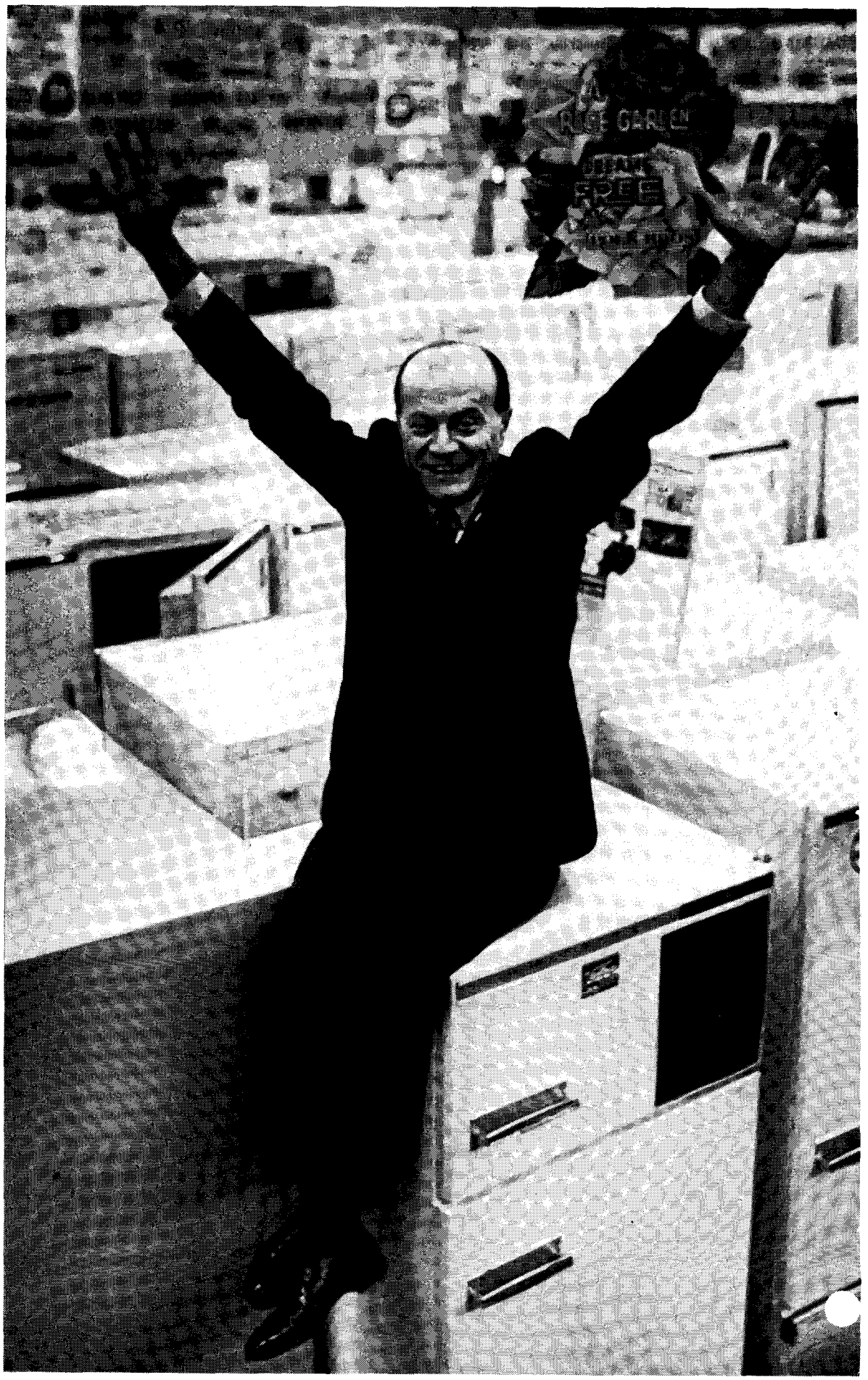
Sol Polk, a rather ordinary-looking 45-year-old bachelor of Chicago, recently saved the good name of America. The State Department, in keeping with its policy of winning friends for the country, had invited a group of French businessmen to witness the wonders of American industry, and the department's representative was finding the going a bit sticky. Through New York, Pittsburgh and Detroit the visitors remained visibly bored. "We have more modern steel plants in France," the group's leader remarked, "and just as good assembly lines."

Finally the man from State took his charges to Chicago and introduced them to Polk. Billing himself as the world's biggest dealer in nationally advertised home furnishings and appliances, Sol Polk is sometimes called the king of the discounters, and after spending a bemused hour or two under his spell the Frenchmen's ennui dissipated like fog under a hot sun. "This," said their leader, "is the first time that anybody has shown us the secret of how to sell."

Polk is indeed uncommonly persuasive on the subject of selling. His creed, repeated over and over again, is, "We're not suffering from overproduction; we're suffering from underconsumption." If so, it's no fault of his. Starting from scratch 28 years ago, he has built Polk Brothers into a 10-store complex which numbers one of every three Chicago families among its customers. Although the business is wholly owned by Sol, his sister and three older brothers and does not give out financial statements, the annual gross is estimated to run close to $100 million.

Despite his own success Sol doesn't think much of this country's ability to sell. As researchers and manufacturers, he feels, we're tops. But when it comes to moving the goods, he considers us downright backward. He points to the fact that, even with bank deposits at a record high, only about 9 percent of the nation's housewives own dishwashers—a state of affairs he equates roughly with original sin.

"You've got to give salesmen back their dignity," he says earnestly. "They're the ones who keep the factories humming, the people employed. Do you know who won the last war? The salesmen! They built the industry we needed to win the



Polk gives it away with both hands—low prices plus promotional bonuses such as rose gardens.

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war." Warming to his thesis, he continues, "What we need is more advertising, more promotion and better distribution to bring prices down, down, down and customer interest up, up, up."

From the age of 17, when he opened his first store, Sol has done his utmost to bring about that happy state of affairs. While most of his competitors—both discount houses and the department stores which have had to match discount prices—work on a markup of 28 percent or more above cost, Polk Brothers have been able to keep theirs to 18 percent. This keeps profits low—a little more than 1 percent of total sales. But the price differential enables Polk to sell more appliances than all the great department stores on State Street put together.

One reason the company can prosper on such a thin markup is that it stays out of such high-rent districts as the Loop. Furthermore, although Polk outlets are clean and adequate, they have no frills. The largest—Polk City on North Central Avenue—will never win architectural prizes. Many would consider it an eyesore: It is garish, gaudy and plastered with signs. But it offers an enormous selection of merchandise in all price ranges. Furthermore, Polk stores have instant communication with a huge warehouse to which all orders are immediately transmitted. It is not unusual for a customer to buy something at 10 P.M. and have it delivered to his home by eight the next morning.

"He's cut all the water out of distribution," says Polk's friend, Red Quinlan, manager of Chicago TV station WBKB. "Yet it's a clean operation. He never asks or gets special prices from manufacturers. This kind of merchandising has ruined the small merchant, but Sol is convinced it's good because more people get more things for less money."

Although most people, admirers included, consider Polk a discounter, the word makes him wince. When he thinks of discounters he thinks of bad service, indifferent employees and poor customer relations. Specifically, he thinks of a scene he witnessed not long ago when he scouted a big New York City discount house. Three couples were shopping in the air-conditioner department; no salesman offered to help them, and two of the couples finally walked away. The third husband, after comparing two models, timidly approached a salesman and asked, "Could you tell us the difference between these two sets?"

"What's the matter, are you blind?" replied the salesman. "The difference is twenty dollars."

Such treatment would be unthinkable at Polk Brothers. Polk's 500 salesmen are not just instructed to go out of their way to be helpful, they must go to school two and a half hours each week to become better acquainted with their products. Just after the war, when merchandise was hard to get, Sol never permitted his men merely to take an order for an appliance; they had to sell it. "Some day," he prophesied, "we're going to *have* to sell, and we don't want to forget how."

To Sol Polk, of course, selling is a game. Like all other born salesmen he can say truthfully, "It's my hobby. I never work at it; I play." And because he has such a good time in his stores he feels his customers should enjoy themselves too.

"Buying household things is a family affair," he says. To make sure that it works that way his stores are open every day, including Sundays, and on weekdays until 10 at night. "We want the

By ROUL TUNLEY

whole family to come," Sol beams, "especially the kids. We even let them play with the knobs and dials. Someday they'll be customers too."

To help turn browsers into buyers, Polk constantly thinks up bonuses for his customers, goodies they can tote home free—or for a nominal sum—if they buy a major appliance. Last year, for example, Polk Brothers gave away 80,000 rose bushes, one with every appliance. If the customer lived in an apartment house he was encouraged to donate the roses to a church. This year the garden giveaway is being repeated.

Over the years Polk customers have walked away with such bonus gifts as crates of oranges from Florida, apples from Washington, watermelons from Georgia and Christmas trees from Nova Scotia. Sol was particularly proud of the monster watermelons, some of which ran to as much as 90 pounds.

"What does a person do when he's suddenly presented with a melon of that size?" he was asked recently.

"Well, that's the point," explained Sol patiently. "It's too big to put in the refrigerator, and so you give part of it away to the neighbors. In so doing there's a 30-minute conversation telling how it came from Polk Brothers. That's the best kind of advertising—word of mouth."

Queen Elizabeth lends a toe

Sol has demonstrated uncanny instinct for finding promotional stunts in unlikely places. When Queen Elizabeth came to Chicago in 1959 and was scheduled to visit a series of exhibits at Navy Pier, Sol donated and installed a red carpet half a mile long for the royal toes to tread. Later this same carpet was used to cover floors in Polk stores. The slogan was inevitable: "We treat every woman like a queen at Polk's."

Perhaps Sol's biggest single promotional effort was "the world's biggest birthday party." In 1955 he took over the Chicago Stadium to celebrate Polk Brothers' 20th anniversary, inviting every customer who could produce a Polk's receipt, old or new. Twenty thousand people jammed the stadium to watch Ed Sullivan do his regular Sunday-night TV stint as well as to see a complete Ice Capades show. Using their distribution know-how the Polks managed to serve 20,000 people ice-cold soda in a matter of six minutes.

If Sol had taken time on the anniversary to look back he might well have reflected on the distance he had come in a few short years. The youngest son of immigrant Jewish parents from Central Europe who had settled in Chicago, he got a part-time job selling *The Saturday Evening Post* at the age of eight. By the time he was twelve he'd become a branch manager. When he finished high school in the depression year of 1935 he took a job selling appliances for Commonwealth Edison, neglecting to tell the company he was not yet 18. He soon had saved $1,000, half of it from his *Post* earnings. With this he rented a store for $50 a month and set up business as an appliance retailer. After he closed the shop at night he sold his wares door-to-door, and in no time at all the business had grown big enough to take in his sister and brothers. During World War II they minded the store while he served as an infantry sergeant in North Africa and Europe. It wasn't until he got back, however, that Polk Brothers exploded into the big time.

Ever since, Sol has been so busy he hasn't had time for a vacation, much less marriage. Once several years ago he did try to take a holiday. He flew off to Miami Beach after a resounding send-off by friends and employees; in three days he was home again, bored and ready for work. He had not been idle during those three days. He'd managed to sell color TV sets to 18 beach-front hotels.

As for matrimony, Sol Polk doesn't seem to have time in his 18-hour working day even for a date. And anyway, as his longtime friend, advertising man Jack Leonard has asked, "How could he get married to a woman? He's already married to a refrigerator."

Because he is so wedded to his appliances, manufacturers constantly consult him on design and production. "I spend a lot of time getting people dissatisfied," he said recently. "I tell manufacturers and designers they're not realizing their potential." At the moment, for example, he is trying to spark a revolution in kitchens.

"I'm angry with kitchens," he declares. "Once you fix 'em you can't change 'em." In the near future, thanks partly to Sol, kitchens will behave more and more like living rooms. Cabinets, stoves, refrigerators and dishwashers will not only look like furniture but will be so movable they can be pushed around just as easily.

Bathrooms also displease Polk, and he envisions the day when they will become "health rooms." These will contain pool-tubs for the whole family, electronic-memory scales, laundries that will wash, dry and fold a towel in seconds, exercise equipment, sun lamps, steam rooms, and power showers that will automatically soak, soap, rinse, dry and scent the user as he walks through.

No matter how grand his design for the future, however, Sol has no intention of relinquishing the personal touch in selling. The business may grow by millions, but he still plans to spend at least part of his time out there on the floor, selling his customers and insisting that they can have as much fun as he does. He also intends to continue showering them with surprises.

Last Christmas, for example, Sol offered a special sale for major-appliance buyers—60,000 plastic Santa Clauses. They were not just ordinary Santas, either. They were five feet, three inches tall, almost as big as the customers who paid five dollars to haul them away. None was shipped; none was boxed. All had to be carried home, as is. The sight of people all over town lugging king-size Santas is one which Chicago could not easily ignore. Its impact on the city can be summed up in the remark of a girl of six whose father had taken his Santa Claus home, put a light in it and set it up on the front lawn. When he had finished, he turned triumphantly to his small daughter and asked, "Do you know who that is?"

Without hesitation the girl replied, "Sure! That's Sol Polk!"

Perhaps no salesman has ever achieved a more total victory in image-building. THE END

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The Russian-Chinese struggle over

Who will bury us?

By MAX FRANKEL

The world's two most powerful Communist states, both of which have predicted their victory over the West, are engaged today in a prodigious struggle not only with us but with each other. Communist China, the world's most populous nation, and the Soviet Union, the second-greatest industrial and nuclear power, are shattering the once-monolithic Communist bloc and splitting virtually every revolutionary party.

Nobody can ever be certain of everything important that is happening in the Communist world, least of all in the upper reaches of the hierarchies of Moscow and Peking. But the evidence of Sino-Soviet conflict—some of it still kept secret in Washington—is extraordinary.

Nikita Khrushchev has openly denounced the Chinese as "hysterical" and "vile," labeled their policies as "mad" and scoffed at their attempts to proclaim Communist doctrine from Peking—"like Buddha." He has cut off his aid to them, refused them help in developing nuclear weapons and publicly opposed their military aspirations against Formosa and India. Mao Tse-tung and his Chinese colleagues, in turn, have condemned the Soviet leader as an "outrageous" and "crude" figure who has broken "hundreds" of agreements, who issues pronouncements as though they were "imperial decrees" and yet is "timid as a mouse" when confronting the West. This winter, with the whole world looking on, the Russians went so far as to arrange an outburst of booing, whistling and foot-stomping against a Chinese delegate to a Communist congress in East Berlin—and for the censoring of his speech.

Some of the most intriguing evidence of conflict is in the hands of the United States, but it remains unpublished because Washington has not yet decided how or whether to exploit the situation. The Administration has seen the Russians attempt to learn in Washington how soon the Chinese may get a nuclear bomb. It has heard them express dismay when told the Chinese may achieve this breakthrough soon. Soviet diplomats have on various occasions praised Americans for their anti-Chinese remarks. Communist China's only European ally in the dispute, Albania, has indirectly applied to the West for aid against Soviet economic sanctions. Washington has received a variety of private indications from Moscow that the Russians do not intend to support Chinese revolutionary or military objectives in the Far East. The Government has also learned of bitter arguments between Fidel Castro, whom the Chinese supported in his hopes of maintaining offensive weapons, and Anastas I. Mikoyan, whom Khrushchev sent to justify the evacuation of missiles.

No one yet claims to know how long and far the Chinese-Soviet feud will run. Most Western experts hesitate even to guess how it will come out. Western governments, including our own, have been unable to decide whether a divided Communist adversary would be ultimately more dangerous than a united one, or whether the West should actively support one side against the other. As President Kennedy recently remarked, "A dispute over how best to bury the free world is no ground for Western rejoicing." The rift, he said, was primarily a dispute "over means, not ends."

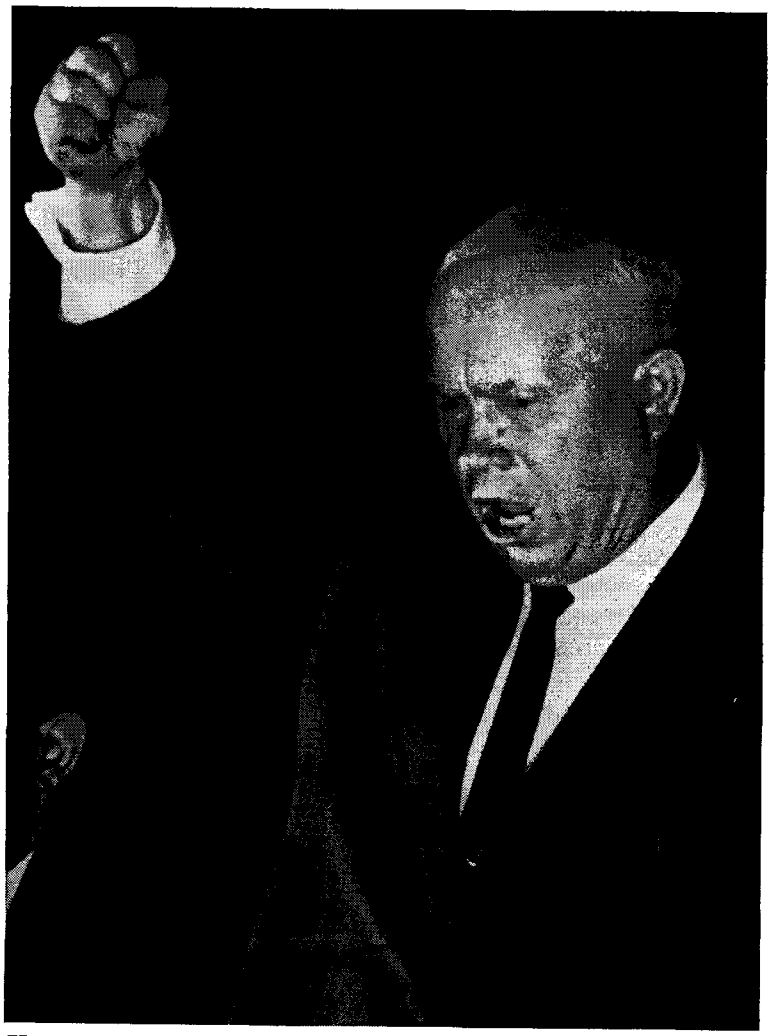
The bitter polemics of the past winter may, of course, subside again, as they have from time to time in recent years. A major crisis in the world or a new power struggle in Moscow or Peking could radically alter Sino-Soviet relations. Even total reconciliation, while improbable, is not impossible.

But, as the Communist world reaches the 10th year since Stalin's death, it is clear that the Soviets and the Chinese are engaged in a virtually irreversible competition for authority over all Communist resources and for the right to direct the offensive strategy of their cause. They are fighting relentlessly for influence inside all other Communist parties, undermining each other's policies and contradicting each other on every important question about the state of the world. To restore the unity they both claim to support, each has set terms that can be met only by the surrender of the other.

This is no simple argument over tactics or fine points of ideology. Western specialists have now reconstructed the remarkable story of the conflict over the past decade, a story suggesting that the roots of the split lie much deeper, in political, economic, geographic, historical, cultural, psychological and even racial antagonisms.

Travelers in both Russia and China have observed the antagonism in personal, human terms. When I was stationed in Moscow three years ago, for example, Russian youngsters would scoff at the rah-rah spirit of the Chinese students, who would gather in the yard each morning at six for mass calisthenics, even in 20-below frost. And, while the Russians remarked that the Chinese knew no fun and "no Sunday," the Chinese would speak contemptuously of the Russians as flabby, soft and "bourgeois."

Mao on Russia: "outrageous" to allies; a "mouse" to the West.



Khrushchev on Red China: Its plan is "hysterical," "vile," "mad."

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Can you spot the rice Campbell cooks with?

It takes 180 days to grow and costs more, but it always cooks up whole and white

If you've already picked the rice in the foreground as the kind that Campbell uses, you are absolutely right. This is the kind that always cooks up fluffy and light—and with no mishmash of broken grains, either.

There are, of course, quite a few kinds of rice to choose from. Some varieties, like the one in the background, grow in as little as 105 days and produce two crops a year. But the one the Campbell Chefs call for is the fine, long-grained rice that simply is better for our soups. It so happens that it takes 180 days to grow and produces only one crop a year. While we could get rice that grows faster and costs less, this is the kind that is well worth waiting for.

In one sense, rice may not seem to be a major ingredient in Campbell foods. But the way we look at it, in Campbell Quality, there are no minor ingredients. Whether it's a pinch of pepper or a carload of celery, in the Campbell Kitchens, quality is the first consideration.

That philosophy is the backbone of Campbell's business and it always will be. And of course it's at the very heart of the motto we work by: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE
BOUNTY

... all made by Campbell

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

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WHO'LL BURY US?

I remember a military guard at a frontier airport near the Soviet-Chinese border in Siberia—and a well guarded border it was—arguing vehemently with a Chinese traveler that Russia would prove it possible to combine "decent" living with Communism—that you didn't have to herd people into Chinese-style communes to "make them equal."

And I can still recall the shudders of some ordinary Russians when they saw a huge Izvestia photograph of thousands and thousands of Chinese, like ants, working on a dam project. Carefully disguising the point of their question, Russians used to ask Americans in Moscow whether it was true that "yellow" peoples in World War II had been even more ferocious than the Nazis.

Comparable Chinese attitudes are not nearly so well documented, but people familiar with both nations agree that the Chinese demonstrate an insistent and ostentatious sense of superiority.

As their relations with Moscow became strained in the late 1950's the Chinese began to turn back whole trainloads of badly needed Soviet supplies on the ground that the goods were defective. In Moscow the Chinese refused to move into their new embassy, one of the better Soviet construction efforts, on the complaint that the work was "shoddy." And Premier Chou En-lai's claim that several hundred million Chinese would survive a nuclear war has since been translated into an official Chinese prediction that a "superior civilization"—not just a superior social system—would flourish after a third World War "on the debris of dead imperialism."

U. Alexis Johnson, the deputy undersecretary of state for political affairs, who negotiated with a Chinese ambassador in Geneva from 1955 to 1958, says that what he found "most annoying and frustrating was their supreme self-confidence that they need make no concessions of any kind and that if they just waited long enough we would be forced to make all the concessions to them."

The various elements of this Sino-Soviet conflict have long existed. Some of the greatest invaders of history have fought their way across what is now the 4,000-mile Sino-Soviet frontier—in both directions. Raiders from the North and West often fell upon Chinese communities in ancient times, which led the Chinese to build their Great Wall. Later it was the Russians' turn to fear Hun and other Mongol invaders from the East. Parts of the border are still not clearly delineated, and both sides ominously recall this fact from time to time. Both are competing openly for control of Outer Mongolia, once a province of China, which the Soviets maneuvered into independence in the 1920's.

There are some—including General Charles de Gaulle—who argue that the Chinese are certain eventually to press the Russians for living space by sending their hungry millions northward into underpopulated Siberia. An industrial and relatively prosperous nation of 220 million Russians, they believe, cannot forever endure the pressures of a starving neighbor of 700 million. Most Western analysts, however, believe that Chinese desire for *lebensraum* is not a major source of tension—at least not yet.

But the size and location of China unquestionably contribute to the conflict, for they are fundamental to Mao Tse-tung's whole revolution. This revolution is as much an anti-Western Asiatic peasant movement as it is Marxist, and its rulers naturally aspire to the leadership of other nonwhite peasant societies. The Russians sense this and show it—as when Khrushchev refers to the Chinese Reds as "Buddhas." Mao fought for power for two decades at the head of a peasant guerrilla army; Khrushchev rose through a bureaucracy that had already won its power. Revolution to contemporary Russians means the command of committees and of patronage, whereas to the Chinese it means the command of troops and ideology. In the actual waging of the revolution Stalin did little to help the Chinese Communists to power, even hindered them at times and probably was surprised by their triumph in 1949. And though he was scarcely surprised by the Chinese intervention in Korea he forced the Chinese to pay for every airplane, gun and uniform sent from Moscow.

In short, the Chinese Communists have been allied with the Russians but never in bondage to them. They adhered to the Soviets not from fear but for profit, and perhaps because of a presumed ideological kinship. Moscow, always worried about the potential rival in the East, has argued that there are no European, Asian, African or American varieties of Communism—just a world movement subject to universal laws. But the Chinese Reds have insisted that they are creating a "Chinese or Asiatic form of Marxism."

It may well be, as cartoonist Herblock has imagined, that the men in the Kremlin have at times bitterly asked themselves, "Who lost China?" As long as Stalin was alive he remained the supreme leader of world Communism. But Khrushchev's climb to power, starting in 1953, provided the Chinese with a chance to redefine the alliance. Both sides began optimistically, for Khrushchev himself wanted to moderate the more oppressive parts of Stalin's dictatorship. His plan seemed simple: to make Russia militarily secure and ever more wealthy and thus put her at the head of a far-flung alliance of Communist nations, helping revolutionary agents and sympathetic neutralists wherever possible. Accordingly, Khrushchev traveled both to China and to dissident Yugoslavia in 1954 and 1955, offering economic help and an end to past quarrels, preaching the beauties of "different roads" to Communism. His new creation, he said, was a "commonwealth" of Communists.

Khrushchev's attack on Stalin in his famous speech of 1956 was an essential part of his scenario. Everything was going to be done in a new way. The Yugoslavs, after years of quarreling with Stalin, were flattered to find things changing in their direction. And for a time the Chinese, too, seemed satisfied. Peking was happy to become a sort of deputy leader of the commonwealth, and it expected ever more aid from an ever-more-prosperous Russia. The Chinese spread Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence" line in Asia as he spread it in the West, apparently hoping thus to stake out a clear sphere of influence for themselves. Briefly and disastrously they even tried a more tolerant domestic policy, saying they would permit "a hundred different flowers" of opinion.

This cooperative spirit faded at about the end of 1956. The anti-Stalin campaign, about which the Chinese had not been

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consulted, helped inspire revolts in Poland and Hungary—and unrest within China too. Yet Khrushchev plowed ahead, uninterested in the advice that now began pouring in from the East. Larger amounts of his growing wealth kept going not to the men in Peking but to the still-"neutral" Yugoslavs and even to doubtful friends like Nehru and Nasser. And the increased Soviet military strength was used not for immediate expansion, and not for the satisfaction of Communist Chinese ambitions toward Formosa, but merely to back Soviet claims in inconclusive negotiations with the West. "Peaceful coexistence," the Chinese discovered, was a decidedly Russian rather than Communist formula for expansion, with the interests of others clearly subordinated if not altogether sacrificed to Russian interests—just as in Stalin's day.

By the time the leaders of the Communist world met in Moscow in November, 1957, to celebrate their unity and the 40th anniversary of the Bolshevik revolt, the Chinese and possibly others were showing doubts about Khrushchev's leadership. On top of all else the Russians had just refused to help China develop its own nuclear weapons and they were demanding payment of Peking's back debts, despite signs of new economic crisis in China. Proudly but desperately the Chinese were shifting to a domestic line of radical industrial development.

In a strained atmosphere that marked the start of the overt Sino-Soviet feud, the meeting divided on issues that are the main points of contention to this day.

Khrushchev argued that no nation would survive a major war with modern weapons; Communist policy, therefore, had to prevent big wars and even avoid little wars that could easily grow into big ones. Mao, however, maintained that the Communist world with its rockets and sputniks was now stronger than the West and it was for the other side to be afraid; behind the Soviet nuclear shield, therefore, with tactical prudence but overall confidence, Communism must not shrink from force in pursuing its objectives.

Khrushchev argued back that the "example" of a highly developed Soviet Union and the weapons of economic aid, diplomacy and propaganda were the safest methods of Communist advance; the most promising targets, he said, were underdeveloped nations that could be lured into neutralism and away from the West. But Mao insisted that Communists had never come to power without violence, and that Russia was obliged to help her allies before helping mere neutrals.

These issues were at first confused with ambiguities in the meeting's compromise declaration of principles, but the Russians and Chinese began at once to interpret the declaration in their own way and marched off in different directions.

The Chinese, proclaiming their "great leap forward," insisted that men and not weapons were a nation's real strength. They said their communes were a new shortcut to Communism, making Peking instead of Moscow the Mecca of underdeveloped peoples. Peking suppressed a revolt in Tibet, picked a border fight with India and threatened to attack Quemoy and Matsu and Formosa. In direct competition with Moscow it began its own aid and propaganda offensives in Latin America and Africa.

The Russians, by contrast, diverted ever more of their wealth from the East to profitable trade in the West. They sponsored negotiations and summit meetings and talked of a nuclear-test ban which would freeze China out of the atomic club. Most important, Khrushchev refused to support any military move against Formosa and promised aid only if mainland China were attacked.

The quarrel was now evident to diplomats, but the public debate still concealed much of its bitterness. The Chinese disguised attacks on Khrushchev by aiming them at Tito and calling him a "revisionist." The Russians, in turn, accused "some comrades" of "dogmatism."

When the Soviet leader paid his last visit to Peking in 1959, a journey pointedly made after his goodwill tour of the United States, he was assailed for "muddleheaded" thinking that "blurs the line between the enemy and us." When he left without even signing a communiqué the Chinese press attacked "some soft-hearted advocates of peace."

On his return to Moscow, however, I heard a triumphant Khrushchev celebrate President Eisenhower as a "man of peace," lecture his colleagues on the need for "mutual concessions" and, in a clear reference to the Chinese, denounce the "Trotskyists" who want "neither peace nor war." "Trotskyist" is the dirtiest word in the Soviet lexicon, the slap of the glove that makes a duel unavoidable.

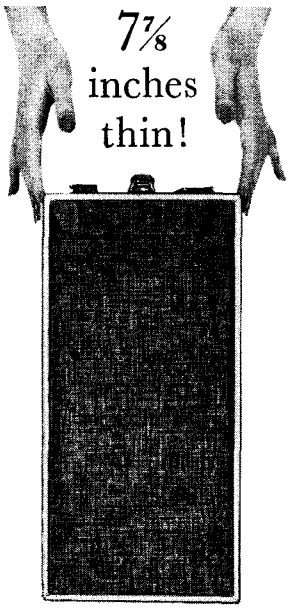
Even though the U-2 affair broke up the Khrushchev-Eisenhower summit meeting, the Soviet leader went ahead with what was clearly a plan to bring Mao to his knees. In June, 1960, at a congress in Bucharest, Khrushchev openly denounced Mao while other Russians warned that no big country "like, let us say, China" could prosper in isolation. And in August, with the Chinese economy on the verge of collapse, Khrushchev withdrew more than 10,000 Russian technicians from China. Most left in mid-project, taking their blueprints with them. Trade negotiations were canceled; cultural contacts were postponed.

Tactics of subversion

In preparation for another great "unity" conference both sides circulated accusing briefs among the world's Communist parties. The Russians charged the Chinese with "unfriendly" interference in European nations—probably Albania and Bulgaria—and with attempts to "subvert" the Russian technicians. The Chinese formed at least a tactical alliance with one sympathetic Russian, former Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov, perhaps with others. And Khrushchev proclaimed sympathy for at least one like-minded Chinese official, Marshal Peng Teh-huai, the ousted Chinese minister of defense. Each side probably tried, more than we shall ever know, to bring down the leaders of the other.

But the Chinese did not sue for peace at the Moscow conference in November, 1960. When the six-week row was over, no one even pretended agreement. Walter Ulbricht, the East German Communist leader, summed up the meeting by saying that "someone has raised the question as to who is the one who determines what is truth." There was no answer. There still is none.

In 1961 the contest finally focused on a tangible territory, the backward and isolated little state of Albania. The Russians withdrew all aid from Albania, and the Chinese undertook to support their unlikely ward. At his own party Congress in October, Khrushchev drummed the Albanians out of the movement; the Chinese publicly protested and walked out. After other bitter exchanges the



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If Peking wins, says Kennedy, "we would be far worse off."

WHO'LL BURY US?

Russians broke diplomatic relations with Albania, while Peking congratulated its ally for its "correct" policies.

By now all pretense is gone. Listen to Khrushchev talking:

"There is no abstract truth; truth is always concrete. . . . Dogmatists (who) have slid down to Trotskyist positions . . . can drive millions upon millions of people away from the Communist movement. . . . Blessed is the man who babbles about war and does not know what he is babbling about. . . . If (imperialism) is now a paper tiger . . . this paper tiger has nuclear teeth."

And listen to Mao's replies:

"No Marxist-Leninist or revolutionary peoples have ever been paralyzed with fear by nuclear weapons (or) scared out of their wits by imperialist blackmail. . . . Cuba (was) a Munich pure and simple. . . . No matter what kind of teeth imperialism may have, whether guns, tanks, rocket teeth, nuclear teeth or any other kind of teeth . . . its rotten decadent and paper-tiger nature cannot change. . . ."

In a series of recent exchanges, the Russians accused the Chinese of "crying" for the overthrow of the Soviet leaders, while the rulers of China said Khrushchev was "stabbing her in the back." Today, the Russians and Chinese are cajoling, begging and pressuring other Communist nations and parties to take sides in the dispute, with amazing consequences.

In Asia, where Peking is making its main bid for leadership, only the parties of Ceylon, India and Outer Mongolia have rallied to the Soviet banner, while the important Communist organizations of North Korea, North Vietnam, Indonesia and Japan side partly or wholly with Peking. The hearts of some, in Averell Harriman's phrase, may be in Moscow, but their stomachs are in China. Among the Europeans the satellites remain satellites, but they are enjoying the attentions of rival suitors. The parties of Latin America, Africa and the Middle East, similarly courted, are badly split.

The Chinese, having repudiated Soviet authority and successfully withstood enormous pressure from Moscow, are demanding still another "unity" conference so that they can demonstrate their support. "Who has truth on his side," they add arrogantly, "cannot be determined by who is in the majority or minority at a given moment." The Russians have resisted another conference, knowing that it would only dramatize the large number of defections. In the past month, however, both sides have maneuvered toward direct negotiations, but such talks seem unlikely to produce anything more than, possibly, an agreement to conduct the contest more privately.

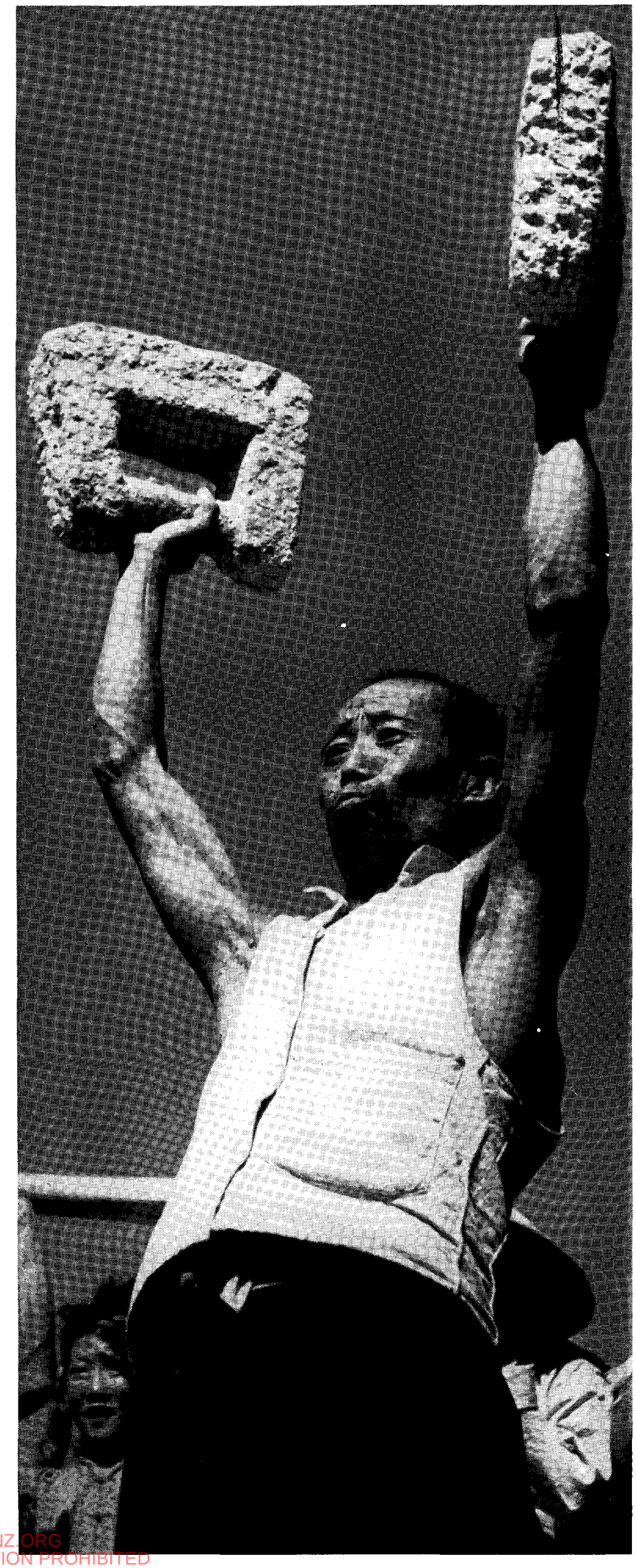
There is general agreement that, although Moscow and Peking remain allied for defense, they have lost virtually all capacity to cooperate on offense. They have failed in attempts to divide the world into Russian and Chinese spheres of influence, and yet neither will defer to the strategy of the other. Moscow and Peking clearly have become competing centers of power, and each successive crisis, such as Cuba or the Chinese attack on India, worsens their conflict. The Chinese will not forget that the Russians deserted them economically. And as their economy gains strength, sooner or later, the Chinese are bound to attempt new expansions in Southeast Asia, daring the Russians to oppose them. The Chinese also are encouraging the North Koreans in new military preparations, and they might declare their independence on that familiar battlefield. They will continue to support subversion in the underdeveloped countries, and, when they get their own nuclear weapons within the next two to five years, they will raise new demands for a larger voice in planning Communist strategy. These disputes are more important than personal antagonisms between Russians and Chinese, or between the aging leaders of the two giant powers. The conflict will therefore outlast both Khrushchev and Mao.

The feud does not, of course, make either power less "Communist." But there are other considerations for the West. "We would be far worse off—the world would be—if the Chinese dominated the Communist movement," said President Kennedy recently, "because they believe in war as the means of bringing about the Communist world. . . . So we are better off with the Khrushchev view than we are with the Chinese Communist view, quite obviously."

One reason why the President prefers Khrushchev is that the Soviet leader can be counted on, more than the Chinese, to retreat from war when confronted by a clear challenge. Another reason is that the Sino-Soviet rift may sometimes cause Russian and American interests to coincide—in trying to deprive China of nuclear weapons, or in limiting Chinese expansion in Southeast Asia.

But can the United States make specific moves to take advantage of the Communist split? Most experts in Washington doubt it. For one thing, they fear that any outside intervention might only force the feuding partners closer together. Some argue that a consistently tough Western policy will justify Khrushchev in his caution and therefore keep the feud alive, but they also warn that attempts to humiliate Khrushchev altogether would backfire by driving him toward Peking again.

So the basic advice to the President has been that the United States follow its own course without too much regard to the dramatic convulsion among its adversaries. As Columbia's Prof. Zbigniew K. Brzezinski has said, "one cannot promote a heresy within a church to which one does not belong." As for the fate of the heresy, the professor adopts a historical perspective. "Moscow and Peking have to ponder the fate of Rome and Byzantium," he says. "No empire or church has ever maintained itself with two capitals." THE END



A Chinese peasant lifts 30-pound stones in mass fitness drill. Russians complain their grim partners "know no Sundays."

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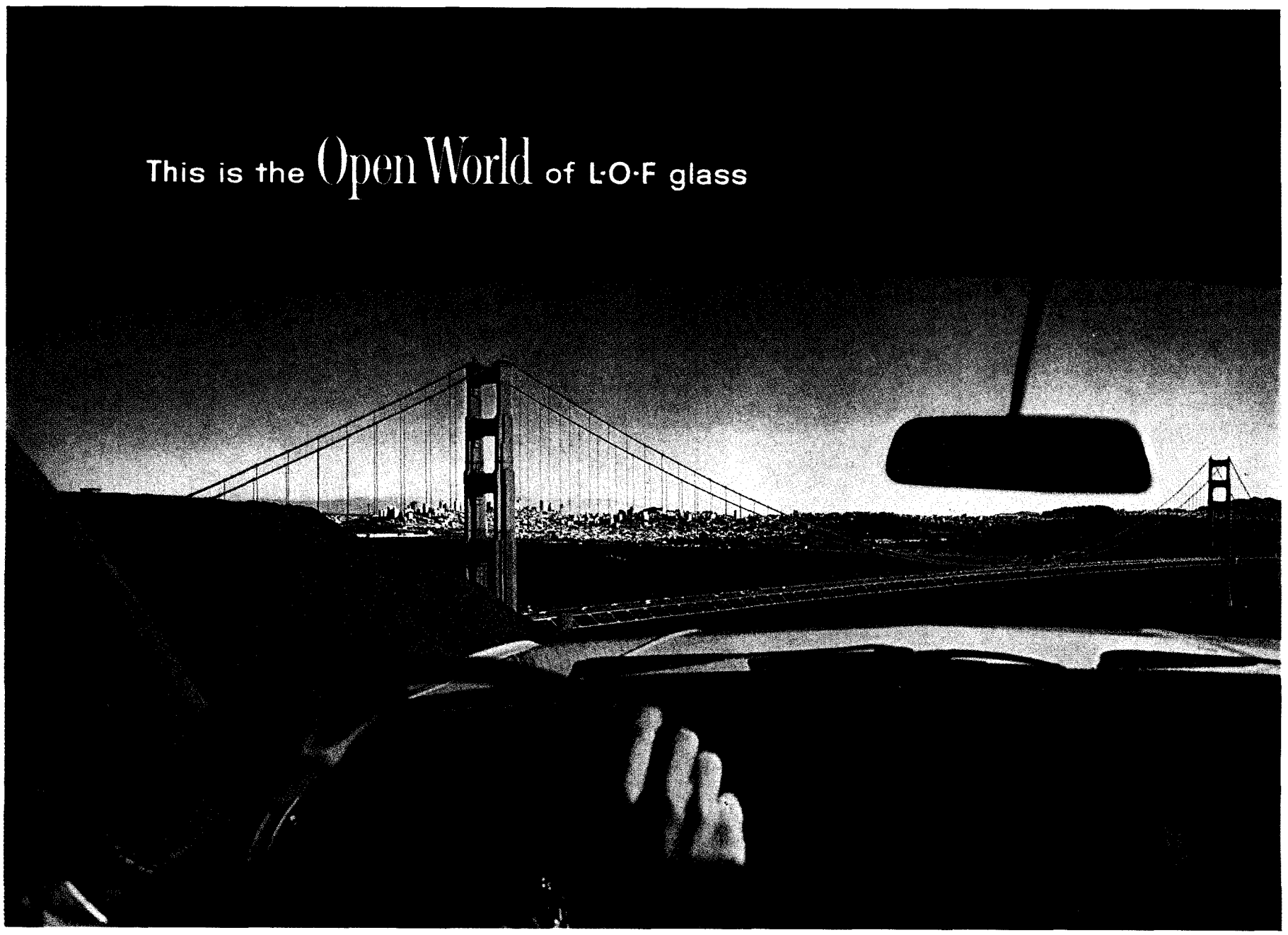

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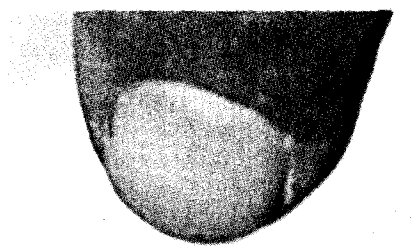

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The ride from Mauch Chunk

by John O'Hara

THE GLENDALE PEOPLE, John O'Hara's story in our March 2 issue, was greeted by Critic-At-Large Hoke Norris of the Chicago Sun-Times with the words: "Literary history was made last week." Similar appreciation has been expressed for AUNT ANNA, the POST's O'Hara story that came three weeks later. THE RIDE FROM MAUCH CHUNK, we are sure, will evoke still more acclamation for the most celebrated writer of short stories in the world today

Saint Paul and the monkeys

by William Melvin Kelley

William Melvin Kelley was reared in New York (and lives there now), attended the Fieldston School and went on to Harvard. His first novel, A DIFFERENT DRUMMER, was published by Doubleday last June. Of it, Archibald MacLeish said, "Readers of novels will be glad, I think, to have met William Kelley at the beginning of what promises to be an exciting career, and particularly glad to have met him in this book." Mr. Kelley is now working on his second novel.

The koto students

by MacDonald Harris

MacDonald Harris, California-born, received his doctorate in comparative literature from the University of Southern California in 1952. His stories have appeared in magazines here and abroad. Of THE KOTO STUDENTS, he writes, "The thing that is most American about America is its diversity. A country that has rathskellers, pizza, synagogues, koto teachers, blintzes and Zen in it is a more interesting place to live. . . . God bless America and ***vive la différence!***"

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The ride from MAUCH CHUNK

By JOHN O'HARA

One evening ever so long ago Maudie McWilliams was waiting at the Mauch Chunk station to take the train to New York. The train, as was not infrequently the case, was late and she had sent the family chauffeur home. It was a cold evening, but she remained outdoors, knowing that the Pullman, once it arrived, would be very warm and this would be her last chance to get some fresh air until the ferry ride at the end of the rail journey.

Presently a car drew up, and after a moment or two a young man got out. He stood bareheaded until the car drove away, then he allowed the lone porter to take his suitcase to the platform. The young man and the porter took a position not far from where Maudie McWilliams stood; close enough so that she could hear their conversation. At first the porter was content to comment on the lateness of the train and the likelihood of snow, but soon, in a different tone of voice, he said to the young man, "You work for the Lehigh Valley?"

"No, why?" said the young man.

"Your valise. I seen them letters on your valise. L-V, L-V. Thought they stood for Lehigh Valley."

"Oh, I see. No, I don't work for the Lehigh Valley. No."

"Well, you know, them initials. Around here, you know. The Lehigh Valley."

"No, as a matter of fact, it's a funny coincidence, but the initials are V. L."

"Oh, V. L. I got the cart before the horse. V. L."

"Yes. I, uh, I'm a musician. I work with an orchestra. Maybe you heard of us. Vincent Lopez?"

"Vincent Lopez. Oh, well I should say I did hear of him. On the radio. Lopez spee-king. So you're on radio? Do you mind telling me what instrument you play? The wife'll want to know that."

"What instrument? I play the sax."

"The sax, huh? That's the saxophone, eh? The wife listens all the time, every night. We live up the hill there, and our reception, we get Kansas City, Atlanta, Georgia. My missus'll sit up till one, two o'clock in the morning. She says the static ain't as bad then. Oh, sure, I heard of Vincent Lopez. *You're* not Vincent Lopez, are you?"

"Oh, no. No, I'm only one of the musicians. We all get these bags when we sign up with Vince. It's good advertising, you know."

"All having the same baggage, yes. Were you just playing somewhere near?"

"No, I took a little time off. Visiting my uncle in Gibbsville."

"The party that you just got out of their car?"

"Uh-huh. He's a saxophone player, too."

"And with a Packard. I guess I should of took up some instrument when I was young. I got a brother that can't read a note, but he can sit down and play a tune on the pyanna. But I never had the knack. Well, here she comes. Twenty-two minutes late, but you'll make up most of it. You just leave your valise here and I'll see it gets on board all right. I got this other young lady, she's in the chair car too."

"What young lady? Oh, I see. Here you are, never mind about my bag."

"Thank you, thank you, sir," said the porter, identifying the quarter tip without looking at it.

The young man stood aside to let Maudie McWilliams precede him into the Pullman car and, she guessed, to get a better look at her. A few minutes later, when the second call for the diner was announced, he followed her, as she knew he

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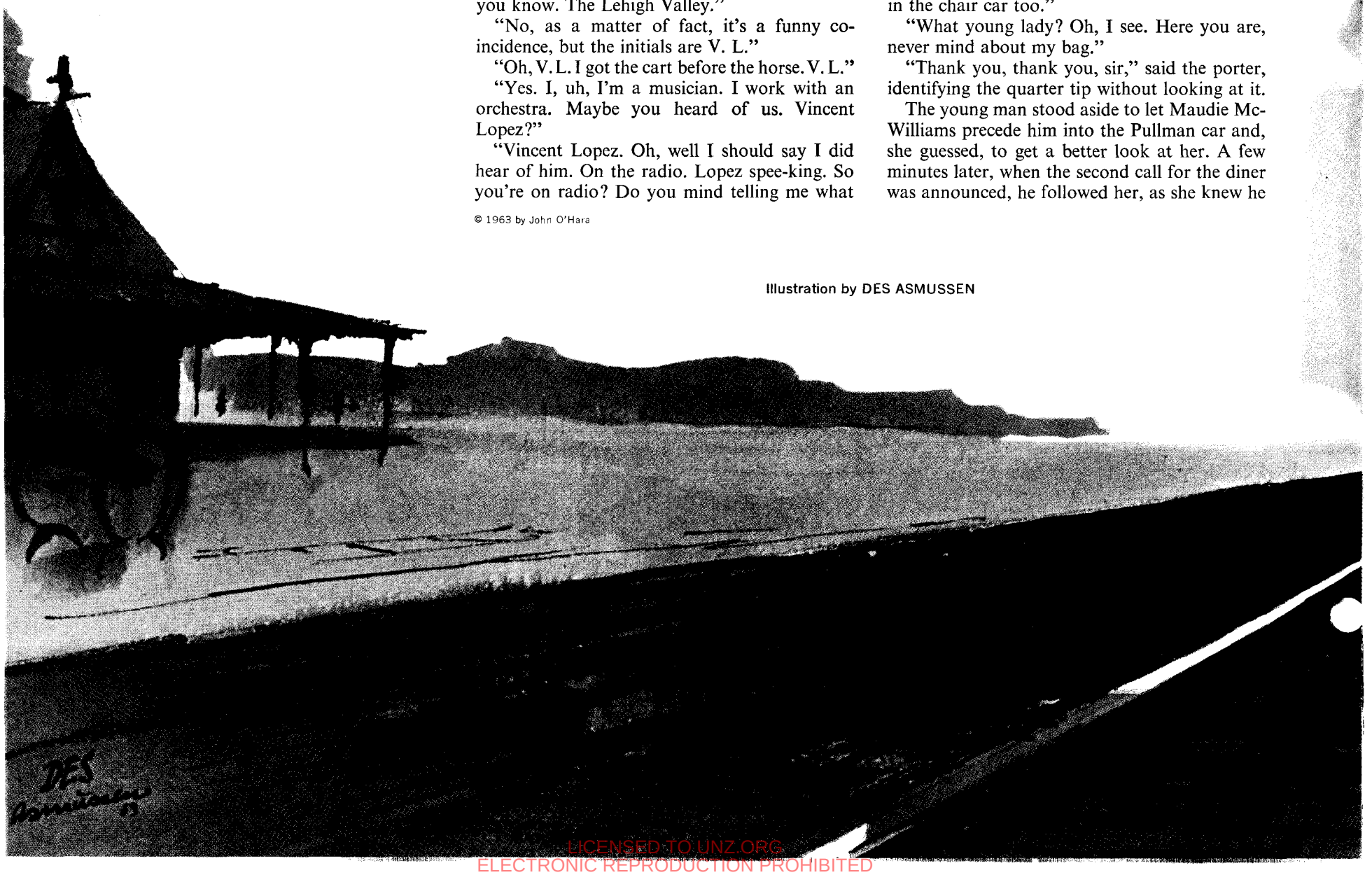

Illustration by DES ASMUSSEN

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would, and permitted the steward to guess that they were traveling together and put them at the same table. The steward was embarrassed when Maudie McWilliams asked for separate checks. "Excuse me, would you care to sit by yourself, ma'am?"

"No, this'll be all right," she said. She saw that the steward glared at the young man, and it was not hard to guess that the young man had somehow created the impression that he was traveling with her. The steward took her order and pointedly let the young man wait.

There was no one else at their table. He was tall and very blond, wore a white button-down shirt and a black knit tie. She could see a fraternity pin on his vest, but it could have been Deke or Psi U or any of a number of diamond-shaped badges. "Will it bother you if I smoke?"

"No, go ahead," she said.

"Will you have one?"

"No thanks," she said.

"I didn't see you at the wedding," he said.

"What wedding?"

"That was just a shot in the dark," he said. "I just came from a wedding, and I thought you might have been there too."

"No," she said.

"Now I'm not so sure you *weren't* there," he said.

"Well, I wasn't so you're wrong."

"As a matter of fact you *were* there. I saw you there. Do you solemnly swear that you didn't go to a wedding yesterday? To wit, Joan Barnes's wedding in Gibbsville? Reception at a country club with a jawbreaker of a name?"

"Oh, yes, I was at that wedding. But I didn't think you could have been there."

"Why not?"

"Because they had Markel's orchestra."

"What's that got to do with it?" he said.

"Don't you play for Vincent Lopez?"

He laughed. "Oh, for God's sake. You heard all that?"

She smiled. "Yes. You know, my brother has a Louis Vuitton bag, and he makes jokes about its belonging to the Lehigh Valley, but I never heard anyone say anything about Vincent Lopez. That was clever, although taking advantage of that poor old porter."

"I made it up on the spur of the moment."

"Oh, you admit you're clever. Oh, dear me."

"I don't have to admit it. Everybody admits it *for* me. And you, naturally I deduce that you're on your way back to some institution of learning."

"I am, yes."

"You're going to make me guess which one? Smith?"

"No."

"Wellesley?"

"No."

"Radcliffe? No, I take back Radcliffe. Is it a college, or are you still at boarding-school? You're a little old for boarding-school."

"It's college."

"Oh, of course! Vassar. I should have thought of Vassar first. *Is* it Vassar?"

"Yes."

"And who do I ask for, the next time I go up to Vassar?"

"Go right on asking for the same people you always ask for," said Maudie McWilliams.

"All right, I will. And I'll ask *them* to tell me, who is a disagreeable young woman from the Pennsylvania coal mines. Blue eyes, blond hair, about five foot five. A hundred and twenty pounds. Having a violent love affair with an Alpha Delt from Wesleyan."

"Oh, the pin," she said. "No, you're wrong about Wesleyan."

"Yeah, I'm wrong about the violent love affair, too. All the A. D.'s I ever knew were too insipid to do anything violent, let alone have a violent love affair. How come you weren't a bridesmaid for Joan Barnes?"

"She didn't ask me."

"Are you too rich?"

"Too poor."

"The hell you are. You said your brother has a Vuitton bag. Poor boys don't have Vuitton bags."

"Then *you* must be rich, you have one."

"Mine was my uncle's. I'm not rich yet. I won't be rich till I'm thirty, but then watch it roll in."

"How nice to be so sure of yourself," she said.

"I told you before, you think I'm egotistical, but I'm only admitting what everyone else says. I can't go against public opinion."

"Oh, dear. It's so refreshing to meet someone so modest. Not like most of the college boys these days."

"Careful. I'm a college *graduate*."

"How long did it take you? Two years?"

"No, I stayed the full four years. I probably could have got out in three, but I had a scholarship that was good for four."

"Strange, I don't see a Phi Beta Kappa key."

Without a word he lifted his watch and chain out of his vest pockets and laid them on the tablecloth. At one end of the chain were a gold ball, a medal for track, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. "Take a closer look, if you like. It's the real thing, not Kappa Bete," he said.

"I'm crushed," she said.

"When I toot my own horn I can always back it up," he said. "Tilden himself said I could have been Davis Cup material, if I'd been more serious about my tennis."

"And what's the other medal?"

"High hurdles. I was on the Cornell-Princeton team against Oxford-Cambridge. What's your name?"

"Maude McWilliams."

"Jarvis Brittingham," he said.

The waiter served her jelly omelette.

"I'll have the same thing," said Jarvis Brittingham. "And a glass of milk, please."

"I hope you don't mind if I go ahead," she said.

"I eat fast. I'll probably be finished before you are," he said. "Everything fast. That's where I got my nickname. Speed."

"What they call a fast worker," she said.

"You mean picking you up?"

"You haven't quite picked me up yet, have you?"

"I have your name, and where you go to college, haven't I? As a matter of fact, not very fast. I remember seeing you at the reception, but as an usher I had certain obligations. This fellow that gave you his pin, was he at the wedding?"

"No. He comes from a different part of the country."

"Is he still in college?"

"Yes."

"What is he going to do when he gets out?"

"He hasn't decided."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Irma, you've been at the cooking sherry again."

Jarvis Brittingham tapped his fingertips on the tablecloth. "Probably go work for Pop. The usual thing. I knew what *I* was going to be when I was fourteen years old. We had two literary societies, and I was assigned to debate the question, 'Resolved: that the South was justified in seceding from the Union.' We took the positive side, and we won. That was the first time the positive side ever won, and I was against it too, but we won. Then and there I decided to become a lawyer. I'm at Columbia Law School. I have one more year. I could have been a Rhodes Scholar, but I didn't put in for it. I have to start making some money. I could marry a rich girl, and I probably will, but first I have to make some of my own so that I don't have to take any guff from her family. I wouldn't marry a girl that *didn't* have *some* money. After all, she ought to have something more to offer than just the fair white body."

"And love, and brains, and a nice disposition."

"All right, what *about* love and brains and a nice disposition? I have brains and a pretty good disposition, and I'm going to make a lot of money. As far as love is concerned, every divorce started originally with two people thinking they were in love, and boy, look at how many divorces there are. My father and mother are divorced. My uncle and aunt. One of my best friends in college got married the day after he graduated, and he's getting a divorce already. And that's not taking into consideration how many married couples would get divorces if they could."

"I don't see why you get married at all, feeling that way about it," she said.

"Well, one thing you can be sure of, and that is I'm going to take my time. Aha! Jelly omelette. Looks pretty good, too. I hear people complain about the food on dining cars, but I don't think it's so bad."

He commenced to eat, and she watched him fascinatedly. His hands and even his arms never stopped moving. He would put a forkful of omelette in his mouth, lay down the fork and pick up the knife and a piece of toast, butter the toast, take a large bite of it, put it down, take another forkful of the omelette. He drank his glass of milk in three mouthfuls and ordered a second glass. The omelette, toast and milk were consumed in three minutes, and he had finished ahead of her. He looked down at his vest, used the fingers of both hands as a whisk broom to brush away imaginary crumbs, and after a deep breath he lit another cigarette. "Are you having dessert?"

"No," said Maudie McWilliams.

"No, I don't think I will either. You know what I like on a Pullman diner that I never get anywhere else? Figs, with that rich syrup. But there was a lot of jelly in that omelette, so I guess I'll pass up the figs. Are you having coffee? Have some, why don't you?"

"Yes, I'm going to," she said.

"They give you black looks if you sit here and don't order something—no pun intended," he said. "We can stay here for an hour or so, then I have to crack the books. Can you study on a train?"

"Sure," she said.

"The whole secret is to study when you feel like it. Never drive yourself to it. I got plastered to the hat at that reception, but nobody knew it. I pride myself in holding my liquor. That can be a big attribute for a lawyer. You see, I'm

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going into politics. Get myself a reputation in criminal law. Then the district attorney's office, then back into private practice where the money is. Then I'll run for district attorney. Governor. United States Senate. About three quarters of the men in the Senate are lawyers, you know. Once you've been in the Senate your name alone is worth a hell of a lot in a law firm. What does your father do?"

"He's dead. He was in the coal business."

"Just you and your mother and one brother?"

"And a sister."

"Your brother in the coal business too?"

"Yes. In West Virginia."

"Smart, to get out of Pennsylvania. No matter how good he was they'd still say he owed everything to your father. I suppose you'll finish college and then marry your Alpha Delt, or someone like him."

"Very likely."

"That's probably the best thing. A lot of girls get out of college and think they ought to get jobs, do something. Welfare workers. Comparison shoppers at Macy's. But a girl like you, I've been studying you, and I've come to the conclusion that you'd make an ideal wife for some young guy just starting out. You'll have an education, some money, and I wouldn't be surprised if you made a very good mother."

"All cut and dried, my life all mapped out for me," she said.

"Just about. But I didn't plan it. Neither did you. I'm just telling you what I see. Are you going to let me buy your supper?"

"No. Why should you?"

"I'm not that broke. I got out of college ahead of the game, financially. Come on, let me pay for your omelette."

"All right, thanks."

"I wish I would have had more time at the wedding, or if you'd have been a bridesmaid."

"You mean you'd have given me a rush?"

"You're damn right I would. But now the chances are I'll never see you again."

"I thought you were coming to Vassar and so forth."

"I changed my mind after talking to you. The girls I know at Vassar—I don't think they'd be friends of yours."

"Obviously they're not, or I probably would have met you, or heard about you."

"Listen, you know what I'm driving at."

"Well, I don't think it's a very nice thing to say."

"I didn't *have* to say very much, but you got my meaning. So don't go too innocent on me. Waiter, can I have the check please? Both checks."

"Thank you for my supper."

"Pleasure was all mine, Maude."

"Good night," she said.

That was all, all she ever saw of Jarvis Brittingham. By accident or otherwise they stayed apart throughout the remainder of the journey. On the New York side of the river she took a taxi to Grand Central and the train to Poughkeepsie.

In her room at last and tired, and through changes of scene and the distance, she was far removed from Jarvis Brittingham and his strange mind and his vitality. And yet she found the time and the wish to write to the boy whose pin she wore and tell him proudly that she had missed him terribly, every minute. "Darling Phil—I so envy Joan," she wrote. "I know now that my whole life is mapped out for me. It will be with you."

And so, indeed, it was.

She was sorry, truly sorry, to read in the paper that Jarvis Brittingham, former district attorney of some upstate New York county and frequently mentioned as a potential candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, had been sentenced to prison. It was a complicated thing to someone living in Pennsylvania and not up on her New York State politics, but it had to do with some sort of bribery of a member of the legislature.

In pronouncing sentence, the judge declared that Mr. Brittingham had known exactly what he was doing, and that he was therefore imposing the maximum penalty that the law allowed. The severity of the sentence, the judge hoped, would serve to remind the general public that the vast majority of lawyers looked upon their profession as a sacred trust, that the oath they took as officers of the court was no mere formality, and that Mr. Brittingham had betrayed his trust and violated his oath with full knowledge of the fact that he was bringing discredit on himself and his fellow members of the bar. The newspaper article reported that Mr. Brittingham heard the sentence with no show of emotion.

"I guess that was just the trouble," said Maudie. THE END

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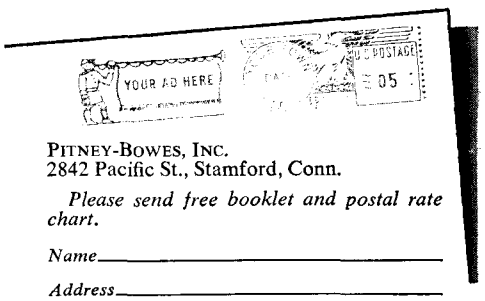

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SAINT PAUL AND THE MONKEYS

by William Melvin Kelley

"Let's get married!" Avis kept saying. And each time he wondered why he was so afraid. . . .

Standing just inside the metal door of her hospital room, Chig Dunford tried to decide whether Avis was too sick to be kissed. "How are you?"

Avis opened her arms to him. "Come and kiss me." He did, then inspected her again. She wore light-blue pajamas. In her rust-colored hair were two small blue bows. Her eyes were large and brown. Her mouth was soft, like a baby's.

"How are you, Avis?"

"I'm supposed to be pretty sick. The doctor at school said my blood was going crazy. He thought it was mono, but he wanted me in the hospital to make sure."

He kissed her again, lightly, but she grabbed him around the neck and kissed him hard. He sat down, holding her hand. "Why didn't your parents want me to come last night?"

She turned away. He thought she was fighting tears. "Come on now. You can tell me."

She stared at him. "They don't want me to see you anymore, Chig." As soon as she spoke, the threat of tears disappeared.

"They can't *do* that." He realized they could, felt desperate and repeated himself softly. "They *can't* do that." Sensing what the answer would be, he asked, "What did you say?"

She turned away again. "I tried, Chig. Honestly, I really wanted to ——"

"But you didn't say anything." He sighed.

"I couldn't, Chig."

"But you could let them make us stop seeing each other?"

Her answer was flat and definite. "Yes. Just not to hurt them." He hardened himself against what he knew was coming next. "You know how much I owe them. They've done an awful lot for me, put me through school and all."

"But they're your parents. They're supposed to do that."

"You always say that, Chig."

"OK, if they're not supposed to, then they *wanted* to. They were happy doing it. Avis, you can only owe them so much."

"I owe them for everything." She was calm.

He did not want to argue about her parents. "What's so bad about me anyway? Why don't they want me around anymore?"

"They like you very much, Chig. It isn't that. But they don't think you're serious about me."

"Is going steady with you for three years not serious?"

"But you haven't spoken to them yet." It seemed almost as if she, too, doubted him. "You haven't asked my father for my hand, or even mentioned it."

"What did you say to that?"

"I told them we were planning to get married. But ——"

"Well?"

"They said speaking to me wasn't enough. They said boys were apt to say anything to be intimate with a girl." When she spoke of her parents, she used their phrases. "Then they asked me if we *had* been intimate."

"What did you tell them?"

"You don't actually think I told them the truth, do you?"

"No, I guess not. But they should have enough sense to take it for granted. You're not a little girl anymore, Avis."

She said nothing, and he searched her face. She had become timid and insecure. "Chig, will you—will you talk to daddy about us getting married?"

He stared into a dustless corner. "Avis, after I graduate in June, I still have three years of law school. I can't possibly support you. And you have to finish college too."

"But they don't even want us to set a date. They just want you to say something to them. You can do that."

"Sure, but I don't see why I have to. I know they'll say yes. Even if they didn't, wouldn't you marry me?"

"Of course I would." She believed it; for an instant he did not. "But since they'll say yes, it doesn't matter if you ask them or not." Her face was troubled. "Aren't you sure of us?"

He decided quickly. "OK, I'll ask him." It sounded right, but still he felt uncomfortable. He gripped her hand. "I'm only thinking of you. I want you to have everything."

"I will. I'll be marrying you."

He felt like sighing, but held it back. "When does he want me to speak to him?"

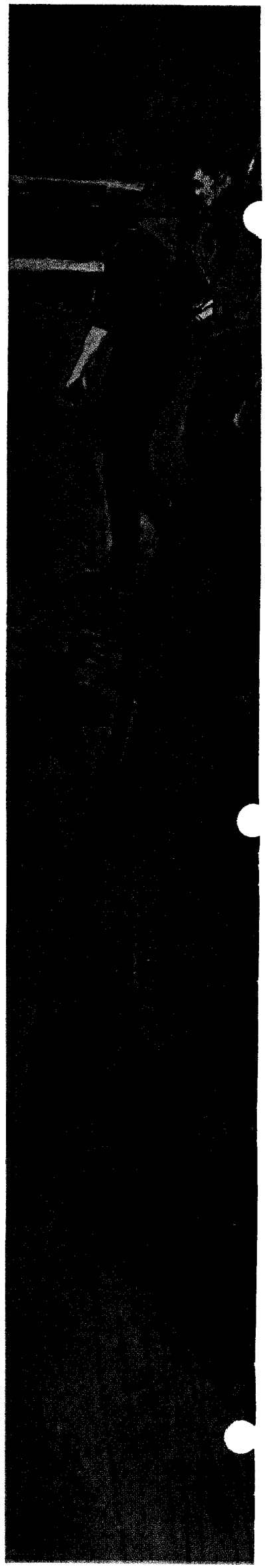

Illustration by Neil Boyle

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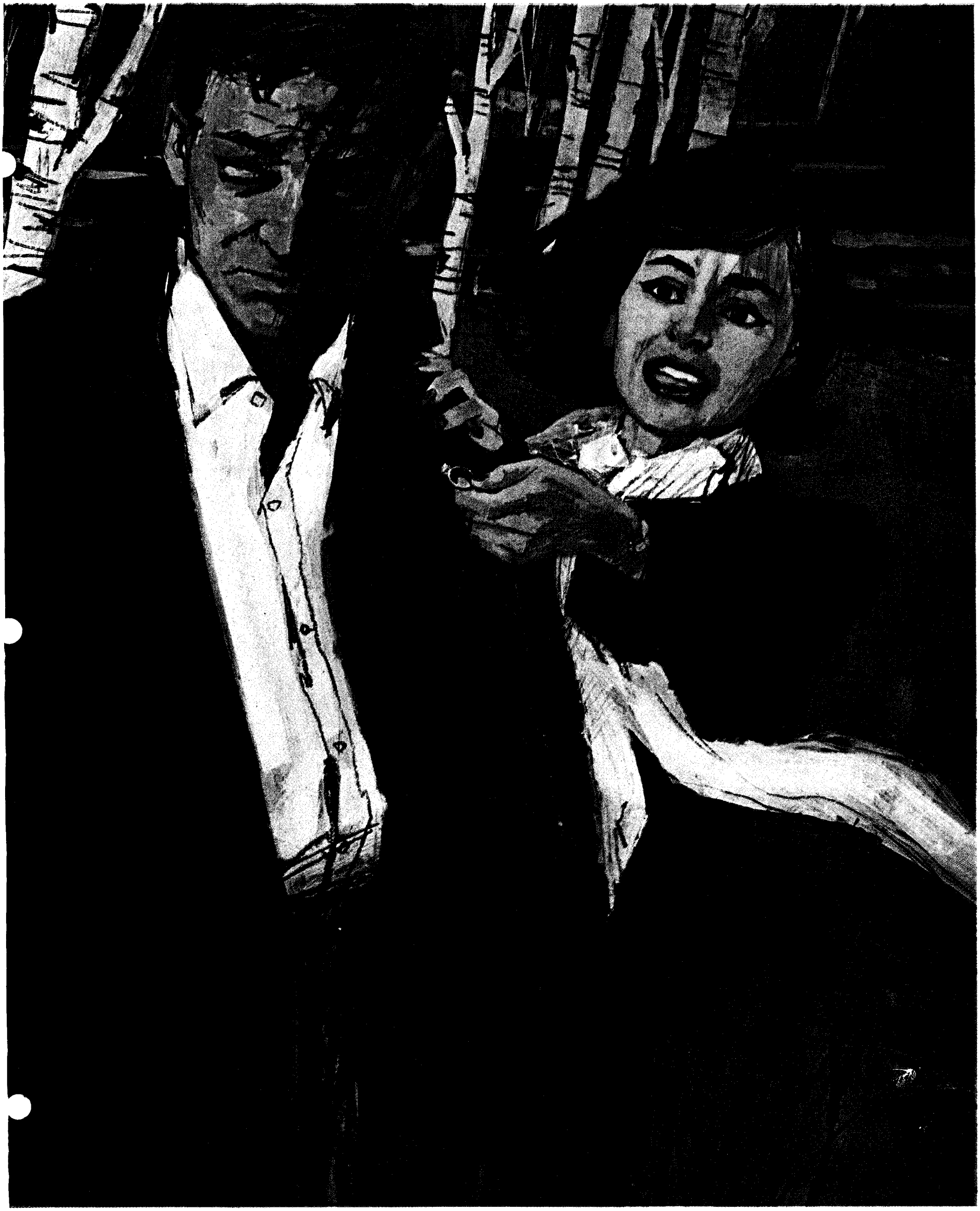

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"Anytime you want. They really like you very much."

He had always hoped their engagement would come about in a more romantic way, and he tried now to salvage a particle of his romantic dream. "Got an extra hairpin? The wire kind."

"Sure." She leaned across the bed, opened a drawer and handed it to him.

"Give me your . . . right hand." She extended it, and he bent the hairpin around her ring finger.

"What are you doing, Chig?"

Wondering if she was pretending ignorance, he put the hairpin in his pocket. "It's a surprise."

Before entering Avis's room the next day he inspected himself. It was a special day, and he wanted his clothes in perfect order, but he still looked as if he had fled in panic from a burning house. As usual, his shirt was creeping out of his pants, the pants were bagging at the knees, and his socks were sliding into his shoes. He sighed and knocked on the door.

Avis, propped on two pillows, was reading. Yellow hair ribbons had replaced yesterday's blue bows. She gave him her nicest smile.

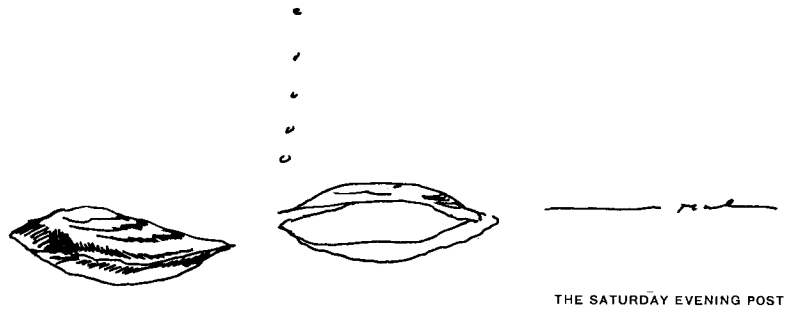
"How do you feel?"

"Better. But I want to get out of here." She spoke as if he could do something about it.

He removed his overcoat, sneaking the small velvet box into his jacket pocket, and pulled up a chair. "What kind of day did you have?"

"All right."

He wondered if she knew why he had wanted the hairpin the day before.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mabel, speak to me."

"Avis," he began, and bogged down in muddy nervousness.

"Yes?"

"Avis, I always had a dream of how—I always thought I'd do this after something good happened to me that would sort of guarantee our security—and that it would be a surprise to you." He searched her face. She knew now. "But it didn't happen. So, anyway, it doesn't matter. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, Chig. I love you, Chig."

He gave her the ring box. She opened it, leaned toward him and kissed him sweetly. Her tears were wet upon his cheek. "It's beautiful, Chig. It didn't cost too much, did it?" She looked at it once more, than handed back the box.

A feeling as if he had been eating lemons spread through him. "What's wrong, Avis?" His voice cracked.

She did not notice. "You have to put it on me."

He did; the ring was small and cold, and fit perfectly.

"I'll never take it off. Only you can take it off."

"Then you're stuck with it." Smiling, he sat back. It was settled; he was engaged. He thought of the wonderful life they would have with each other.

She interrupted his dreams. "I spoke to my parents last night, Chig." The happiness in her eyes had fled. "They want us to set a definite date. They want us to get married in August. They ——"

"In August! What do they think I am?" He was standing, glaring down at her. "Didn't you tell them what I said?"

"Chig, don't shout!"

He fell back into his chair whispering. "Avis, how can I marry you in August? What'll we live on?"

She brightened. "That's no problem. Your parents are going to see you through law school, aren't they? And mine'll see me through college. I'll transfer to wherever you are."

He could not arrange his various emotions, but one picture kept exploding in his brain—of a baby monkey he had seen once on television, shivering in the corner of a wire cage as lights flashed and the arms of a weird contrivance clawed the air of the cage. The monkey had been part of a psychological experiment. Stress had destroyed its mind.

"Avis, don't you see why it would be bad for us to get married so soon?"

"I know, Chig. But we don't have to worry about money. And I didn't think you minded *that* much." She looked down at the ring sparkling on her finger, and sighed. "Three years is a long time to wait, Chig."

"I know." He stared at the springs of the high hospital bed. "But—I'm —— You really want to get married in August, don't you?"

She answered with thoughts they had often expressed. "You always have to go home, go away from me, go back someplace. It'd be nice to lock our door and say goodnight to the world together."

He nodded. "Have you got enough time to transfer? How do you know you'll get into a school near me?"

"I'll just apply to all the places you do. I'll get in." Her face was beaming. "It can be so nice, Chig."

"Yes, it can." He had forgotten about the cornered, frightened monkey and began to think now of a small attic apartment in a university town. He slapped his forehead. "How can I be so stupid! I worry about all the bad things when everything'll be so good."

"You just want it to be perfect, Chig." She smiled. "You're just a worrier."

"I'm stupid too." He shook his head and laughed, sensing for an instant that his laughter was not completely free.

Avis did not laugh. "When are you going to ask my father?" Her voice was suddenly flat.

He was confused. "You just told me he *wants* us to get married."

"But he still expects you to ask him."

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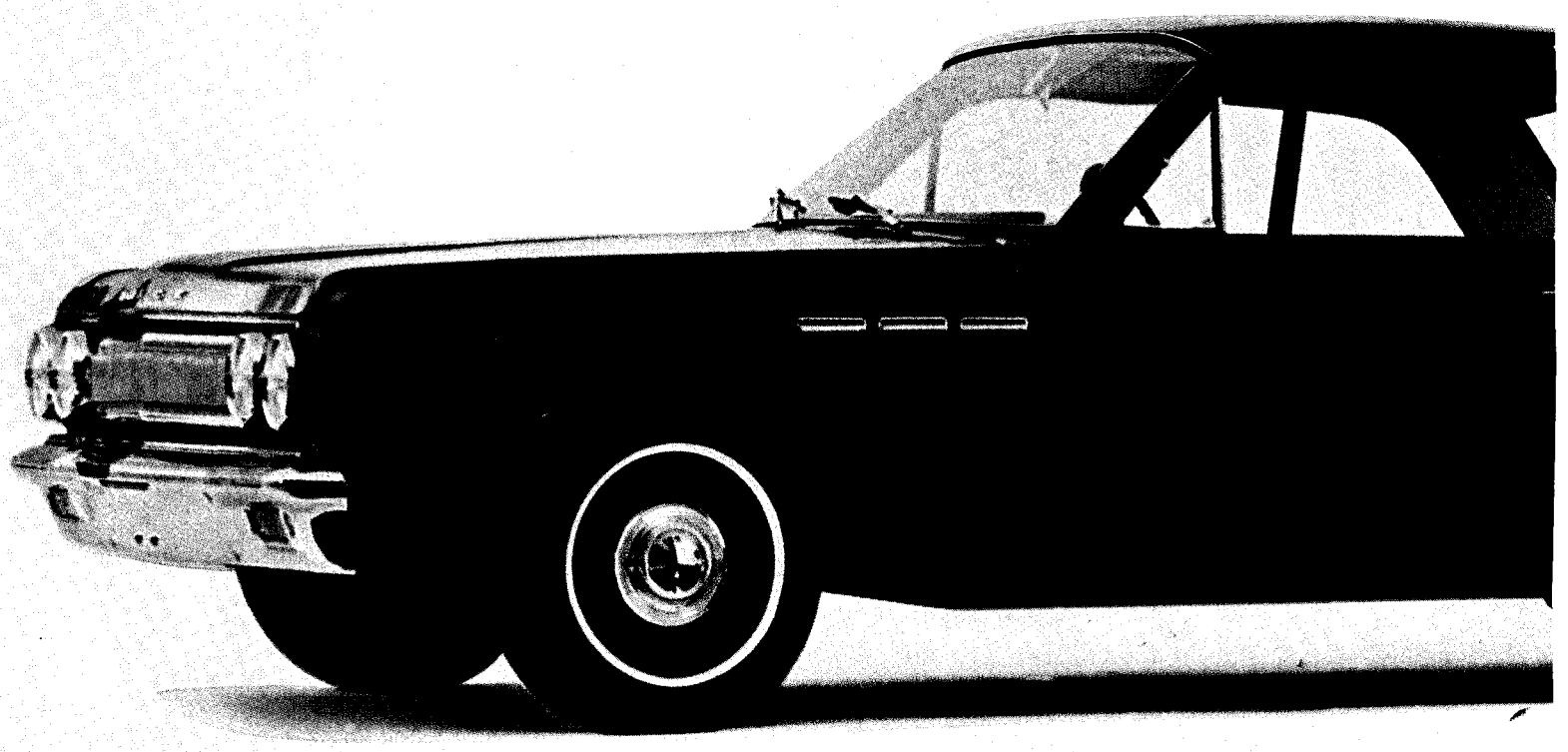

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She was annoyed. "He said he won't know you're sincere until you look him in the eye and ask him."

"Would I buy an engagement ring if I weren't sincere?" Again he saw the monkey shivering.

"It's the custom to ask him."

"Custom. Oh, boy!" He rolled his eyes at the ceiling.

"Don't be disrespectful of my father!"

He did not want her angry with him. "I'll go right now. Is he in his office?"

She glared. "Yes, he is, and you don't have to be sarcastic."

"I'm not being sarcastic," he whined.

"Do you really want to marry me?"

"Come on; don't be silly. I only want to get this junk out of the way."

"It is not junk. Why do you always have to be so disagreeable?"

"All right, Avis. I'm sorry." He sighed. "It's not junk. I'll go see him now."

"Don't go if you don't want to." She picked up the book she had been reading.

"I do want to." Suddenly he was so tired he could not hold up his head. The muscles in his neck no longer existed.

"I'm sorry, Chig. I guess it's been a hard day for you." Her tone of voice made him feel better.

He put on his coat and came back to the bed. "I hope I didn't upset you. I forgot you were sick. I mean, that's taking advantage of you."

"Oh, Chig, I feel fine." She looked at her left hand proudly. "I'm engaged! It's a beautiful ring!"

He kissed her good-bye. At the door he looked back and whispered, "I love you." She was gazing so intently at the ring she did not hear him.

The memory of the enchantment on her face helped him to survive the 30-minute interview with her father, who finally consented to an August marriage.

At dinner he told his parents and his sister that he was engaged and would be married in August if his parents would help financially, as Avis's parents were planning to do. His father shook his hand. His mother kissed him. They said that of course they would help.

His sister Connie, who was 16, sat silent for a while. "Are you really going to marry Avis, Chig?"

At times Connie asked ridiculous questions. "Sure." He nodded, puzzled.

Connie stared at him. "Oh." She was disappointed.

Avis left the hospital a week later. The doctor wanted her to rest at home, rather than return to school. She and Chig planned an engagement party for the Friday before Christmas. Chig wanted to keep the party small, to invite only their closest friends. Avis wanted it large. They compromised. He invited his two best friends; Avis invited 60 people and told them to bring their friends. This upset him, but finally he decided that the act of getting married, was, after all, by and for women. It would not hurt to let her have a party she would always remember.

The party, at her family's house in Westchester, was to begin at eight. Chig came in the early afternoon to help decorate and began to drink immediately, but did not discover that he was drunk until after nine, when he made, instead of a bourbon and soda, a bourbon and Scotch. He drank it anyway. He knew most of the people by sight if not by name, but he felt lost and out of place, and he began to lurk in uncrowded corners.

Connie found him on the enclosed porch where during the day there was a fine view of the sun being devoured by the cliffs on the western shore of the Hudson River.

Chig squinted at her. "Having a good time?" He could not make out her face.

"All right." She smiled. "You don't look like *you* are." She sat beside him. "You shouldn't drink so much, Chig."

He raised his hand, pledging. "Promise to stop after this one. I know my limit." He inspected his glass. "Good-bye, last drink. You have served me well."

"What's wrong, Chig?" She had not yet lost all her baby fat, and her chubby face was more comic than earnest.

"What do you mean? Was I like that when I was sixteen?"

"Well, if you're so fine, what are you doing sitting out here when everybody else is having such a good time?"

"I'm having a good time."

"About as good as a rat in a cage."

He thought about that. Several times, sitting alone on the porch, he had pictured his monkey, wondering why the stupid little creature clung to his memory. "Not a rat, sister dear; a monkey."

"What?"

"A baby monkey. Were you around that Sunday they had the monkey show on television?"

"What?"

"In Wisconsin, at the university—they had these monkeys in cages, away from their mothers. There was this one baby monkey, sleeping on a blanket. Every day they took the blanket out to clean it, and when they did the baby monkey would crawl into a corner and whimper and cry and shake!"

Connie did not understand.

"Don't you see? The blanket was his mother! If monkeys have anything to do with people, it shows what loneliness can do to you. People'll do anything not to be lonely, you know? I almost cried when they showed that monkey without his blanket." He shook his head.

Connie was staring at him. "Chig, do you really love Avis?"

"Of course I love her. Why do you ask such dopey questions?"

"You sure you love her?" She shifted toward him. "No fooling?"

"What do you mean?"

"She's all the things you don't like in anybody else. I've heard you make speeches about it." She hesitated. "She's a phony, Chig."

He could not take this seriously. She was probably jealous of Avis. Connie and he had been very close until three years ago. "Why do you say that?" He heard himself being indulgent.

"It's clear as anything. Aren't you supposed to have a good time at your own engagement party?" She did not sound jealous.

"I guess so."

"You don't seem happy."

"I don't feel so hot."

She was silent for a moment. "Chig, you better watch out. She'll eat you alive."

Angry now, he snapped at her. "What do you know about it?"

"I know you've changed a lot. You can't even blow your nose without wondering if you're doing it the right way. And you're getting to be a liar."

"What are you talking about?"

"You can't even be honest with me anymore."

Chig got up. "I want to see Avis."

He went downstairs into the cellar playroom, carrying his glass and sloshing

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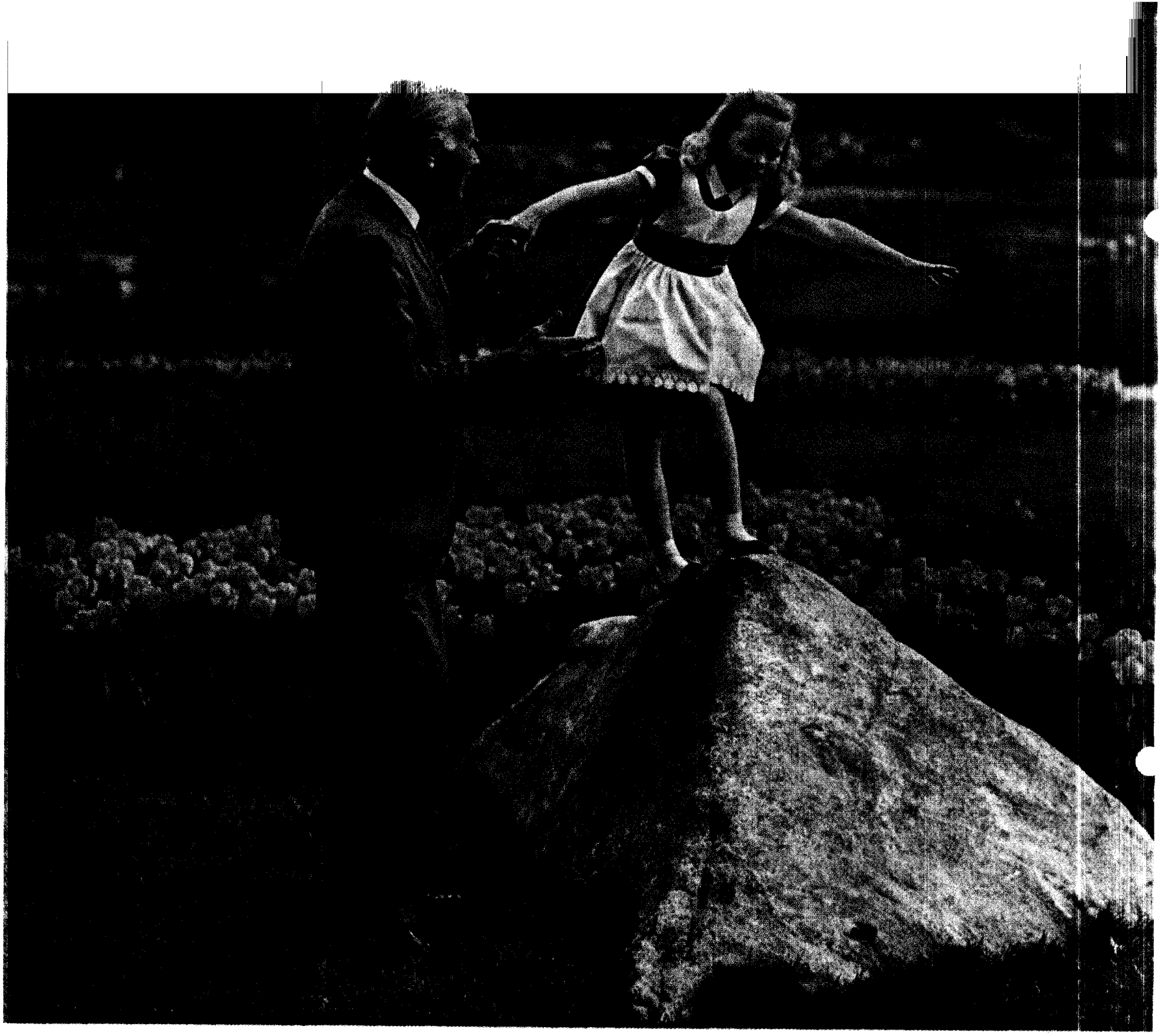

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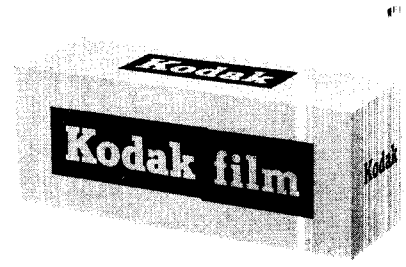

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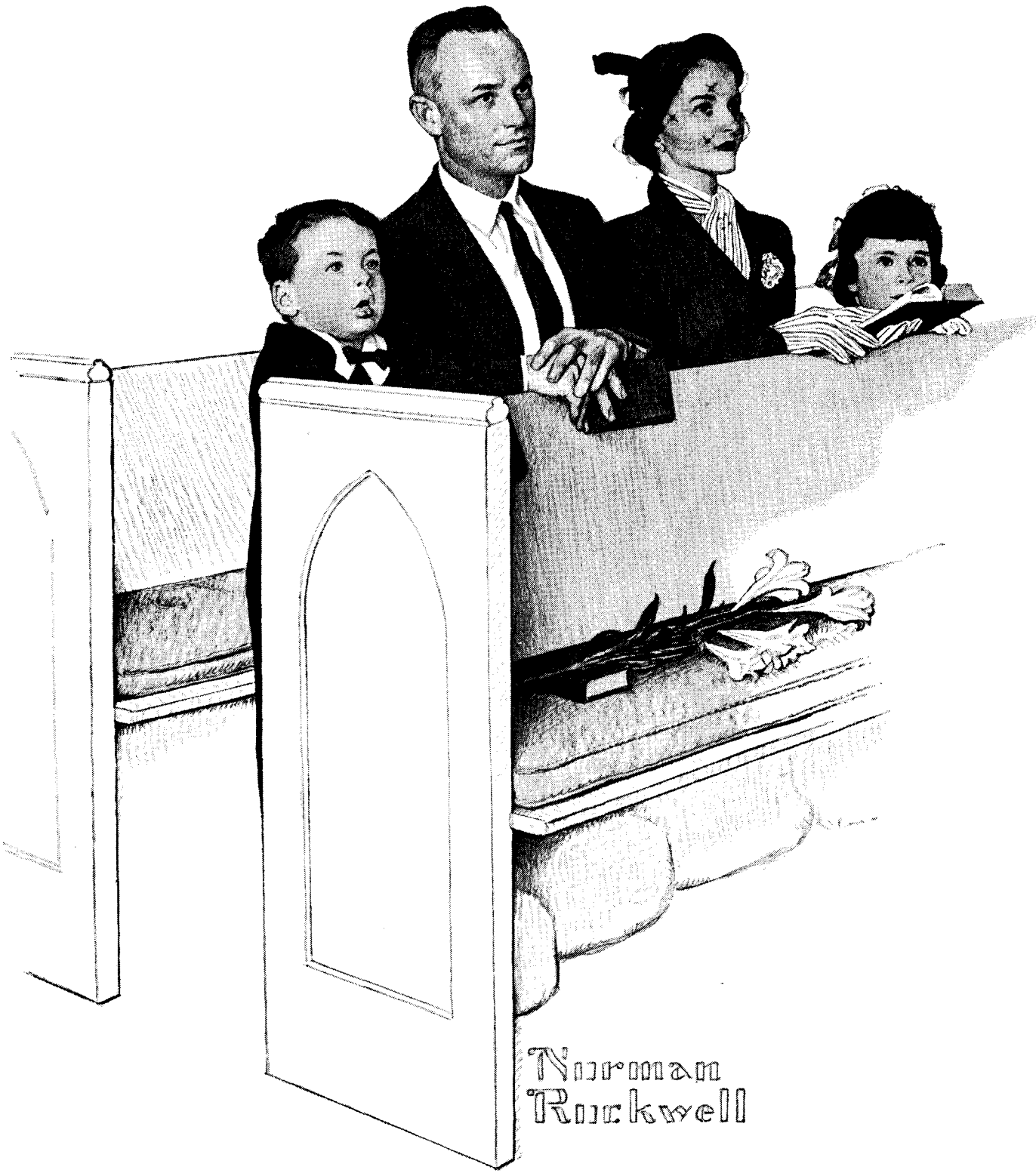

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liquor on his shoes. He laughed to himself about it, then out loud. Several people turned to greet him, and he asked for Avis.

Someone pointed to the people dancing under soft lights to loud music. Avis, in a billowing orange dress with long sleeves, spun around the floor. Chig could not identify her partner, and an undirected jealousy hummed through him. He did not dance very well. At most parties he watched Avis stepping with someone else. She loved to dance.

He did not want to see her now, and he returned to the porch. Connie had disappeared, and he thought how nice it would be if Avis broke away from the people downstairs and came to sit quietly with him.

He did not know how long he had been brooding on the porch, but all at once people were thundering up from downstairs and filing into the dining room, talking and laughing. Then Avis was standing behind him, her hand on his shoulder. "Where've you been?"

"Right here." She was beautiful in the faint light. "Been looking for me?" He hoped desperately she had.

"Not until now. Come on." She grabbed his hand, attempting to pull him up. "Daddy's going to announce our engagement. You'll have to make a speech."

"OK." He sighed. "OK."

She led him into the dining room. The guests stood about a huge table upon which lay a large square cake, small forks, pink napkins and a stack of shining plates. Her father waited at the far end, his hands knit before him like a minister's. He was tall and lean and wore round spectacles and a black suit.

Avis led him around the table, several people propelling him with heavy smacks on the back. The murmuring guests quieted as her father stepped forward. He was proud to announce his daughter's engagement to Charles Dunford (only Avis's father called him Charles), a fine young man with a great future. Everyone applauded, and Avis's father shook Chig's hand.

Someone shouted for Chig to make a speech; the motion received a round of applause.

Chig lumbered forward. "Well, you know, I've been hanging around here for a long time. And I got to like Avis a lot." He smiled at her. "But I have to say I was surprised when she asked me to marry her." Everyone laughed. "I didn't really know about *that*. But she put up a good fight."

More laughter. Connie stood far back of the crowd, her face grave.

"So finally I told her yes, and ——" He became serious. "And I think it's the best decision I ever made in my life. Thanks very much for coming."

He put his arm about Avis and kissed her on the forehead. There was more applause, and in that instant he remembered that Connie had called him a liar. If he had not known before what she meant, he did now, and it frightened him.

At her house, slouching on a sofa, Chig watched Avis, who stood across the room with her back to him, looking at the river. "Avis, what would you say if I decided I didn't want to be a lawyer?" He tried to sound relaxed.

She did not turn. "OK. What *do* you want to be?"

Delighted, he wondered why he had expected opposition. "That's just it. I don't know. I'm not even sure I don't want to be a lawyer. But I'm ——"

She advanced on him. "You're actually serious."

Panic heated him. "Well, I'm sort of serious."

She was standing over him. He could not look her in the eye. The engagement ring winked on her finger. "How can you be serious?" Her voice was soft and baffled.

"Wouldn't it be wrong for me to do something that I didn't really want to do? I mean, wouldn't it?" He willed himself to look at her, but quickly returned to the ring. "I mean, wrong for *me?*"

"Sure it would. But you've always wanted to be a lawyer so much, ever since I've known you."

For an instant he could not remember whether he had actually stepped into her house wanting to be a lawyer. "I know. But lately I've been having doubts. I don't know why." He wished she would sit beside him. That would make him feel less uncomfortable, more as if they were solving his problem together.

She smiled. "Well, why all of a sudden do you ——"

"I don't know!" Her right hand hid her left and he could no longer see the ring. "Well, yes, I do. I was talking to my father a few nights ago, and he told me how he felt about medicine."

"What does medicine have to do with law?"

"Let me finish, will you?" His voice was whiny and high; the tone surprised him.

Her eyes clouded slightly. "All right, Chig."

"I'm sorry." He sighed. "I just realized how much a profession *can* mean to a person, and that I don't look forward to being a lawyer the way my father did to being a doctor. He said he doesn't even need people. He enjoys medicine as a—a body of knowledge. You know what I mean? Kind of in the abstract."

"He doesn't want to make people well?"

"Not exactly. I mean, that isn't his only consideration." He wanted to say something more, but did not know what.

"I don't think that's right." She scowled. "He should care about them."

"He cares about them, Avis." Impatient with her lack of understanding, he wanted very much to make her understand. "It's like when you do something well—it gives you a good feeling whether anybody else benefits or not."

"That's a terrible attitude! You can't just walk all over people."

He raised his voice. "He doesn't walk all over people, Avis. He just doesn't live or die for everything people say and think! He has private reasons for being a doctor."

"He can have them!" She was angry now, and Chig was startled to discover that he did not care.

"Look, does it make him any less a doctor? His patients still like and respect him. He still helps them."

"I can't see how—with his attitude."

"*Avis, don't be so stupid!*"

She was stunned; when she spoke her voice was thick. "My being stupid doesn't give you the right to yell at me."

"You're not stupid. I am. I can't make you understand." He realized that the quarrel would go too far if he did not stop it soon. He sighed. "Look, let's forget it." He reached for her waist.

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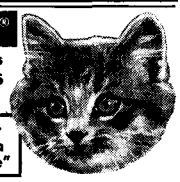

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SAINT PAUL

She stepped away, her back stiff. "We can't forget it. If you're having doubts about—things, then we ought to find out—before it's too late."

He knew exactly what she meant, and thought it childish. "Avis, a minor difference between us doesn't all of a sudden mean I don't want to marry you. I asked a simple question: How would you feel if I decided not to be a lawyer? I wanted to know what you thought. Now you're making a big thing out of it."

"It *is* a big thing. It's important." He could feel the cold distance between them. "If you need time to think things over, I shouldn't push you into marrying me. Marriage is a big responsibility, Chig, I should give you time. There are things you have to decide ALONE."

This was crazy. He had never once said to her or even to himself that he definitely did not want to be a lawyer. It was simply that since the night of the party, when he realized, as he thanked the guests for coming, that he was lying, he had thought a great deal about himself and had questioned many of his long-cherished goals. Now it was all getting out of hand.

He stared at Avis. "How can I be so dense?" He began to laugh.

Puzzled, she took a step toward him but said nothing.

"I was getting set to botch up my whole life."

"What happened?" She came a bit closer.

"Nothing. Not a damn thing!" He was serious now. "I read too many books. I just realized I want everything in my life to be like Saint Paul's conversion."

"What?"

"Saint Paul's conversion, Avis. Saint Paul was on his way to Damascus to suppress the Christians, and God knocked him down and made him see the light." Suddenly giggling overwhelmed him.

Avis, too, began to laugh and collapsed beside him on the sofa. "Chig, you're so silly sometimes!"

"I know. But most of the time I'm not even here." He hit his head to straighten out his brains. "Most of the time I'm not in real life. I'm living in a dream world of Saint Pauls and baby monkeys."

"What?"

"Forget it." He waved it all away. "Just remember that I love you more than anything in the world." He put his arm around her, and she let him kiss her.

In January, feeling very lonely, Chig began to wonder again whether he actually wanted to be a lawyer, but he blamed his doubts on the loneliness. He thought if he could see Avis, everything would be all right. He had not seen her since she returned to school after the holidays, a week or so after the discussion, which, unlike Avis, he had not been able to forget.

Early in March he took a train up along the Hudson River to see Avis at school. The train passed Sing Sing, and he wondered about prison life.

Avis was allowed visitors in her room from one until seven in the evening. She had a single room, and behind the locked door they made love and talked aimlessly about their marriage. The room was on the top floor of a tall building, and they did not have to draw the blinds for privacy. The early afternoon sun warmed them as they lay beside each other.

"I found the nicest silverware," Avis babbled, whispering. "It's so simple and light and beautiful." She kissed him.

Chig rolled onto his stomach. On the bookcase beside the bed there was a second-hand copy of *Huckleberry Finn*. Just to see it there made him feel good. He had read it five times since he discovered it. He took it in his hand and smiled.

"What are you doing?" Avis rolled over and put her arm about his waist.

"I didn't know you had this."

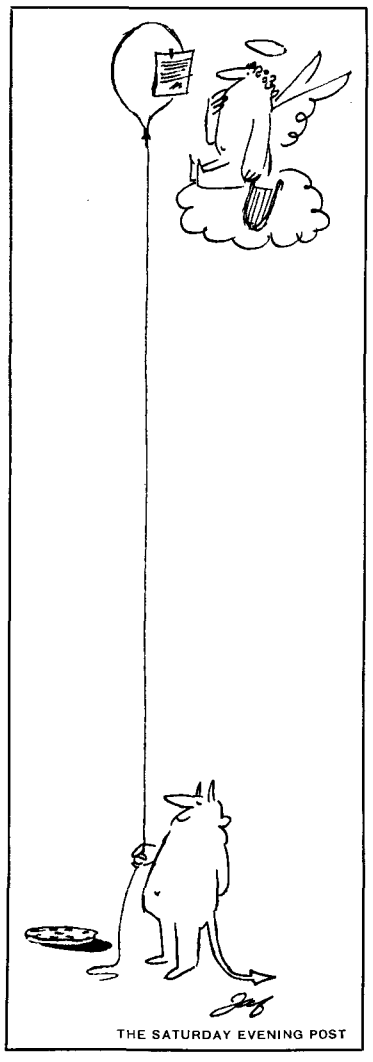
"I had to read it for school." Her eyes closed lazily. "I wrote a paper on it."

"This is the greatest book ever—American, anyway." He leafed through it to his favorite chapter and began to read aloud:

"So I got a piece of paper and a pencil, all glad and excited, and set down and wrote:

"'Miss Watson, your runaway nigger Jim is down here two mile below Pikesville, and Mr. Phelps has got him and he will give him up for the reward if you send. HUCK FINN'

"I felt good and all washed clean of sin for the first time I had ever felt so in my life, and I knowed I could pray now. But I didn't do it straight off, but laid the paper down and set there thinking—thinking how good it was all this happened so, and how near I come to being lost and going to hell. And went on thinking. And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me all the time: in the day and in the nighttime, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a-floating along, talking and singing and laughing. But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind."



Beside him Avis yawned and stretched. He tried to ignore what she had done and went on reading:

". . . And then I happened to look around and see that paper. It was a close place. I took it up, and held it in my hand. I was a-trembling, because I'd got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself: 'All right, then I'll *go* to hell'—and tore it up."

Chig closed his eyes. That part had always made him feel slightly melancholy and warm. "It's great!" he sighed.

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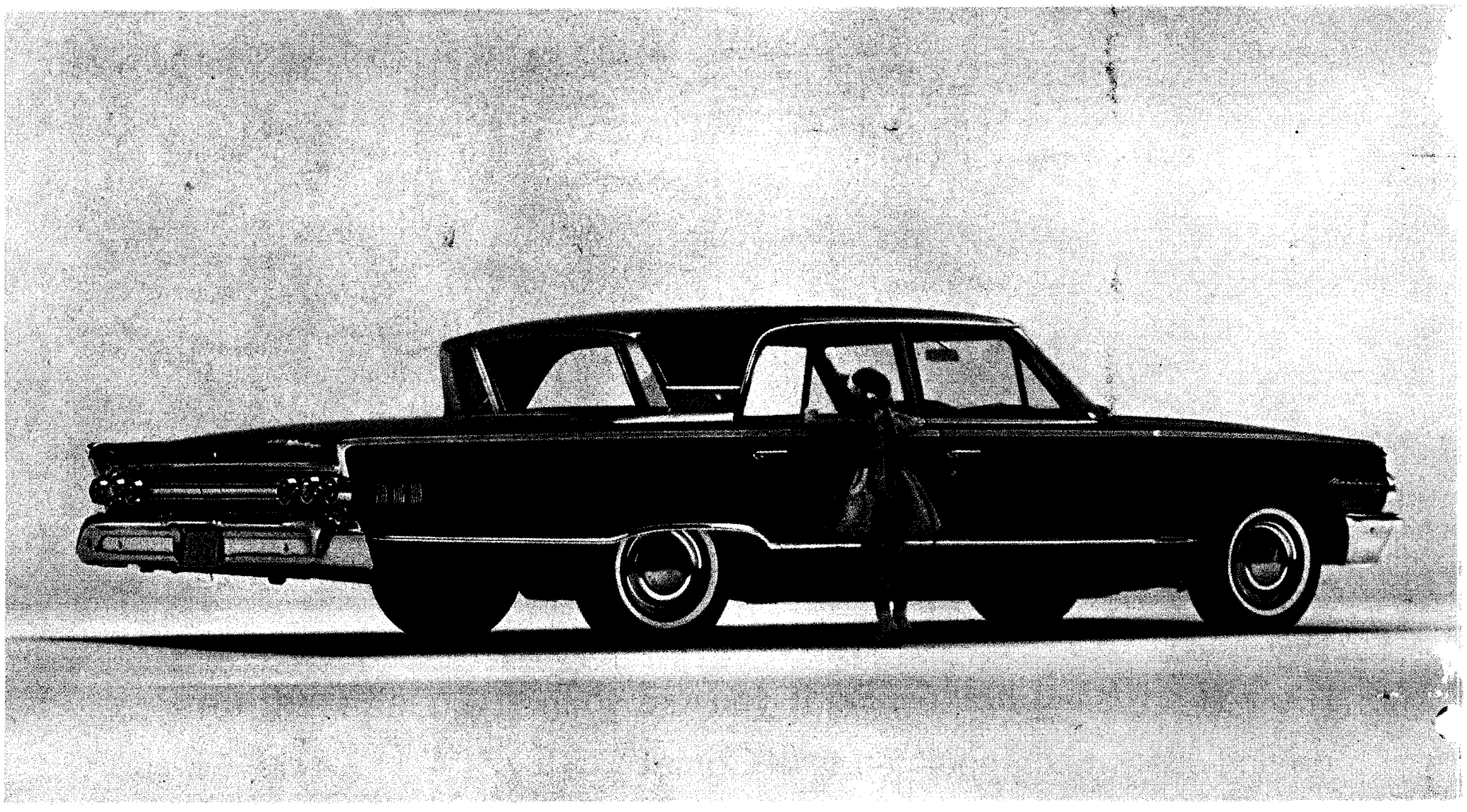

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Avis was silent for a moment. "It's nice how Twain spells out his own moral dilemma. Did you know he ran away to the West so as not to decide which side to fight on in the Civil War?"

"I don't mean it that way, Avis. I ——" He did not know how to go on, and closed the book.

"Oh, you mean the way he sets up the conflict by having Huck do something he's been taught is wrong—the irony of it." She propped herself on her elbows.

He let his head fall on the pillow, turning away. "How does it make you feel?" He tried not to sound too earnest.

"OK, I guess. Chig, let's not talk about school anymore. Not now."

He turned and kissed her desperately, trying to chase away his own evil thoughts.

They came out into the sun, onto mud-spongy ground. In shadowed corners, snow was still crusted in dirty mounds. Other couples, holding mittened hands, ambled across the campus.

Avis skipped. "Come on. I want to show you the lake."

Ice floated in the black water. At the edges dead leaves were frozen into the ice.

"Avis, I'm not going to law school."

"Oh, Chig, not again. I thought we had that settled."

"Does it really matter so much?"

"Of course it does." She stared at him. "You should want to be *something*. Why do you have to be so melodramatic all the time?"

"I'm not being melodramatic, Avis. I just want to ——"

"What's wrong with you, anyway?" Tears popped into her eyes. She clenched her fists; her voice, louder now, bounced across the lake and back. "What do you expect me to do?"

"I don't expect you to do anything but have some faith in me." He was pleading and did not mind.

"Chig, I'll have faith in you. You tell me you don't want to be a lawyer. All right! But what *do* you want to be?"

Feeling foolish, he put his hands in his pockets and stared at his muddy shoes. "I don't know."

She pounced on that. "You don't know! Chig, you're acting crazy. You have to know where you're going. You have to have some ambition and direction. Nobody gets anywhere without a goal, and ambition. Not my father—or even yours."

"But they love what they're doing. I wouldn't like being a lawyer."

"Suppose you wait and nothing hits you like your precious Saint Paul?" She had stopped crying.

"I—I don't know." He realized he was defending an impossible position; he would defend it anyway.

"That's what I'm talking about. You don't know anything. You're like a girl who can't decide what dress to wear to a party and so she goes naked!"

Perhaps it was true. He hated the thought of its being true. "But, Avis, I have a right to want something to hit me like that. I'm asking you to have faith in me. That's all."

"It's too much to ask." She kept the fingers of her left hand very straight as she slid off the engagement ring.

"Please, Avis." He stared at the ring. "Give me some space to breathe in."

"You mean, space to be a bum in."

He heard his voice crying. "I don't want to be a bum. I just want to be something I love being."

"Be a lawyer." Her arm and hand, holding out the ring, looked stiff and grotesque.

"I can't, Avis." He plucked up the ring. It was warm.

He had never seen anybody faint before, and his first impulse, not a cruel one, was to laugh—at the fluttering eyelids, at the sudden blue paleness of her baby lips, at the comic, floating way she crumpled at his feet. She lay on her back, her arms spread, her feet twisted awkwardly under her.

Then he was angry. She was faking. People did not faint. She had threatened him, and now she was trying to keep him in line, using his own pity as a weapon.

"Come on, Avis. Get up." He looked down at her, furious. "Get up." If she was awake and listening, she would know he was not taken in by her performance.

But she remained sprawled, mud in her hair. A conscious Avis would never have allowed mud to get in her hair.

He knelt by her, frightened, not knowing what to do. He wanted now to gather her, like a dead child, in his arms. But he knew that if he touched her he would kiss her. And after he had kissed her he would slide the ring back on her finger and he would go to law school.

He sat a short distance away from her, mud seeping through the seat of his pants, waiting patiently for her large brown eyes to open, hoping that after they did he would have enough strength not to touch her when he walked her back to the dormitory. THE END

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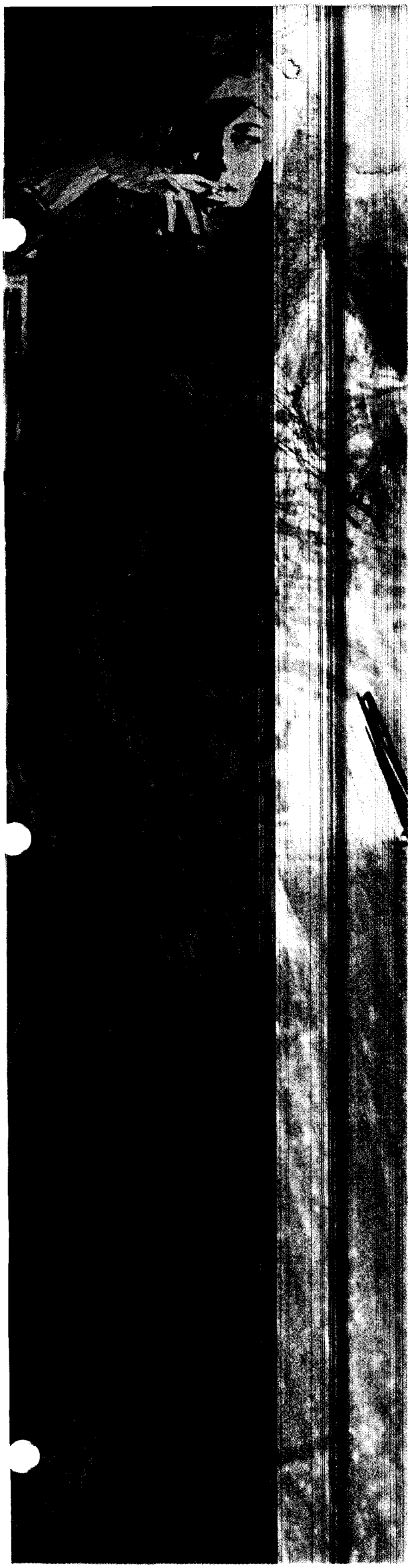

Illustration by Joe Cleary

The Koto Students

When people with conflicting natures are assembled, Mr. Ikaru explained, bad humors fill the air.

By MacDONALD HARRIS

Mr. Ikaru came from Japan to California to play a series of concerts for a Nisei community house and to appear briefly on a television program, which in itself came close to paying for his trip. When his visitor's visa expired he stayed on, cherished by a small but fervent band of followers. He did not look like a typical Japanese as the American imagines him. His skin was pink rather than yellow, and his face was abnormally broad, with a long chin and a high forehead. The rest of him was stocky and muscular; he had short arms and legs and strong, stubby fingers. Like many koto teachers he was blind; a tradition centuries old makes the instrument a favorite with those whose blindness prevents them from earning a living in another profession.

Mr. Ikaru had all the mannerisms which often make Japanese seem simple or slightly childish to Westerners: the birdlike motions of the head, the quick eagerness to agree, the nervous giggle, the elaborate courtesy that conceals a gulf of incomprehension. But when he was seated crosslegged on the floor, with his koto lying flat before him, these mannerisms disappeared, and he assumed the calm, familiar presence of the professional musician in the moment before he takes up his instrument. The koto was more than six feet long, and its thirteen silken strings were tuned not with tension screws in the Western manner, but with movable ivory bridges that were shifted slightly to vary the pitch. After Mr. Ikaru had tuned the strings, he sat for a moment with his hands in his lap, in a silence so prolonged that it grew almost painful. Then his strong fingers plunged into the strings, and the sound sprang forth, its exotic and symmetrical precision suggesting the music of some oriental Scarlatti. When you heard the music you understood why Mr. Ikaru's students found it easy to call him *sensei* (master).

Outwardly Mr. Ikaru's students had very little in common except their interest in the koto and a vague quality which might be called bohemian. Only a few were Nisei. Most of them were women, and young: girls who had studied philosophy at U.C.L.A., dabbled briefly with Baha'i, taken night-school courses in ceramics at City College and experimented unsatisfactorily in free love with young men who later got jobs in department stores or as commercial artists, and married someone else. The reasons these young women took up the koto would have taken the combined efforts of a priest and a psychoanalyst to unravel. How much Mr. Ikaru understood was not clear.

Within a month, however, he had singled out the only two genuine musicians in his band of consecrated disciples. Janice French, ten years out of college, married to an aeronautical engineer and the mother of two children, was a talented amateur pianist; her friend Hagar was a trained guitarist who had mastered most of the stringed instruments from the lute to the mandolin and whose specialty was transcribing harpsichord music for the guitar. Despite their common interests they were very different. Jan was blond, serene, untidy, spontaneously and genuinely affectionate; Hagar, unmarried at twenty-five, was tall, flat-chested, tense, awkward in the presence of others, confident only when she expressed herself through music. Because she lived alone, Hagar was often in Jan's home, plucking an instrument or leafing idly through a book of prints. Through the years she had become accepted as a fixture of the ramshackle hillside house; she was familiar with the kitchen and prepared meals automatically when someone was hungry, was convenient as a sitter when Jan and Herb went to a concert or movie.

The two friends had discovered Mr. Ikaru together, at a Nisei concert, and he became their common possession. While the other students bickered, Jan and Hagar wrote letters to music critics and arranged recitals to raise money. It was Hagar who solved the problem of finding a laundry to handle Mr. Ikaru's delicate silken undergarments, Jan who found him a small, inexpensive bungalow in the Silver Lake district, separated from her own house only by a dilapidated back fence, where he could live and have a studio to receive his students. Mr. Ikaru moved into the house with his fat, peasantlike wife and a number of pots and pans, and told Jan that the wooded hillside and the lake below reminded him of his native Kyoto. He could not see the trees, but he could hear them, and he sensed the presence of the lake somehow, perhaps through the pores of his clear, pink skin.

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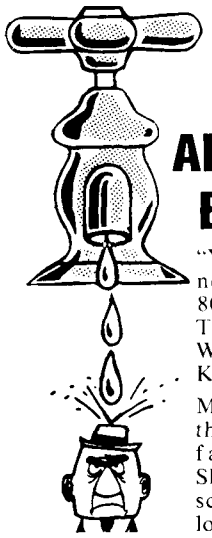

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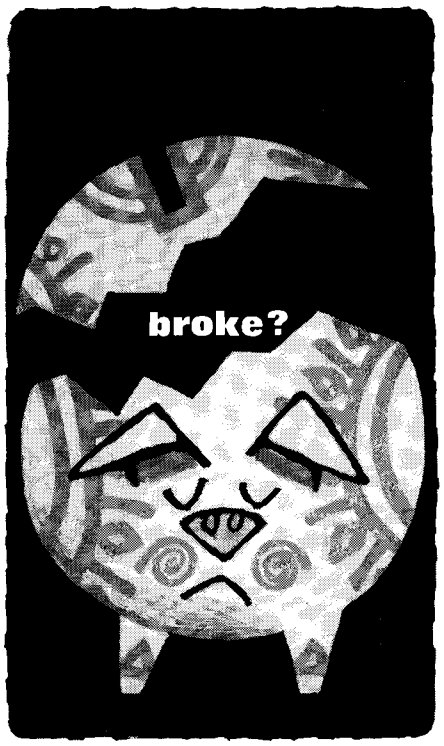

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KOTO STUDENTS

To be precise, it was not Mr. Ikaru who told Jan this but Frances Ogawa, his Nisei interpreter and secretary, who was present at all the lessons. Mrs. Ikaru spoke no English at all, and Mr. Ikaru's command of the language was limited to perhaps twenty-five words, most of them musical terms, the remainder of a rudimentary simplicity: love, man, woman, food, joy, wine. Mr. Ikaru did not seem hampered by this lack of vocabulary; in fact, he seldom found it necessary to use even the words he knew. He made himself understood simply by playing the koto for his students, and through a kind of calmness which he radiated. When he did venture into English he did so only after due thought, pronouncing each word carefully and then meditating for a moment before proceeding to the next. "Today. Rain," he announced on a drizzly spring morning to Jan and Hagar, as though he personally had arranged the storm to amuse them.

"Yes, it is a rather soggy day."

"Flower. Grow," commented Mr. Ikaru, waving his arm expansively to include the carnations under the window, the hawthorn in the garden and the primrose along the fence. His small talk for the day was now exhausted, and a happy sense of common understanding reigned over the class.

After a few weeks Jan and Hagar scarcely bothered to speak to Mr. Ikaru through Frances; abandoning their pidgin, they spoke to him as they would to another American, and he replied in ingenious monosyllables that were often more penetrating than eloquence. Without sight, without speech, he communicated by his mere presence. "Koto. Music. Wine," he remarked once in the silence after he finished playing, and it was true; he had made them all a little drunk on music.

The lessons always began with the ritual of tuning. They would squat cross-legged in Mr. Ikaru's small studio before their three kotos—Mr. Ikaru like a genial pink bear in repose, Jan small and blond, her fingers poised alertly on the strings, and Hagar with her long knees, which were not suited to the Japanese posture, cocked at an extraordinary and very American angle—awaiting the signal with grave determination. Then in unison they would pluck each of the strings four times: *plunk*, *plunk*, *plunk*, *plunk*. When all thirteen strings had been sounded they would pause while Mr. Ikaru considered. "Jan. Koto. Twelve. Low," he might suggest mildly, and Jan would move the ivory bridge a fraction of an inch. "Hagar. Koto. Three. High. Two. Think. Low." The three instruments appeared identical, but Mr. Ikaru knew the timbre of each of the thirty-nine strings, and he never failed to identify the koto that was out of tune.

For an American student the first two weeks of koto were spent in mastering the baffling and esoteric Japanese notation, which resembled Gregg-shorthand symbols confined in little squares arranged like a crossword puzzle. At first glance the system seemed unnecessarily difficult; then gradually the student realized that Western notation was far too crude to transcribe the nuances of koto technique: the infinity of half-tones produced by depressing the string with the left hand, the vibrato in which the performer quivered the string gently between two fingers, all the subtleties of timing so baffling to the Western ear. The American students who took up the koto out of mere curiosity, or because they had discovered in it a new and private way of being bohemian, were soon discouraged, but Jan and Hagar studied the koto for other reasons: Jan because the piano had become too easy, and Hagar because life was for her a series of unending and strenuous challenges, each more difficult than the one before, to which she had helplessly committed herself. Jan played charmingly, Hagar with a grim expertness.

When they had finished the finger exercises they would pluck their way through the *Rokudan* in the seventeenth-century arrangement by Yatsuhashi which every koto student learns and which is to the koto what the sonatas of Mozart are to the piano. Once, after the exercises and a moment of silence, Mr. Ikaru smiled apologetically and said something in Japanese. It was a communication of unusual length for him, and he had evidently pondered it carefully.

Frances Ogawa, perched inconspicuously in her corner, translated. "He says that in order to play the koto well it is necessary to be serene. Serene mind, serene body. If the mind is troubled or the body unsatisfied, the student will play the koto correctly but not well."

More Japanese.

"He says that Jan and Hagar are both excellent, but that Hagar cannot play the koto as well as Jan."

"Why cannot Hagar play the koto as well as Jan?" demanded Jan.

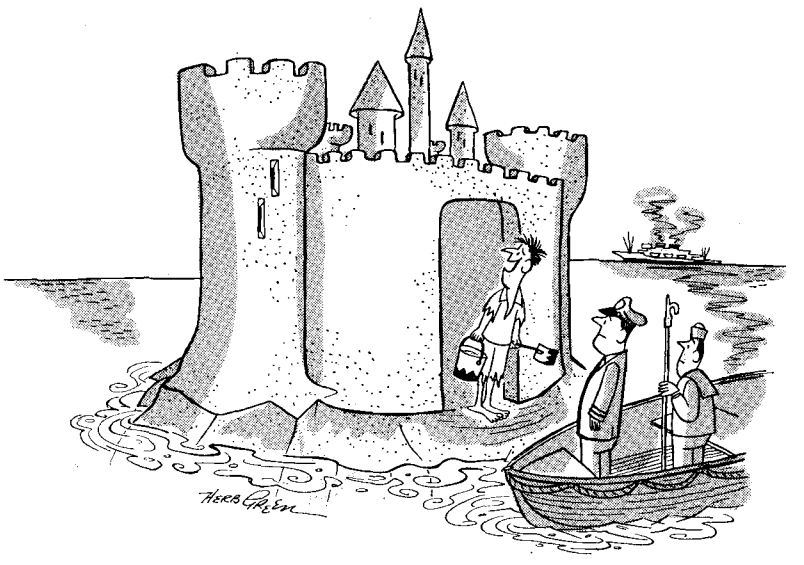
The question was posed to Mr. Ikaru. He thought, smiled, unsmiled, and ventured at last in English, "No. Love."

"She doesn't love the koto?"

"No. No," said Mr. Ikaru. He struggled, smiled, then shrugged. "Want. Man," he said finally.

Mr. Ikaru's other students could be divided into two groups. The first were the Nisei girls, a handful of timid adolescents who studied the koto for the same reason English maidens of quality studied the piano in the eighteenth century—because the accomplishment was a traditional attainment of the well-brought-up young lady. The second group was the fervent band of bohemians Jan's husband Herb irreverently called the maenads. The bohemians were too solemn to dismember Mr. Ikaru as the maenads are said to have dismembered Orpheus, but otherwise the epithet was apt. To them playing the koto was a ritual rather than an artistic accomplishment. The koto was only one part of the *japonisme* to which they had so solemnly consecrated themselves. Those who had black hair let it grow long and wound it into thick coils on the tops of their heads, and those who had blond hair either wept, or dyed it. They wore *zori* winter and summer—although the straps left blisters between their toes—and they tortured innocent pine saplings in pots to make them into bonsai trees. In their apartments they installed hibachis, over which they broiled hamburgers and pieces of cheese from the Safeway. On Thursday evenings they gathered at Jan's hillside house to sit cross-legged on the floor while Mr. Ikaru played the weekly concert that had become a ceremony.

Jan's house was large and untidy, and the floor was on several levels which indicated the additions and makeshift alterations that had been made as the house sprawled farther down the hill, perpetually being rebuilt, perpetually unfinished. The only visible concessions to *japonisme* were the Korin prints, a single bonsai in a wooden tub, and a rice-paper partition that slid back to expose the living room and provide a view of the lake below. The rest of the hundreds of objects cluttering the room were relics of earlier enthusiasms: an expensive short-wave radio, boxes of ties left over from a mosaic project, a German tape recorder, an old cello, cardboard cartons of books that had sat unpacked for years and had come to be used as chairs, an unfinished free-form sculpture welded from scrap iron (the work of a friend who had long ago drifted away and been forgotten), a plywood baffle for hi-fi speakers, the size and shape of a coffin, suspended by wires from the ceiling. It seemed impossible that anything else could be fitted into this dusty collection, but on Thursday evenings the room also contained several kotos, a banjolike samisen with a long, swanlike neck, Mr. Ikaru, Mrs. Ikaru, Frances Ogawa and a large number of maenads who sat on the boxes or on floor mats and drank sake out of dime-store tumblers. The evenings usually began with Mr. Ikaru performing on the koto, sometimes with his fat wife accompanying him on the samisen. At first to the Westerner everything sounded the same—atonal, outlandish and slightly monotonous. Then gradually the two styles could be distinguished: the classical music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, pure and symmetrical, and the modern compositions by Mr. Ikaru himself or by his famous teacher,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You know, it's kind of been fun."

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Michio Miyagi, delicate studies in dissonance suggesting Hindemith with an oriental flavor. From the thirteen strings Mr. Ikaru produced an infinity of tones, pressing the strings with his left hand to raise the pitch through a subtle scale, seizing handfuls of strings to produce crashing but unerringly accurate arpeggios. Often he ended with a single, softly plucked note that hung in the room like a wisp of smoke and then dissolved.

When he finished there would be a silence.

"Bach, *Sensei?*"

Mr. Ikaru would revert momentarily to his puppetlike parody of Japanese courtesy, smile, nod rapidly and shift his bridges to retune for the Western scale. Then after another moment of silence he might break into the great *Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor*, which he had learned by ear from Jan's records. After this perhaps the scherzo and adagio from Beethoven's *F Major Quartet*, or perhaps *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, his own favorite in his repertory of Western music. He played competently and accurately, imitating the interpretations of the records, but the effect was curious: When the listener shut his eyes he heard the familiar music played by an unfamiliar exotic instrument, something between a guitar and a harpsichord, and with an oriental nuance, as Shakespeare or Milton might sound recited by a highly cultured, Western-educated voice that had retained a trace of its Japanese accent. In the gloom at the end of the room the reels of the tape recorder revolved silently, storing the concert for future replaying. After a while Herb would rise impatiently, get out his old cello and join in the serenade, playing inaccurately but with feeling, great creases of concentration across his brow. The sake bottle would be passed, and from the shadows of the room would come the sound of the delicate, feminine Japanese flute, the *shakuhachi*, its thin voice winding through the other instruments like a mauve thread through a tapestry.

Adele Clapper had been a member of the maenad band from the beginning. She was a schoolteacher in her forties, unmarried, lean, restless; the strong cords in her throat were prominent when she talked in her unconfident, high-pitched, slightly assertive voice. She was known to write poetry that was published by small printers in Pasadena and Santa Barbara and mailed to the literary editors of newspapers, and she read Jung and D. H. Lawrence with dogged reverence. The koto was only the latest in a long series of cults she had seized upon, hoping to satisfy some inchoate yearning she identified with artistic and spiritual sensitivity: Baha'i, parapsychology, the Wallace-Taylor cause, ceramics, interpretive dance, the Stockholm Peace Petition, dianetics, in her younger days even nudism and peyote. By profession she was a teacher of music, and she was confident of her ability to learn the koto. At her second lesson she explained to Mr. Ikaru, through Frances, Lawrence's theory that the artistic impulse originates in the blood and is not susceptible of intellectual analysis, and that therefore those artists who have lived most deeply on the blood level are the ones who possess the most profound wellsprings of creativity. When this was rendered into Japanese for Mr. Ikaru he nodded several times, with a little laugh at the end, to indicate that he had comprehended. Like God, Mr. Ikaru was omniscient but inscrutable, and whether he understood Adele or not was another question.

"The artistic spinster," Herb commented. "Preserve us from them." He had a theory that most of the trouble in the world was caused not by villains but by earnest, unhappy people, like Savonarola and John Wilkes Booth.

"As Mr. Ikaru would say, 'Need. Man.'" Jan suggested.

"Fat chance," Herb said.

It was true that Adele gave every indication of being a case of unsuccessful sublimation. A certain surprise was produced, therefore, when she began bringing an intelligent and by no means unattractive young man with her to the Thursday concerts.

Lewis Silverman was probably fifteen years younger than Adele and looked even younger. His Jewishness, his quiet manner, the pale smoothness of his forehead with the hair hanging loosely over it, gave him the look of a European intellectual, an impression that was enhanced by his habit of talking with a cigarette between his lips. But it was an illusion: He had been born in New York in a pullman flat, he had been a soldier in Korea, and now he was a teacher in Adele's school. Adele had made friends with him there; she had invited him to the Thursday concerts, offered to bring him in her car, and he had come out of curiosity. At the back of the room, in whispers, she explained the music to him and brought him cups of sake which he drank slowly, smoking his cigarettes and listening to the music.

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KOTO STUDENTS

After three Thursdays Lew decided to take koto lessons. He played a little piano, could pick out chords on a guitar and had visited Japan briefly during his Army service; the koto interested him. He could practice on Adele's instrument, which she kept in her apartment, until he decided if he was interested enough to buy a koto of his own. To arrange for lessons with Mr. Ikaru it was necessary to apply to Frances Ogawa, who served as an informal business manager as well as interpreter. Lew suggested that he come to the same class as Adele, but Frances explained that it was Mr. Ikaru who decided in what class a student belonged. Different people had different natures, and if the natures fought each other the atmosphere was bad and music was impossible. Mr. Ikaru shook Lew's hand, a Western custom that, as a blind man, he found useful for getting a physical impression of the people he met, and invited him to play something on the piano. Lew sat down and played a few bars of the Schumann *Fantasiestücke,* and Mr. Ikaru nodded. "Good. Good," he agreed. "Fine. Hagar. Class."

Hagar's class, which consisted now of Hagar alone, since Jan had passed on to private lessons, met in Mr. Ikaru's bungalow on Tuesday evenings from seven-thirty until nine o'clock.

The whole business of the koto and Mr. Ikaru did not turn out quite as Adele had planned. Every Monday afternoon at four she took her lessons with a small group of beginners that included two Nisei girls and an earnest, plain Caucasian maiden in spectacles; she plucked doggedly at the sharp strings, but the thimble-picks hurt her fingers and her thumb continued to fall clumsily on the wrong notes. Meanwhile Lew met with Hagar on Tuesday evenings; tea or sake was served. Hagar made slow improvement, and Mr. Ikaru smiled and informed Lew through Frances Ogawa that he had as much talent for koto as could be expected from one who had the misfortune to be born neither blind nor a woman.

After three weeks Adele rebelled.

"I was under the impression," she told Frances, "that one could not have evening lessons. If there are evening lessons I should have the first right to them, since I work in the daytime and it is difficult for me to get here by four o'clock. After all, it is I who brought Mr. Silverman here. I don't see why I can't come to Mr. Silverman's class. We could both ride in the same car, and it would be more convenient."

The matter was put to Mr. Ikaru, who replied in a few Japanese syllables.

It was a question of the different natures of people, Frances explained to Adele, as she had to Lew three weeks before. When the wrong natures were assembled, bad humors filled the air. Music must be studied amid sweetness and serenity. Frances's explanation was so long, in fact, and Mr. Ikaru's so short, that it was as if he had used some code, saying only to Frances, "Please recite to Miss Clapper Formula 3-FC, Rejection of Demand for Special Lessons for Female Caucasians."

Adele was aware of the snub. "It seems to me," she said coldly, "that Mr. Ikaru is remarkably inconsiderate to his American students, considering the precarious position he is known to occupy in this country."

"I beg your pardon?" Frances said.

"It's no secret; it is probably known to dozens of people. Mr. Ikaru and his wife are in this country on student visas. They are registered at U.C.L.A., but neither of them speaks any English. Someone else attends their classes for them. You yourself impersonate Mrs. Ikaru, I understand. Who pretends to be Mr. Ikaru I haven't found out, but it does not matter. The situation is awkward; too many people know about this."

"I don't understand what this has to do with your koto lessons," Frances said.

"Mr. Ikaru does," Adele said. "Mr. Ikaru understands."

More Japanese offered apologetically by Mr. Ikaru.

"He says you have a beautiful personality, and have lived much on the blood level," Frances translated. "The Monday class, however, is the place for you, and meanwhile he is very happy to be a student at U.C.L.A."

The rainy season lasted for three months, but finally after one great weekend storm the weather cleared. Monday afternoon passed, and Adele did not come for her lesson. Tuesday also was warm and calm, the sky filled with thin white clouds that dissolved gradually in the sunlight. The evening remained warm; the wind moved softly in the pepper trees, and from the lake the reflection of the lights of the houses glittered through the branches.

At the evening lesson Mr. Ikaru was in a genial mood. "No. Frances," he announced complacently. There was, indeed, no Frances to be seen, only Mr. Ikaru, Hagar, and Lew, and Mr. Ikaru's fat wife in the corner of the room.

"Frances is ill?" Hagar asked.

Mr. Ikaru smiled and produced a slip of paper from the folds of his costume. It was a note from Frances—no one asked how he knew what it said—explaining that family matters made it necessary for her to be absent that evening but that she was sure the lesson could be carried on without too much difficulty. Mr. Ikaru seemed to feel an unbounded confidence. "Now. Su-pring," he stated, waving his arm to include the night, the pepper trees and the lights glittering on the lake. Consonant clusters were very difficult for him. "Su-pring. Ikaru. Play." He settled himself comfortably before his koto, twisted the thimble-picks onto his fingers and prepared for his solo demonstration. This evening he played the *Sakura Henso Kyoku* in a set of difficult variations. Then he smiled, looked questioningly at Hagar and Lew and continued with *Haru No Umi,* an impressionistic twentieth-century tone poem by Michio Miyagi. A burst of applause greeted the performance, and Mr. Ikaru almost laughed. "Now," he said severely. "Lesson."

For an hour, in unison, they plucked methodically at their strings while Mr. Ikaru patiently followed their beginners' tempo, smiling thoughtfully as though he were thinking of something else behind his blank eyelids. "Stop. Good," he announced at last. "Now. Music." He rose from the floor and moved to the table by the window, where Jan's tape recorder lay. For the first time they noticed that his fat wife had disappeared, perhaps gone to bed. Mr. Ikaru dexterously threaded a reel of tape into the recorder and switched it on, but there was no sound. Then Mr. Ikaru produced a new word, one of the rare acquisitions he deigned occasionally to add to his English vocabulary. "Par-tee," he said proudly, and sat down. The timing was perfect; there was a burst of sound as *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* came from the recorder played feelingly by the quartet consisting of koto, samisen, *shakuhachi* and Herb's cello.

Hagar and Lew smiled at each other; they had moved away from their kotos but still sat on the floor with their backs against the wall, cups of sake between their knees. Their fingers were intertwined; their shoulders touched. They glanced at the blind man, then turned to each other, paused for an instant that seemed infinitely protracted, and then their faces slowly closed the six-inch gap that separated them.

In the next room Mr. Ikaru was groping through the cupboard. "No. Tea," he could be heard complaining above the Mozart. Then the screen door slammed softly; it was not clear to Hagar and Lew whether he was going all the way to the grocery store for tea, or only to borrow it from Jan. Their lips met silently, and the warm night rose about them like a sea.

Mr. Ikaru sat in the garden on a packing box, his unseeing face turned toward the lake below, listening to music of the eighteenth-century Austrian court, played by Japanese instruments and transcribed by a machine made in Düsseldorf, filtering through the pepper trees on a California hillside. He appeared to doze, but Mr. Ikaru's sensitive hearing apparatus never dozed. He heard each nuance of the Mozart serenade, including Herb's mistakes; he heard the wind moving in the fragrant, acrid leaves above his head; and he heard Adele breathing heavily as she made her way from the street across the pitch-dark yard. He stood up regretfully and, walking toward his bungalow, met her on the path before the door.

She stopped, puzzling out the identity of the short figure who stood in the darkness blocking her.

"Mr. Ikaru?"

He smiled, and she caught a glimpse of his white teeth in the darkness.

She looked beyond him into the bungalow. The Mozart had ended. Light shone through the curtains, but the living room was silent. "They—have they gone? Are they still there?"

He awaited expectantly; if there was affirmation in his expression she could not tell.

"You have—it was unfair of you," she began in a strangled voice. "I am going in, I tell you. I must see him."

"No," Mr. Ikaru said, chuckling politely as though they had reached the most exquisite part of a joke. He stood straight in her path.

"I am going in."

"No," he said gently. She moved forward stealthily to step around him, but he had heard; in the darkness something sprang and clutched her arm with paralyzing force. Mr. Ikaru's fingers seemed to have no connection with his rather apologetic voice; they were steellike, impersonal, inexorable, tightening until pain leaped along the bone of her arm. Adele wondered whether to cry out, but as the scream rose in her throat the fingers suddenly released their grip. "Go," she heard Mr. Ikaru say.

She backed away, panting. "You are mad," she breathed, her whisper rising in the darkness. "You should not have done that. Not touched me. Because now. It is finished. You. You have forgotten. The thing I warned you about. It is your fault. You are evil, evil. . . ."

She fled; he heard the sound of her feet as she crushed the lilac branches in her escape toward the street. Then he sighed and made his way leisurely through the darkness, down the steep hillside toward the lake. He walked for perhaps half an hour until he sensed the moon rising by the feel of its silverness upon his cheek. Then he walked back to the bungalow.

Lew and Hagar were gone; the living room was empty. "Su-pring," he pronounced to himself. He went into the kitchen, got the tea out of the cupboard and put water on the hot plate to boil, then took a can of sardines from the shelf and opened it, twisting the key rhythmically in the darkness. Mr. Ikaru had not adjusted himself to the diurnal cycle; day and night had long ago lost their significance for him. He often ate his dinner in the middle of the night, and he found no difficulty sleeping in the daytime. He knew where every object in the kitchen was, and he reached unerringly for a knife to slice some bread in paper-thin slices with the precision of a fine machine. When he had finished his meal he walked, without touching a wall, through several rooms to the bedroom, where he slipped carefully into bed in order not to wake his wife. He was not tired, but it would be well to get some sleep, since in an orderly country the immigration authorities would no doubt call for him during the daytime business hours. THE END

"Mugulu, how often have I told you not to play with your food?"

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A female bearcat named

STUTZ

The svelte president of an exclusive New York store gets well-heeled clients to follow a lean fashion line.

By Sheila John Daly

In the field of fashion retailing, old dogs are sitting up and learning new tricks from a well-bred little poodle of a store, New York's Henri Bendel. Under the five-year tenure of its president, Geraldine Stutz, Bendel's has just gone from red ink to a more fashionable shade of black. It has developed a fashion impact out of all proportion to its size by capturing hundreds of editorial mentions in the fashion magazines. It has won the obeisance of women who make a lifetime career out of looking well dressed.

"I'd pay anything for anything at Bendel's," gurgles one suburban matron, and, to her husband's horror, she is not kidding. She and thousands like her have abandoned themselves to Bendel's taste.

A little over five years ago, when Gerry Stutz began her rule of this 10-story women's specialty shop on 57th Street, the duke of Windsor stored his New York wardrobe in its fur vault, and a woman back from safari could bring in her leopard skin to be turned into a boudoir pillow. Bendel's, founded in 1896, had retained its reputation for quality and service but had become a "store for old ladies and their mothers" and was losing nearly $750,000 a year.

Tampering with such a time-hallowed monument as Bendel's was a little like repairing the crack in the Liberty Bell. Whenever the new president authorized a change in *décor* or merchandise, store personnel muttered, "Mrs. Carriage Trade won't like this." Tension ran particularly high when Miss Stutz changed the *décor* of the store's highest-priced salon. One afternoon Buster, the doorman who has guarded Bendel's entrance for nearly half a century, phoned Miss Stutz's office to beseech, "Go to the second floor right away. Mrs. Carriage Trade is here!"

When Gerry Stutz stepped off the elevator she was met by Mrs. C.T., "wearing a cane on one arm and a chauffeur on the other." Fixing Miss Stutz with a trembling forefinger, the doughty dowager said, "Young woman, this floor looks like the inside of a Rolls-Royce, and that's exactly as it should be."

"I'd been at Bendel's nearly two years," recalls Gerry Stutz, "but that day I knew I had it made." She does indeed. At 38 Geraldine Stutz earns about $40,000 a year and lives a go-go life that includes frequent trips to Paris, an elegant duplex apartment, a wardrobe that would look good in any fashion magazine and a social life that includes most opening-night performances on Broadway.

In the tough garment world it is conceded by many—though grudgingly by some—that Geraldine Veronica Stutz is the nicest girl in the neighborhood. "I guess that's my life story," she says with a quick flash of a smile, "I'm a reasonably nice girl; I work like a dog. Maybe a woman doesn't have to be a bitch to make it in business anymore."

"Gerry's attitude for herself and the store is, 'What's wrong with taste? Why kick it?'" says Diana Vreeland, editor of *Vogue*. "Incredible determination," says Kathleen Casey, editor of *Glamour*. "Right out of college, when she knew nothing about fashion, she was determined to be not just good but the very top. And her self-discipline is phenomenal. Gerry will never get fat; she's too self-controlled ever to let it happen."

Her compulsion to be on top goes back to childhood. As one schoolmate puts it, "She always wanted to be president of everything."

Gerry Stutz became Bendel's president at 33. She already was vice president of I. Miller—owned, like Bendel, Bonwit Teller and others, by the business combine named Genesco. "I said yes to the job on two conditions: I wanted five years to pull the store into shape, and I wanted full financial backing and no quarter-backing."

In a two-month personal survey of every other women's store in New York City she discovered that "what New York lacked was a specialty shop in the old tradition of individualistic taste and atmosphere with impeccable service. The new Bendel would fill that niche."

The Stutz bearcat began to re-create Bendel's in her own image, as a place

Photographs by John Zimmerman

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President Geraldine Stutz, standing in Bendel's "Street of Shops," symbolizes the lean, understated fashion style her store represents.

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Geraldine Stutz gesticulates wildly as she talks, punctuating her comments with "Look, Kiddo!"

STUTZ

"If you have Gerry for a friend you don't need a psychiatrist."

where women could, in a leisurely atmosphere, find the kind of "offbeat, but not kooky offbeat" clothes which Miss Stutz herself prefers. An important department-store maxim says: Keep the first floor wide-open to lure the customer in. Miss Stutz wanted her own kind of first floor—a Street of Shops. She paved the floor with marble bricks, installed a Trevi fountain, established nine separate shops for accessories and gifts. "The Street of Shops was my talking dog," she says. "It brought in the curious. They came, and bought."

The all-important "they" (Bendel's now has almost 50,000 charge customers) includes scores of style-setters. Actress Suzy Parker rates Bendel's "the only store in New York where I can get my kind of clothes." Princess Grace of Monaco shops by mail, and Mrs. Peter Lawford and Princess Radziwill browse and buy.

The current "Bendel look" has been on the scene for only five years, but the "Stutz look" has been developing for 33. "I can still remember the first dress I ever loved," Gerry recalls. "I was five. It was a cream-colored silk blouse with a little round collar and buttons down the back. The blouse was smocked in tomato red, and I wore it with a silk pleated skirt in the same red. I'd still love it."

The well-dressed child in the red skirt didn't daydream then of becoming a fashion executive. She wanted to be an actress and won a four-year dramatic scholarship to Chicago's Mundelein College, but decided she didn't care enough and switched to journalism.

After graduation *cum laude* in 1945, Gerry took a short-term job in public relations in Chicago, then moved to New York as fashion editor of four movie magazines. "I didn't know beans about the fashion business. The only way I could get around New York was to think of the East River as Chicago's Lake Michigan and orient myself that way. But I managed." She became a reporter, then editor, for a magazine put out by a hotel chain. There followed seven years on *Glamour* as accessories, sportswear and shoe editor. In 1954 Gerry went to work for I. Miller. In 1957 she brought the Stutz image to Bendel's.

The Stutz way meant attracting a new set of customers who wanted to look like Gerry Stutz. Says a fashion editor, "The store reflects what Gerry herself likes and wants *you* to wear." Selling like sizzling crepes suzette this year are two typical Stutz-Bendel items: a $125 wool evening coat cut like a floor-length version of a sailor's pea jacket and ankle-length shirts in striped silk shirting, bright velveteen or shaggy mohair.

Miss Stutz achieves her Bendel look—lean, elegant and understated—by working with small manufacturers flexible enough to produce ideas originated by the store, and by selective editing of collections from designers and manufacturers to maintain the unique Bendel stamp.

Designers such as Donald Brooks and John Weitz do exclusive collections for the store. Two housewives in Pennsylvania supply hand-painted papier-mâché lipstick and perfume cases shaped like Victorian dolls; a seamstress in Connecticut turns out ribbon-accented shifts. Because Bendel is known for its search for unusual merchandise Miss Stutz is besieged by would-be sellers. "This is peddlers' paradise," she moans, but the door is never closed.

"Thin" is currently the key word at Bendel. In the years before Stutz 75 percent of the clothes sold were in the size-14-to-20 bracket. Now about 85 percent of all merchandise is in the size-6-to-12 bracket, with size eight the top seller. Miss Stutz is, of course, a size eight. Though the size range at Bendel is limited, the price range is not. In one department customers do not blanch at $1,500 price tags. On another floor a woman may choose from dresses, suits and coats ranging from $23 to $185. In Limited Editions, European ready-to-wear, each item is numbered so a customer knows whether she is buying the first or sixth edition of the fashion. Another Stutz innovation is the Smaller Than Small Shop, where everything—buttons, belts, even the size of prints—is scaled down for the tiny figure. Even the lingerie is Bendel-special, with undergarments designed each year in an exclusive pattern (polka dots this year, paisley last year).

Miss Stutz buys only 12 outfits a season for herself, with Donald Brooks's designs predominating. After deciding what accessories are to be worn with each outfit she never changes them. She rarely wears hats, but the little-girl band of velvet or leather that holds back her hair has become a Stutz trademark.

Her day begins with a phone call from her assistant, Helen Skor, at 8:45, a few minutes after the Stutz alarm clock, usually unheeded, goes off. Her office routine is a tight schedule of market explorations and department consultations, punctuated by a glass of grape juice now and then to keep up her energy. She moves at a dead run but usually 30 to 60 minutes late for everything. "She's Little Missy on the plantation," says an associate. "She's into everything."

One young man who has had business dealings with her characterizes Miss Stutz as "a snippy, snarky little girl who can't stand not to get her own say." Says another critic, "I wish she wouldn't take the young-genius bit so seriously. At the opening of a custom collection at the store, with important customers in the audience, she gave a perfectly charming little speech—and then sat on the floor."

Away from the office Gerry Stutz is not the efficient executive. After hours she is "utterly feminine, very dependent on people and a little lonely," says a long-time friend. "You can phone her any hour of the day or night to tell her your troubles," says Donald Brooks. "If you have Gerry for a friend you don't need a psychiatrist," adds an acquaintance.

For all her extrovert behavior on the job, Gerry Stutz is essentially an introspective person. She enjoys being asked questions about herself or her opinions but won't talk about her family except for basic facts: Her sister has six children; her mother is a medical secretary in Evanston, Illinois. Any questions about her father elicit the quick, tense response, "He left home when I was fifteen, and I'd rather not talk about my family."

Even those friends who have known her longest don't feel they know her well. Says a fashion editor who is devoted to her, "Gerry is warm, vital, friendly, but at a certain point the door closes; the silk curtain comes down." Adds another woman executive, "She's afraid to let anyone get to know her intimately. For a girl who has so few reasons to feel insecure, she certainly is."

Miss Stutz lives alone, and this is one of the puzzles of the story: Why is someone so attractive, as one observer puts it, a "business nun"?

"I'm afraid," one close friend says thoughtfully, "that Gerry has a philosophy of fun. She likes romantic letters and crazy gifts, but not the solid touching of two lives."

Gerry Stutz met the question of her single state head-on one evening, even before it was asked. In her apartment, fresh from a bath, her well-boned face scrubbed free of makeup, she arranged herself on a couch, tucked her bare feet up under a long challis robe and said, "Now there's one important thing you want to know—right? Why I haven't married? Well, I've been about to be married a few times, but I was always a little afraid of sharing that much of my life. And that has to be abnormal. I'll get married someday; someone funny, kind and firm would suit me just fine."

But until that type comes along, and while friends fret that she'll "marry that darned store if she doesn't watch out," Gerry Stutz does her job, which she describes airily: "What I do is, I mind the store." And she minds the store as expertly as the finest actress playing the part of a successful store president. THE END

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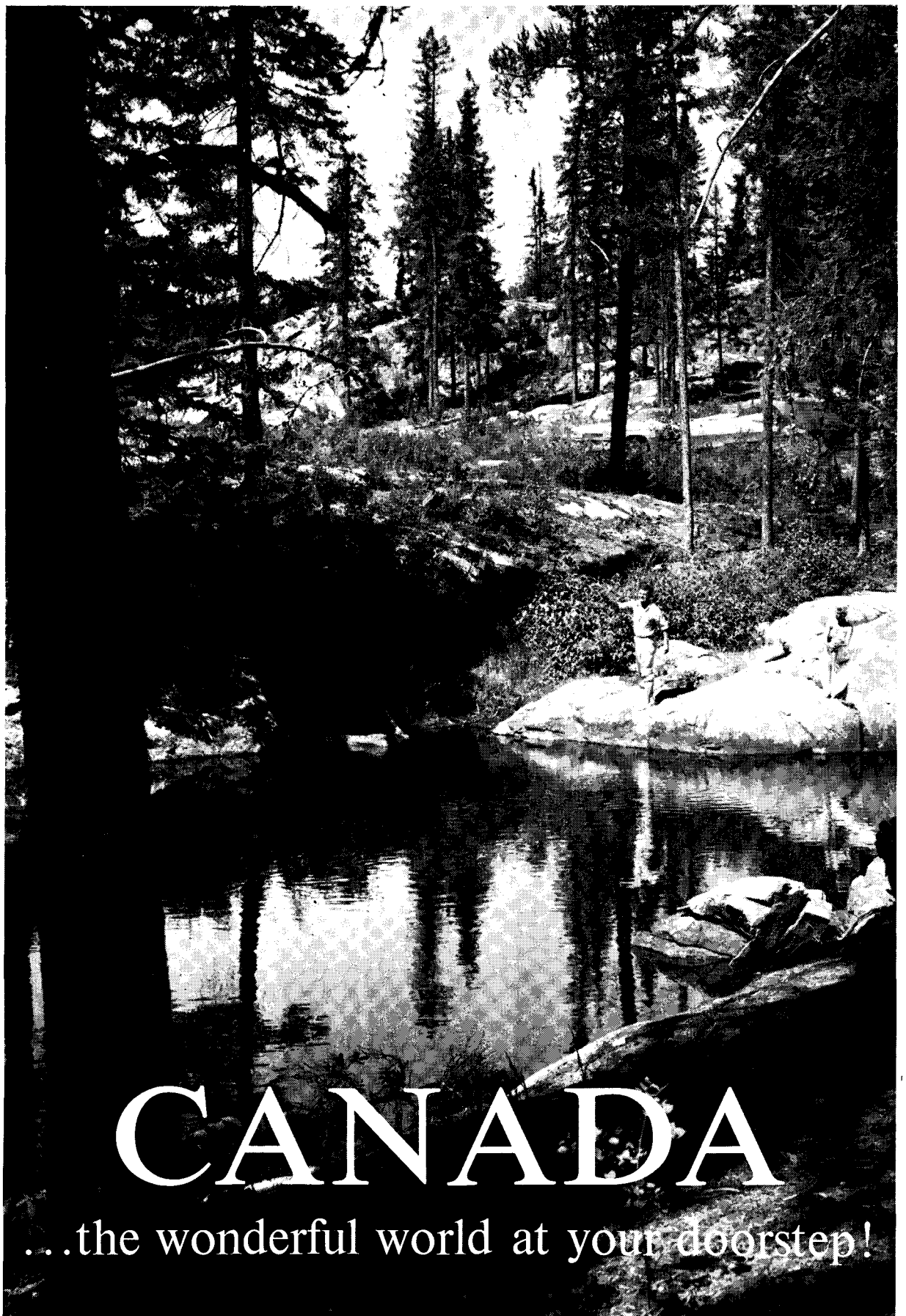
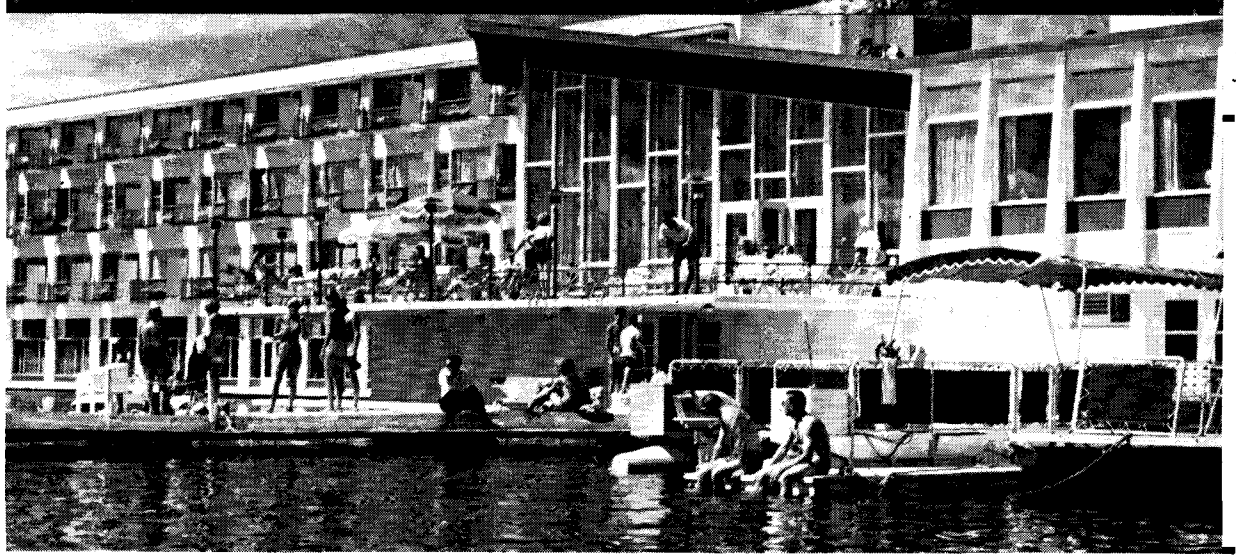


Trout-alive waters throughout the country



A resort in Quebec's famed Laurentian Mountains

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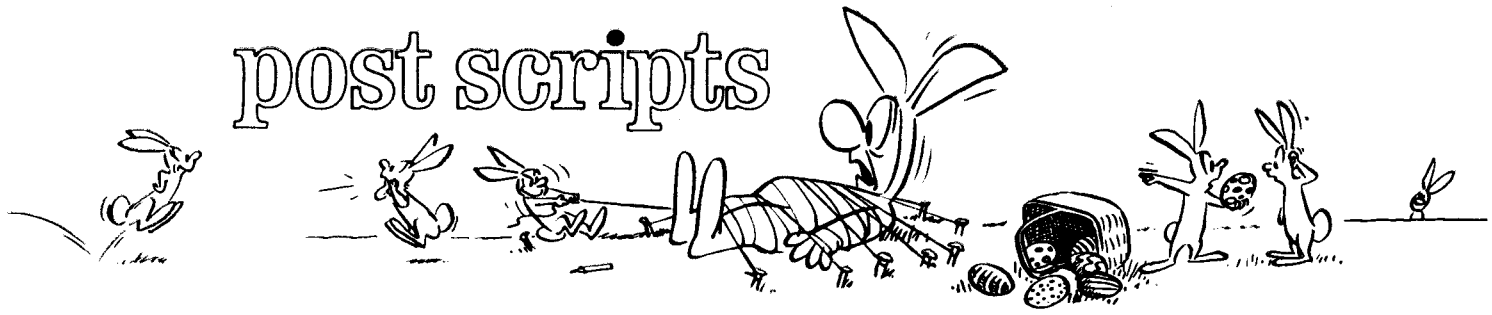
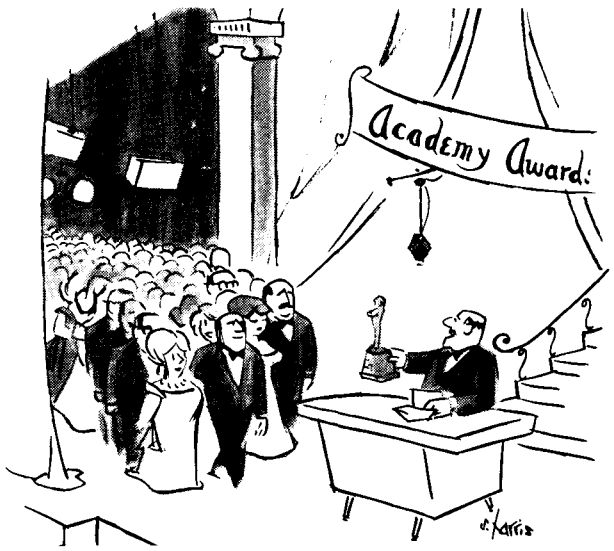




"For the year's best mob scene . . ."

"It's pathetic—he's still trying."

"Adjust the focus more."

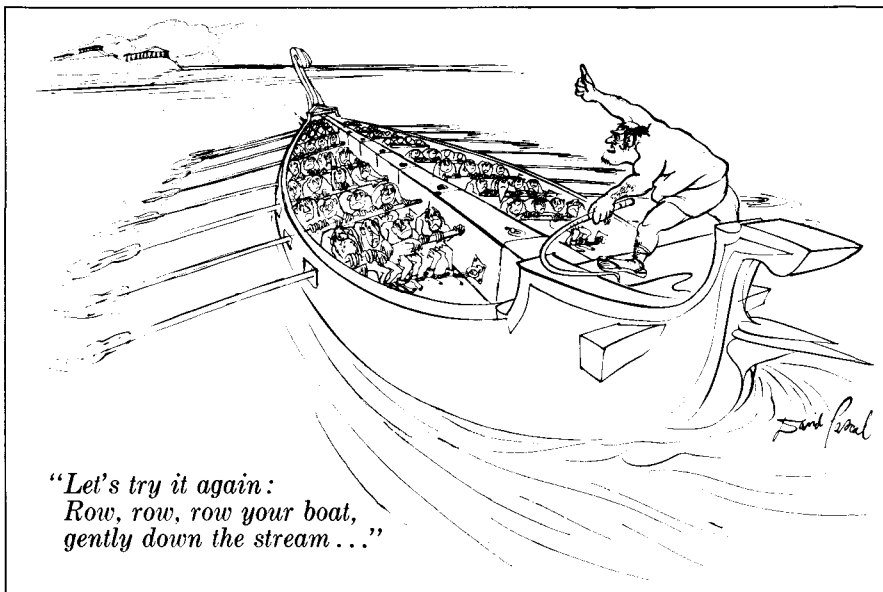
WOMAN TO WOMAN

Some lissome girls have natural curls
  And fine patrician noses
And sapphire eyes and teeth like pearls
  And mouths like sulking roses.

What's more, in any rag they've got
  They're sleek and chic and regal.
It seems a pity, does it not,
  That shooting them's illegal?

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"When are you gonna git after them horse thieves, sheriff?"



"Let's try it again:
Row, row, row your boat,
gently down the stream . . ."

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INSTEAD OF A FOOT TO KEEP YOUR CAR GOING?

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The travel is endless, the pressure is fierce, but the money is great.

The 3 big ones talk about golf

JACK NICKLAUS, ARNOLD PALMER, GARY PLAYER: "SOME SPECTATORS ARE THOUGHTLESS AND SOME GREENS ARE LIKE PEANUT BRITTLE."

MODERATED BY CHARLES PRICE

Fifteen years ago I decided to play golf on the professional-tournament circuit. I don't think I believed that I could actually win a tournament. My real reason—I think now—was to see just how much I would choke.

In that respect the experiment was a success. When I joined the circuit I had a long, lazy backswing. Six months later I found it difficult to raise the club past the level of my hips, and my once-effortless follow-through had begun to resemble, as one pro put it, "an old lady beating off a purse snatcher with an umbrella."

Every so often since then I have gone back to the circuit just to see how things are getting along. I now confine myself to the gallery, where I belong, or to the clubhouse, where I shoot dialectics with one or another of the pros while he is changing his shoes or grabbing a sandwich or having a beer. Not long ago, tape recorder in hand, I cornered the three currently ranking pros: Arnold Palmer, the game's acknowledged master; Gary Player, the small, sensational South African, and young Jack Nicklaus, whom many acclaim as golf's next superstar. They had been playing at the Olympic Club in San Francisco, and this is the way the conversation went:

PRICE: When I used to travel on the circuit, a pro thought he was really moving around if he went 20,000 miles a year.
PLAYER: I travel more than that a month. I finished a tournament near here last Sunday, then flew to my club in the Bahamas and back by Wednesday. That's 6,000 miles right there.
NICKLAUS: I fly about 100,000 miles a year, and both Arnie and Gary fly more.
PALMER: We don't think in terms of just miles any more. I mean, how can you? Last year I flew from my home near Pittsburgh to New York, then to Miami, back to New York, on to Paris, Johannesburg, all over South Africa and Southern and Northern Rhodesia, then Athens, Rome, Milan, back to New York and finally home. Do you know how long I was gone? Two weeks.
PRICE: This much traveling has got to make for a hectic life. Got any regrets?
PALMER: I love to fly. But it can get to be a pain. Like when you sit up all night at an airport waiting for the fog to lift or something, and then you got to play the next day.
PRICE: Of course the life has its compensations.
NICKLAUS: Everybody says we make a lot of money. Well, we do. But we have to spend so darn much. Traveling with your kids you have to spend, oh, $35 a night for two rooms if you're lucky. Now you multiply that ——
PLAYER: Last year I had my wife and three children, my mother-in-law and also a nurse, all traveling together. That made seven of us. We had 20 pieces of baggage. Every time I arrived at or left an airport it cost me six dollars to tip the porters.
PRICE: In all this traveling what impresses you most about the game?

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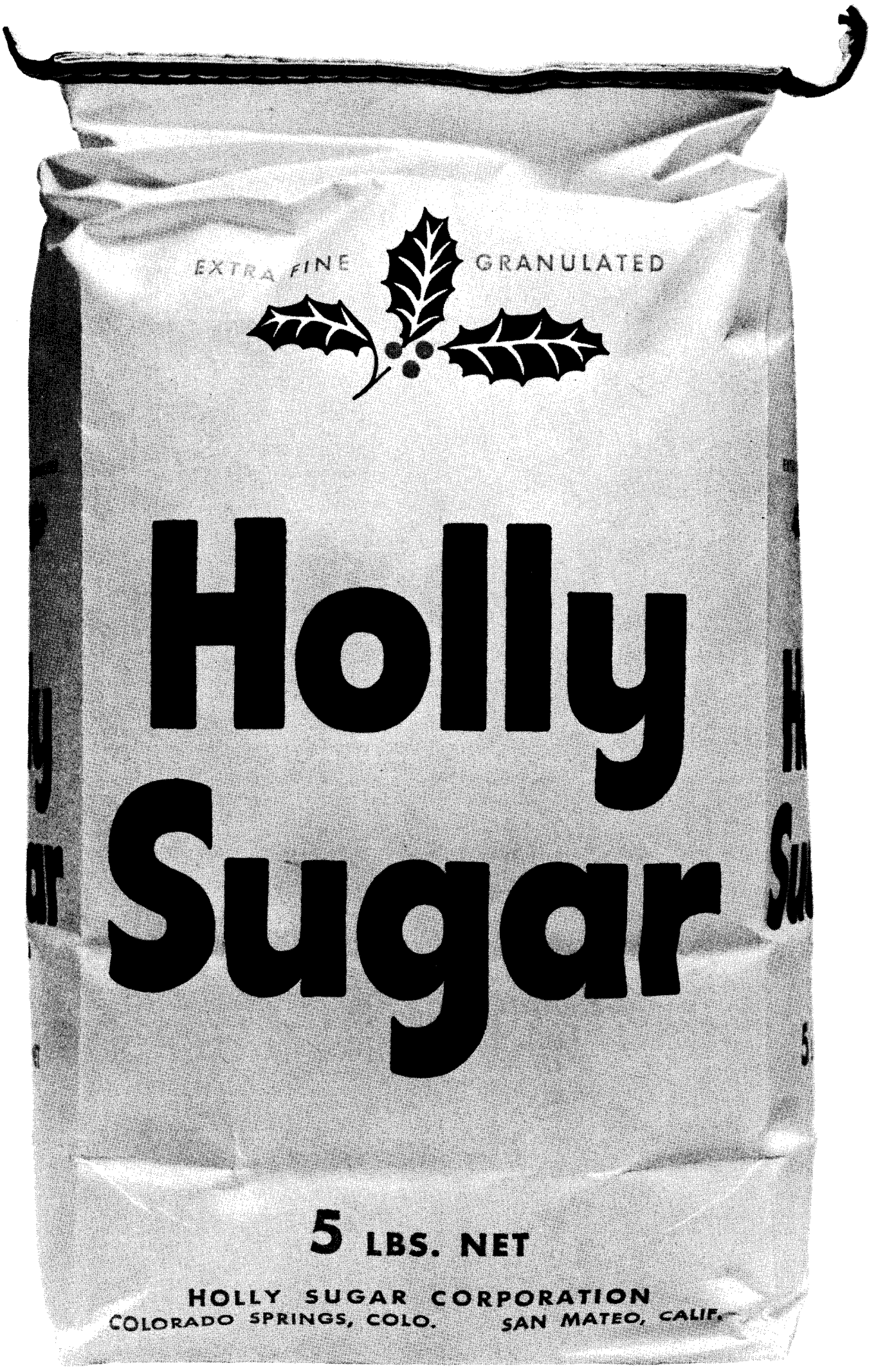

Mix me up, melt me, sprinkle me, dissolve me, make fudge out of me, get me in a jam. But don't forget me.

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"This starter sure has everything anyone could ask for!"
BULLETIN 709 Size 2 across-the-line starter. Rated 15 hp, 220 v; 25 hp, 440-550 v.

Of course he's referring to the Bulletin 709 Series K starters

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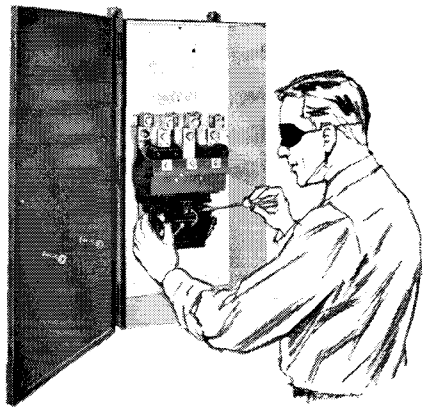

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"You have to stay within yourself and think your shots through. Stop thinking and the wheels come off your game."

GOLF ROUND TABLE

PLAYER: Without a doubt golf will be the national game of the world in another ten years.

PRICE: Would you say the appeal of the game is due to the fact that golf is so—well, civilized?

NICKLAUS: Yes. Golf is still the gentleman's game.

PALMER: Pros are conscientious enough about the sportsmanship angle that they don't need somebody standing over them saying they should be penalized for this or for that. If the ball moves accidentally, for instance, they're gentlemen enough to say the ball moved and that they should be penalized a stroke. That's the great, great thing about golf. You don't have to have a referee standing over you and saying you were roughing the opposition or that you slid into the bag too late. You do it yourself. You don't like to but you do it, without hard feelings.

PRICE: Is there anything in golf you do have hard feelings about?

PALMER: Unruly galleries. Not spectators individually, but galleries collectively when they aren't controlled properly. I enjoy large galleries. They can get you charged up, and they can make a good target out of a green when they're standing around the edge of it. But I don't enjoy large galleries when the marshals are just a bunch of nice guys in red coats who are out to enjoy the tournament. Some of them don't even care if the galleries walk on the greens.

PLAYER: I was standing on the fairway of the second hole at a tournament recently, looking the shot over and trying to decide what to hit, and—pow!—some guy walks right into me and almost knocks me down. On the 15th tee I'm getting ready to hit my drive when I spot some guy right here with a bloody movie camera. Right here above me in a tree, not ten feet away. "Please," I said, "give me a chance, will you?" Well, I finally get the ball on the edge of the green somehow, and I'm getting ready to putt, and some old lady trips over my putter in the middle of my backswing!

PRICE: Those are things you can't appreciate if all you know about the circuit is what you read in the morning papers. Another thing people can't appreciate is the often poor conditions of the fairways and the greens.

NICKLAUS: Sometimes you can't appreciate how bad they are until you play them. The other day I was paired with Dave Ragan and Al Balding. All three of us putted to within two feet of the hole, and then all three of us missed the cup with our next putts. As I walked off the green some guy comes up to me and says, "Boy, you sure make me feel good missing those short putts. Are the greens really that bumpy?" This guy was on the course, and he couldn't tell how bumpy they were. Why, it was like trying to putt on peanut brittle.

PRICE: In an ordinary round of golf most people concede themselves that six-incher. That's one of the differences between tournament golf and everyday golf. What are some more?

PLAYER: In tournament golf you get charged up.

PRICE: Yes, but why is it some people can play when they are charged up while others cannot?

PALMER: I think we apply ourselves a little more in tournaments. The difference is as simple as that. But that doesn't mean we don't play hard all the time. Our scores are often a little higher during practice because we experiment or work on weak shots. We'll try these shots on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, but on Thursday we go to the shots we know. This experimenting is true for any part of the game, even putting. I'm sure we all use shots early in the week that we would never even try when the tournament starts. But once we get to know these shots well enough to attempt them in a tournament, we do.

PRICE: In Florida a few weeks ago Sam Snead was telling me that he used to play 10 or a dozen shots in a round of tournament golf that were extraordinarily good. Ten or 20 years ago, he said, he could count on these shots' making a round of golf successful. Today, he says, he can't bring off more than one or two shots exactly as he planned them.

PALMER: Exactly the way he planned them? That's a lot of shots, two in 18 holes, I think, to come off exactly as you plan them.

NICKLAUS: I don't hit two a year. That is, two that go in the hole.

PALMER: I don't believe Sam meant that he could knock it stiff into the cup 11 or 12 times in a round. If you hit two shots a round that come off the way you planned them exactly, that's exceptional. Playing today I hit 18 tee shots that were on the fairway or on the green, but I didn't hit any of them exactly the way I planned. In fact, I didn't plan any of them very precisely, and I never do unless the fairway's very, very narrow. I just try to drive it on the fairway in a position that I like in order to get to the green. Then I think

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PLAYER AND NICKLAUS CHAT ABOUT GOLF WITH A NOTED AMATEUR.

about getting the ball close to the hole. I think I'm fortunate if I can get two of these shots where I can make the putt with no problems. In other words, the putt will be almost a "gimme."

PLAYER: I think another reason why we sometimes play better in a tournament than we do in practice is the fact that we're conscious of the tournament a long time before we start. A practice round we don't give any preliminary thought to. We just play it. But a tournament is something exceptional. We make an effort. And we have four goes at it: four days when the excitement's big.

PALMER: Basically a golfer's life is lived four days a week, Thursday through Sunday [tournament days]. The rest of the time he's just working on his game.

NICKLAUS: Existing. Just existing.

PRICE: Dutch Harrison, one of the most perceptive golfers on the circuit, recently said that he thought you, Jack, were going to be unquestionably the next big player in the game—meaning, I suppose, in the image of Snead or Hogan. Then he added, "But I hope he doesn't think himself out of his game."

NICKLAUS: I hadn't heard that, but Dutch probably means that the more and more a fellow plays, the smarter he thinks he gets. I have to take a lot of time now, which I do. But ——

PALMER: Not only playing golf, either.

PLAYER: Jack needs three alarm clocks to get himself out of bed in the morning.

NICKLAUS: Quit interrupting. As you find more and more things to think about, and more and more things to do, pretty soon, as Dutch says, you're going to outthink yourself. I'm aware of that.

PRICE: Dick Groat, a former All-American basketball player and a star major-league shortstop, is also a four-handicap golfer. In other words, he's a pretty good club player. Anyway, he's said that there is nothing in sports to compare to the continuous pressure of tournament golf.

PALMER: I played with Groat in a tournament. Actually he was pretty good under pressure, and, frankly, I don't know why he let the tournament bother him so much. But he did. He didn't sleep any night he was there. He was in bed early, but he wasn't sleeping. He let the tournament keep him awake. Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma says the same thing. He's played football and coached football, but he thinks golf is much tougher on you. In football, he says, a man can get nervous and excited before a game, but then he can relieve all that tension by going out on the field and busting somebody's head. But in golf what are you going to do? It's an internal thing, something that you can't explain. You just can't put it here on the table and analyze it. I try to find a solution to it within myself, and then I go try and play. If somebody else can tell you how you can conquer this thing, I'd love to hear the solution. Whatever the solution is, I'll practice it.

PLAYER: Also, in golf the ball is absolutely stationary. It kind of hypnotizes you as you stand over it, and you're conscious of it being stationary and ——

PALMER: Don't bring up any theories I haven't heard of!

PLAYER: You know what I mean.

NICKLAUS: I don't. My ball's always moving. I can't even catch the thing sometimes.

PRICE: Groat complained that it was the loneliness of tournament golf that bothered him.

Easy shots look hard

PALMER: If a golfer is truly concentrating he doesn't feel the loneliness. He's there, and he's got a job to do.

PRICE: But the effects of blowing a short putt ——

PLAYER: That's what makes golf tough. The strain is on the simple shots even more than on the difficult ones. If you're playing in front of 10,000 people, and you have a three-foot putt, let's say—in everybody's mind they're expecting you to make it. And you know that you *should* make it. If you miss it you're going to feel foolish. The prospect magnifies the three-foot putt out of all proportion to what the shot actually is.

PALMER: In golf there is no way to release your energy except through your golf shots. And if you release it through your shots you run the risk of releasing the ball right out of bounds. In golf you've just got to stay within yourself and think your shots through. You've got to think. When you stop thinking on the golf course, that's when the wheels usually come off your game.

PRICE: Toney Penna, a good judge of golf flesh, once said that every golfer in the world has two swings: the one he uses during the last three holes of a tournament he's winning and the one he uses the rest of the time.

PALMER: I disagree.

NICKLAUS: I agree with him, sort of. In other words, when you're leading a tournament and ——

PALMER: May I interrupt? I think I know what you're going to say. You agree with Penna only because you feel that you swing a little freer the last three holes where you're leading a tournament.

NICKLAUS: Sure.

PALMER: Well, I don't. I feel like I swing pretty much the same all the time.

PLAYER: How can you change your swing? Why would you if you could?

PRICE: We mean that a man's true swing—a swing stripped of frills and any sort of fanciness he might use otherwise—will come out when he plays the last three holes of a tournament he happens to be leading. In other words, when the pressure is greatest. That's the swing, Penna implies, that a man is going to be stuck with for the rest of his playing life.

PALMER: Oh, I see. Yes, I agree absolutely.

PRICE: Later on he might add something here or subtract something there, but his basic swing will be revealed holding onto the lead during the seventieth, seventy-first and seventy-second holes.

PRICE: That's his real swing.

PLAYER: That's my *best* swing.

NICKLAUS: I don't know. I try to use the same swing all the time, but I'm a lot more careful with it during the last three holes of a tournament I'm leading.

PRICE: What do you think is the one absolute essential to this swing?

PLAYER: Nobody can say what it is. You've got to use what suits you. A man like Arnie might think of his hands. I might think of keeping my head steady. Another guy might think of turning his hips. No two people swing a golf club alike. That's why a man's style to me is never impressive. If the man is great at impact, that's all that really counts. Under pressure, that's the big thing.

NICKLAUS: We're all different. Gary's head goes down at impact. He gets behind the ball that way. Arnie takes his hands through differently. It almost looks as though he doesn't even break his wrists going through the ball. He does, but it almost looks as though he doesn't. I might look like—I don't know what I look like.

PRICE: Where do you get all your power from, Jack? For a big man you have awfully small hands.

NICKLAUS: I think everybody gets his power from different places. I think Gary gets his power because he's got his hands ——

PALMER: He's flat.

NICKLAUS: He's flat, and he's got such good hand action, so much whip at the ball. Arnold gets his power through his shoulders. I think where I get most of my power is from my legs.

PALMER: Take Jackie Burke. Here's a guy who isn't particularly powerful anywhere, and this guy can hit a ball pretty well. He's very well coordinated. He has everything working for him, everything. His toenails are working for him.

NICKLAUS: His swing's as good as Snead's, I think.

PALMER: I think so, too, frankly.

NICKLAUS: Can you imagine a man the size of George Bayer [six feet five, 250 pounds] swinging like Jack Burke does?

PALMER: You'd never find the ball. He'd drive over every green.

PLAYER: It's a pity that a man has got the strength of Bayer, really, and doesn't release on the ball the way he should. Here he's got this power, and he's cutting every shot, throwing away the power.

NICKLAUS: Jack Burke made a pretty good point the other day about power. He said that every time we start out in a tournament together I automatically start out about 12 shots ahead of him. I can reach all the par-fives in two shots, and he can only reach two of them maybe. Every time I'm hitting an eight-iron he's hitting a five-iron. It all adds up to about 12 strokes' difference in a tournament. This is amazing. I play an eight-iron or nine-iron on every hole, and this man plays a five-iron or six-iron. I guarantee I'm going to get inside him on the green more times than he's going to get inside me. This is one hell of an advantage.

PLAYER: When it comes to the difference between a seven-iron and a bloody four-iron, then you're talking about a big advantage. But I think that if you're playing well you invariably feel that you can get the ball as close with, say, a five-iron as you can with a seven.

PALMER: I hate five-irons.

PLAYER: You do?

PALMER: I'd rather hit a four-iron or a six-iron any time.

NICKLAUS: Isn't that funny? I'd rather hit the five than the four or the six.

PRICE: What do you think will be the next big advance in the overall standards of tournament golf?

NICKLAUS: The present way of playing was pioneered by Ben Hogan, I think. Hogan perfected every shot except the putter, but somebody's going to perfect the putter too. Ben perfected the drive, the fairways woods, the irons, the pitch, the chip—everything.

PALMER: That's right. You have to perfect every shot in the bag. You just start playing a lot of bad shots with any one club in your bag today, and you don't win tournaments.

PLAYER: The standards of play today are too good. At the St. Petersburg Open two years ago, 276 wasn't even in the money. That's an average of four 69's.

PALMER: There's about 10 million people in the United States who play golf. Out of 10 million just think how small 200 golfers—the number of touring pros—are.

PRICE: Most of these 200 players are going to be at the Masters Tournament. Who's going to win it?

NICKLAUS: Well, Gary says he is, and Arnold says he is, and I say I am.

PALMER: No, I didn't say I would. I never will be quoted as saying I'm going to win a tournament.

PLAYER: But you're going there to win, aren't you?

PALMER: But I would never say it, think it or anything.

PLAYER: Now wait a minute, Arnie.

PALMER: But I wouldn't play if I didn't think I *could* win.

NICKLAUS: And if you don't win you'll chew the grips off your clubs.

PLAYER: Nobody goes into a tournament knowing that they're going to win it. You got to go there *hoping* you're going to win it.

NICKLAUS: Naw, Palmer doesn't have a chance anymore.

PLAYER: I'll say this about the Masters: There has never been a golf course in the history of the game that suited a man more than Augusta National suits Arnie. Never! He's got a four-stroke bloody advantage before we tee off. Almost every hole is dogleg left.

PALMER: You don't like Augusta National—is that right?

PLAYER: No, that's my favorite golf course in the world.

NICKLAUS: It's my favorite golf course too. But I don't like dogleg lefts.

PLAYER: It's a hooker's course.

PALMER: I've practiced for years to be able to fade the ball toward the left during the Masters.

PLAYER: Fade! I'll tell you one thing—that fade is for the birds. Fade the ball out on this circuit, and you'll fade right out of the picture. THE END

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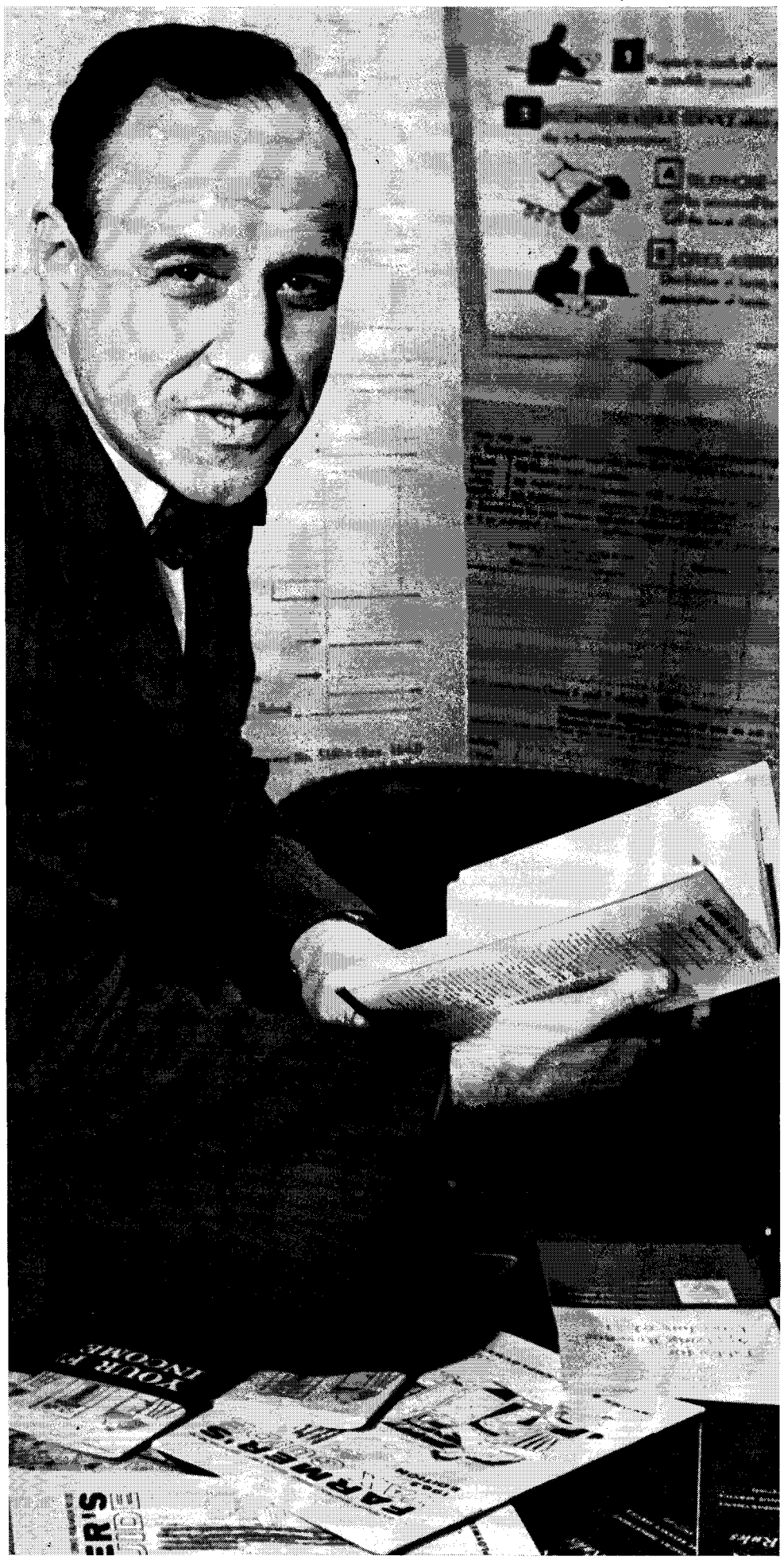
By Booton Herndon

Mortimer Caplin The man who takes your money



Revenue chief Caplin: "We're just one big honor system."

Next Monday a hand will reach into your pocket and extract a sizable portion of your 1962 income. You won't like it. Yet the man behind the hand, Commissioner Mortimer Maxwell Caplin of the Internal Revenue Service is determined to take it and, what's more, make you like it. Caplin, deaf to the ugly mutterings in the land, persists in the belief that every American is willing and eager to pay his rightful share of the national tax burden.

This bright-eyed confidence in the goodness of man has actually won support. It has endeared him to the Senate's leading financial watchdog, Harry Flood Byrd, who, when Caplin was up for confirmation as IRS commissioner, proudly referred to Caplin as "my fellow Virginian." Commented one of Caplin's old friends: "Can you name one other New York Jew appointed by the Kennedy Administration who made that club?"

After two years of Caplin, our tax system will never be the same again. His "New Direction" program has brought about a score of changes within the service, some controversial, but all intended to make the system as fair and equitable as possible, and all stemming from his passionate acceptance as young student of the University of Virginia honor system.

Running a $100 billion collection agency on these principles does not seem at all naïve to Caplin, nor does it surprise his friends. "It's a funny thing," said a professor at Virginia, "but the minute you mentioned Morty, I got a picture in mind of him in a Boy Scout uniform, complete with merit badges, giving the old three-finger salute. This is one guy whose publicity you can believe."

There is no question about Caplin's devotion to his old school tradition. Shortly after becoming commissioner he gave a speech to incoming students at Virginia in which he described the honor system as a way of life "which becomes a permanent part of us, never forgotten, wherever we go, whatever we do." Having unburdened himself of these noble sentiments, he had the speech copied and sent to all IRS employees.

Caplin's faith in the good intentions of the American taxpayer is unshakable. "Ninety-five out of every hundred returns are completely honest," he says proudly. "Of course, some people try to beat us, but if you sat at this desk and saw millions of impeccable returns coming across the board year after year, you'd realize how close we come to being one big honor system.

"Look at it this way: We collect the nation's bankroll at a total cost of one half cent on the dollar. No other country in the world comes close to us in either the amount collected or the low cost of collecting it."

Caplin plans to make this record even better, and one of his first changes—and by far the most controversial—was in the area of travel and expense-account deductions. The new regulations, which require much more substantiation for these deductions, will, in the commissioner's view, go a long way toward eliminating expense-account living from the American scene.

"People resent like hell the thought that some other fellow is deducting a yacht, or country-club dues, or lavish dinners and tickets to Broadway shows," Caplin says. "Those gimmicks bug me too. It's not the hundred million or so that slips through our fingers this way as much as the impact on honest taxpayers. Wholesale resentment and bitterness toward our self-assessment system could cost us not millions but billions."

Many business organizations do not view the new rules with quite the same degree of enthusiasm. "This is ridiculous," a spokesman for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce told me. "Not one man in a thousand would think of abusing his expense account."

"He's using an elephant gun to hunt fleas," a member of the staff of the National Association of Manufacturers said. "He's turning this country into a nation of bookkeepers."

Caplin does not take these complaints too seriously. "The truth of the matter is," he assured me, "those fellows are only protesting because the members of their organization expect them to. It's part of the game. I think these new regulations are just and reasonable, and anyway, they're final."

As an administrative officer subject to the laws passed by Congress, Caplin rarely gets such an opportunity to close tax loopholes. But he is not afraid to say what he would do if he could. In Dallas he was asked what he thought of the 27½ percent oil-depletion allowance; without hesitation, he replied flatly that he was against it. The violent reaction—which included several anguished calls from the Texas delegation in Washington—did nothing to change his views.

"If the oil industry needs a Government subsidy in order to survive," he told me, "then go ahead and subsidize it. But don't do it through the tax laws. I think all provisions that give one person a tax advantage over another should be reviewed—capital gains, for example, lack of withholding in interest, in dividends, some charitable contributions. But these are legislative matters."

Some much-publicized abuses can still be reduced by administrative action, as in the case of American individuals and companies earning money abroad. Caplin has expanded the work of his Office of International Operations, and last year sent agents to 97 points in 51 foreign countries. "We found people living in such remote areas," he said, "that they were glad to see any fellow American, even a tax collector."

Though he grinned, the commissioner was only halfway joking. To millions of people the only direct contact with their Government is the tax man, and Caplin wants that contact to be as pleasant as

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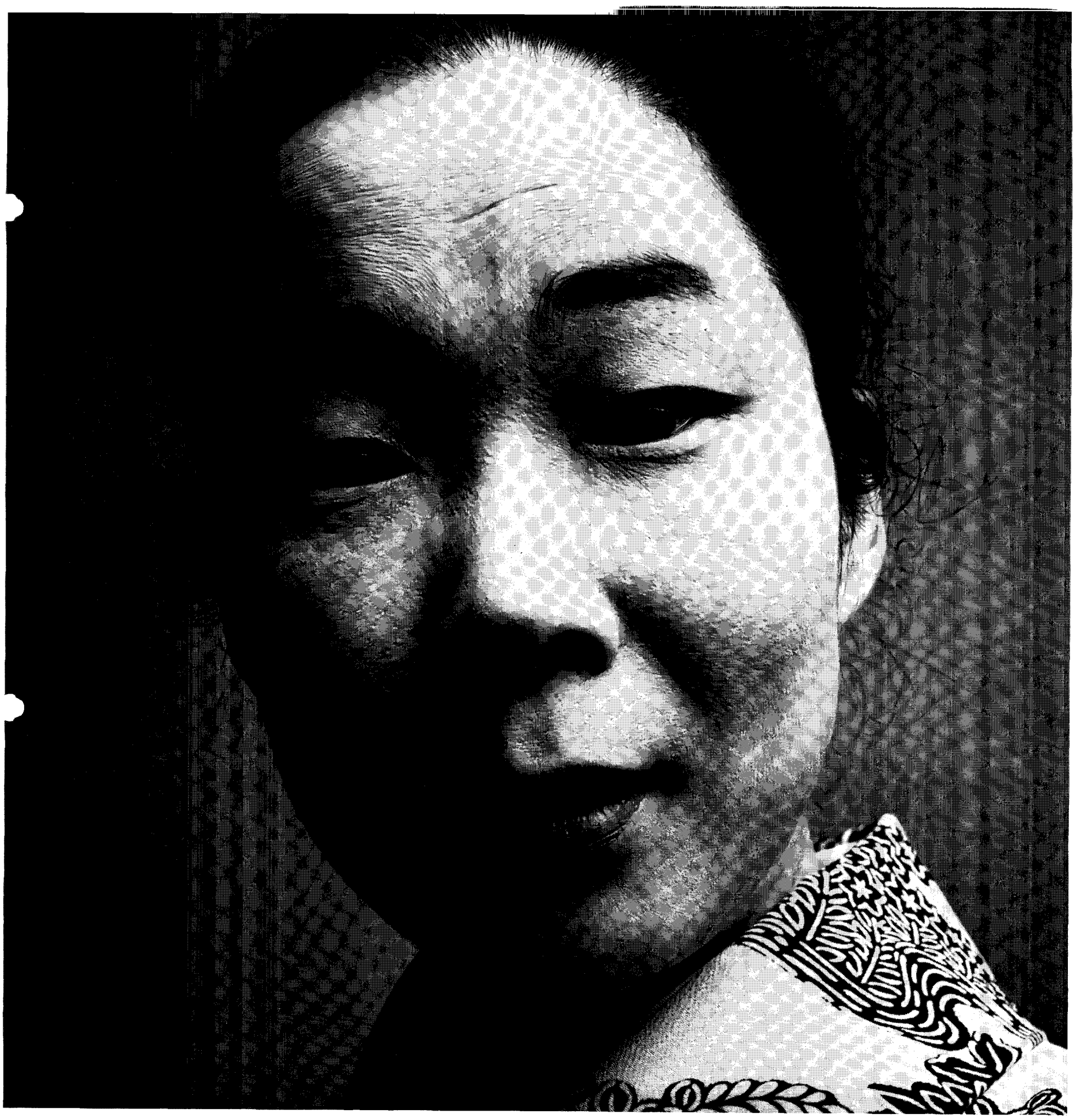

Japanese women rarely get breast cancer.

Research scientists don't know why, but they want to know. The reasons for the immunity of certain groups of people to cancers common among other groups may reveal keys to the discovery of a preventive for all cancers.

Here is what scientists do know:

1. Breast cancer is not caused by a bruise, a tight-fitting bra or by nursing a baby.
2. Half the women with breast cancer are cured because they went to their doctors in time.
3. Thousands more could be saved each year if their cancers were detected early and were treated properly.
4. Most breast cancers are discovered by women themselves. (Write your A. C. S. Unit for our leaflet, "Breast Self-Examination.")

The American Cancer Society is supporting 18 research projects on breast cancer.

To cure more, give more.

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possible. He has assigned many more agents to help taxpayers and continually reminds them to be nice to the customers.

He also expects the customers to be nice to him. To Caplin there is no real difference between a man who would cheat on his lawful debt to his country and any other crook, and in this regard he and his former student, Bobby Kennedy, are in complete agreement. In an unusual degree of cooperation, Caplin has assigned 450 trained revenue agents to work with the Attorney General's drive on organized crime.

The Internal Revenue Service itself is highly vulnerable to corruption and rumors of corruption. More than 30,000 employees are in a position to take payoffs or otherwise benefit by wrongdoing. Last year Caplin ordered 8,956 employee investigations—more than ever before. Disciplinary action was taken against 639 employees, with 215 fired from the service and indictments returned against 13.

Exciting as these cops-and-robbers activities may be, another Caplin program may have an even greater impact. He wants to eliminate the hostile attitude which has traditionally existed between taxpayer and collector. As Caplin sees it, everybody wants the same thing: to determine the fair and honest amount of tax owed. Yet in too many cases the revenue agent will arbitrarily increase the amount of tax due because he figures the taxpayer is holding out, while the taxpayer cuts his own tax estimate because he knows the agent will increase it. Caplin thinks this haggling is ridiculous, undignified and unworthy of Americans.

Whether or not such thinking is naïve, Caplin has been selling it to both his own staff and to private tax lawyers and accountants. One of the first pieces of evidence showing that Caplin's message is getting across was a letter sent out last year by a Washington firm of certified public accountants—Bobys, Switkes, Noble and Brotman—to their clients. The letter, which has been talked about all over town, bluntly stated that the firm intended to cooperate with the Government and would refuse to prepare any returns which departed from the rules.

I recently asked senior partner Harold Bobys if this had cost him any clients. "Not one," he said. "We didn't even get any protests. And several clients even called in to say they were glad we did it."

It has long been rumored that when revenue agents make an audit they are under pressure to get as much additional money as they can, as quickly as they can. The agents and supervisors with whom I discussed this denied that such pressure ever existed, then warmly praised Caplin for ending it.

"I won't say I ever browbeat a taxpayer," one old-timer told me, "but if I did, it was because I knew damn well he was holding out on me and I couldn't take the time to prove it. Now I feel free to make a thorough and honest audit, no matter what the result may be. It's all due to Caplin. I've heard a lot of commissioners say the same thing, but this one means it."

Caplin's emphasis on quality auditing frequently hits the jackpot. In one particularly dramatic example, an agent put in 41 hours on a company's 1958 return, and found a deficiency of over $18,000. As the supervisor explained it to me, "He was suspicious that this error was put there deliberately in order to lure him away from something else. He would have explored it but was prevented by the limitations of time. After Caplin's new program came in, he felt free to reopen the case. He spent 117 more hours on this return and found an unquestioned deficiency of over $300,000. Then he turned to the succeeding years. Before he was through he had uncovered a deficiency of over one million dollars."

One theory which has been advanced to explain Caplin's ferocious honesty and drive is that he's trying to live down an unsavory background. One of his uncles, Nathan (Kid Dropper) Kaplan, was an East Side racketeer and gangster, while another, a respected fight manager named Howling Hymie Caplin, was convicted in 1941 on a charge of grand larceny in a card-swindling racket. This theory doesn't make much sense, though, because Kid Dropper was gunned down in a 1923 gangland extermination, when Morty was only seven, and the news was kept from him for years. As for Howling Hymie, there was little contact between him and the respectable members of the family. About the only conclusion to be drawn is that not every country will trust a $100 billion department to the nephew of a gangster and a swindler.

Daniel Caplin, Morty's father, was a teacher and director of health education in the New York City schools for over 40 years, and he continually lectured his son on the virtues of a sound mind in a sound body, clean living, sportsmanship and the triumph of good over evil. "I wish I could talk to my kids the way my father talked to me," Caplin told me wistfully, "but it sounds so corny when I say it."

Corny or not, his father's precepts inspired Morty to be graduated from high school in the top 10 percent of his class, to become a member of the honor society, captain of the swimming team and class president. A friend of his father had a son at the University of Virginia, and the two Caplins accompanied him on a visit. "The beauty of the university reached right out and grabbed me," he says. Boxing was the prestige sport at Virginia in those days, and there happened to be a match that night. When the gong sounded, the house lights dimmed, and an orange-and-blue-clad Virginian advanced alone into the bright cone of light to fight for his university, Caplin became a lump of gooseflesh. Next year he was not only in the school but fighting as a member of the freshman team. He broke his right hand in his first bout but went on to win 12 of 18 fights, seven by knockouts.

Caplin made Phi Beta Kappa and went to law school. On the side he coached the freshman boxers, played leading roles with the drama club (at one point he wanted to become an actor), was first in his class and editor of the law review.

Back in New York he joined the firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison, specialists in tax law, and decided that this was the profession's most challenging field. He worked hard, earning his doctorate at New York University Law School on the side, and was headed for success in New York when Virginia asked him to come back as a professor of law. He jumped at the chance.

Two of his more famous students at the university were Bob and Ted Kennedy. The professor liked them both and still does. "Bob was the more aggressive student," he said. "He finished in the upper part of his class. You knew he was in the classroom, all right; he participated in the discussion and did well. My subject, tax law, was probably the toughest and most technical in the school, and Ted's forte was along other lines. He had the discretion to become friendly only after he had passed my class."

Law Day at the university in 1959 might better have been called Kennedy Day. Ted and his partner, Varick Tunney, son of the former heavyweight champion, won the moot court contest. Then Sen. John F. Kennedy gave the formal address and brother Bobby was there as an old grad.

At a party that night the senator and Caplin met and talked taxes for hours. Each impressed the other. After Kennedy was elected President, his administrative talent scouts heard of Caplin from leading tax-law authorities and recommended him. Looking back, the choice seemed inevitable, although the decision was not greeted with wild enthusiasm at home. Caplin and his wife, Ruth, have five children and he was the only one who wanted to leave Charlottesville. "One wants to go, six want to stay," Caplin's 14-year-old son Lee complained. "This is democracy?"

Caplin became commissioner in February, 1961, and one of the first major decisions the former middleweight had to face concerned boxing. His experts were convinced that heavyweight champion Ingemar Johansson's reasons for refusing to pay more than a half-million dollars in taxes were not valid. Johansson was fighting a return match with Floyd Patterson on March 13, and some of his purse had already been sent out of the country. Caplin's tax men wanted to impound the rest of it.

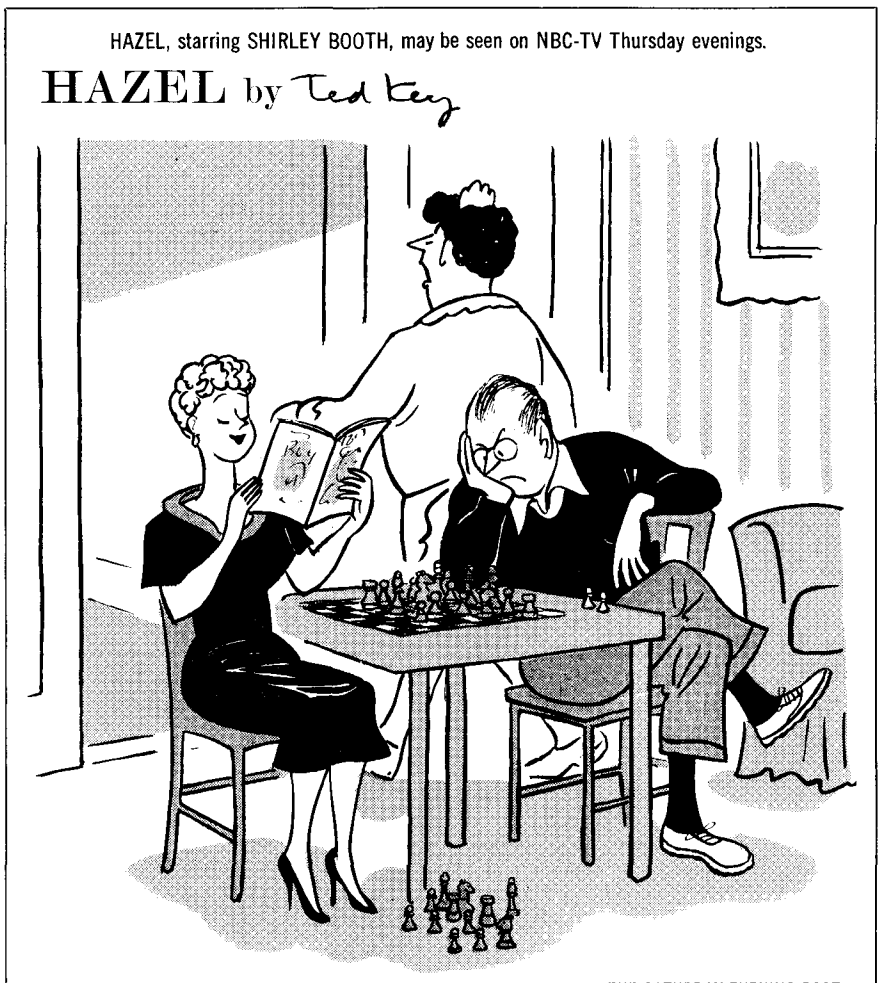
But would not such drastic action be upsetting to Johansson? Would it create an unfair handicap? One morning, while shaving, Caplin looked at himself in the mirror and said, "What would you do if you were Johansson and the Internal Revenue Service impounded your purse?" He glared back and said, "Damn it, I'd fight!" He issued the orders that morning. He was right; Johansson did fight, although, as it turned out, not too well.

For a man whose daily working schedule is so tightly organized, Caplin's home life is one of warm and wonderful confusion. The house is usually crawling with kids; a contingent of old friends from Charlottesville visits practically every weekend. I was invited to dinner on such a night. "You're eating with the third shift," Ruth told me.

The Caplins have not thought of staying in Washington longer than the normal four-year term. He has to dig into savings to augment his Government salary—he supplemented his income by joining a Charlottesville law firm while at Virginia—and Ruth and the children want to get back home.

But in the meantime the commissioner is having a ball. He is honestly and sincerely convinced that his program is getting over, and that his honor system is making tax history.

A growing number of experts agree. Merle H. Miller, a veteran Indianapolis tax lawyer and chairman of the American Bar Association's special committee on Standards of Tax Practices, thinks Caplin is doing an even more important job than he realizes. "In trying to break down the idea that this is a contest between the taxpayer and his Government, Caplin has sunk his teeth into something that's bigger than just taxes. How can America continue to be strong if we waste our country's time and resources playing silly games? His program involves the very strength of the nation." THE END



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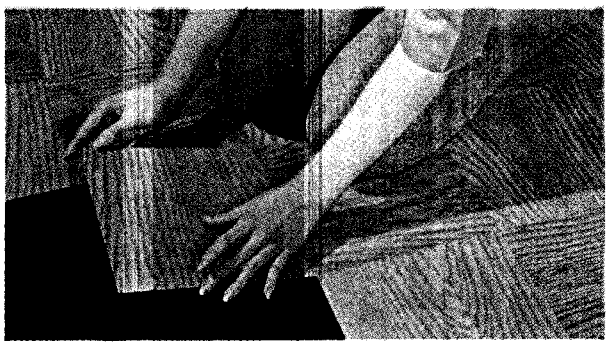

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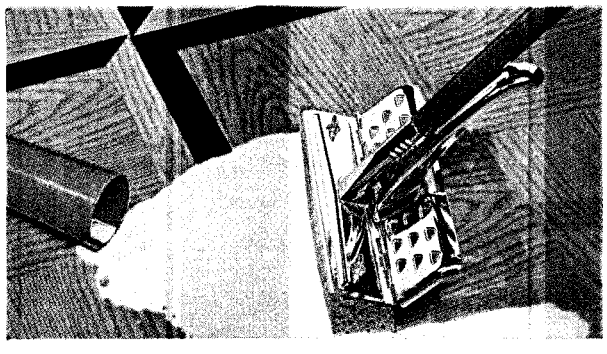

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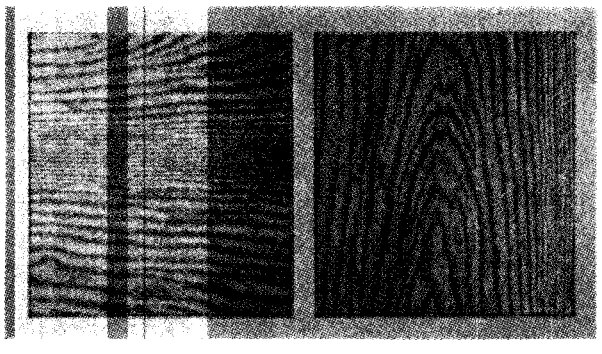

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Frantic Hunt for the HIGHWAYMEN

History's biggest cash robbery triggered the most incredible—and funniest—chase since the days of the Keystone Kops.

By EVAN McLEOD WYLIE and ROBERT V. LEARY

In the history of American crime detection it is unlikely that there has ever been a more wildly improbable case than the Great Cape Cod Mail Robbery. From the night last August when the thieves vanished into the darkness with mail sacks containing $1,551,277—the largest cash haul of all time—the events have seemed more like a Marx Brothers movie than a serious investigation.

In a way this seems unfair. The U.S. postal-inspection service is the nation's oldest law-enforcement agency. It is a proud, dedicated and dignified organization with a remarkable record—99 percent of those charged with crimes involving the U.S. mails have been sent to jail. Postal inspectors are fond of their reputation as "the silent investigators." Traditionally they are tight-lipped, and their twin mottoes might be said to be WE NEVER GIVE UP! and NO NONSENSE!

The Great Mail Robbery, however, has been cursed with ludicrousness, with sensation and melodrama. Postal inspectors allegedly have held clandestine conversations in suburban rumpus rooms, crept about lawns in the middle of the night stringing secret telephone lines, floundered through cranberry bogs in the pouring rain, hurtled over icy highways at 100 miles an hour in pursuit of suspects, shadowed others with such open zeal and intimacy that they became known as the Baby-Sitters. Yet they have exercised such restraint that the victim of the only gunshot fired so far has been one water snake.

The case has bloomed into not only a great manhunt but also a great treasure hunt—open to crooks and crime fans of all ages, from grandmothers to Boy Scouts—any one of whom is eligible to claim the largest reward ever offered in the history of American law enforcement—$200,000.

With the approach of summer 1963 the case apparently defied solution. Despite the fact that everybody in the Boston area thinks he knows whom the postal inspectors suspect of committing the robbery, no arrests have been made and no trials are in sight. Not a nickel, so far as is known, has been recovered.

As a final blow the postal inspectors have had to contend with a public which, while not exactly condoning the crime, readily admits to a sneaking admiration for the men who were able to pull it off. As a matter of fact, many people felt the robbery was the Post Office's fault.

"The United States Post Office," said Frank S. Giles, Massachusetts Public Safety Commissioner, "was transporting money as if it were something from the five-and-ten-cent store."

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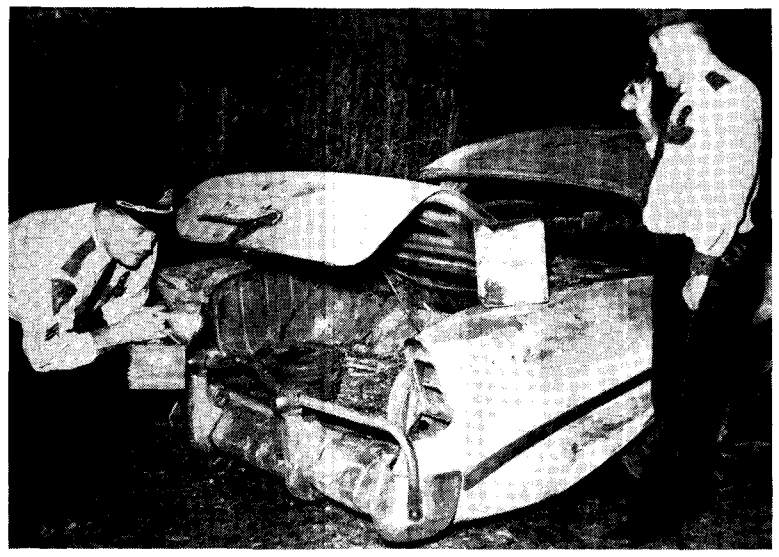
Driver Schena and guard Barrett look chagrined after reporting theft of $1,551,277 in small bills from their U.S. mail truck.



Police check one of three abandoned automobiles believed linked to the robbery. All the cars had been stolen from the Boston area.

These traffic signs, found in the trunk of one of the stolen cars, were used to detour passing motorists away from the robbery site.

Trooper looks over rope and tape used to bind mail truck's guard and driver.

"The Post Office was transporting mone

In New England's summer season, money flows more rapidly than at any other time of the year. In mid-August of 1962 Cape Cod banks were choked with currency coming from the hordes of tourists who had flocked to the Cape for seaside vacations.

To get this extra cash up to the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston the Cape banks simply wrapped it in bundles of 10's and 20's, packed it in canvas bags and handed it over to the Post Office to be transported as registered mail in ordinary locked mail sacks. Beginning in mid-July vast sums of money were being transported from Hyannis on Cape Cod to Boston each Tuesday evening in an unescorted red, white and blue panel truck of the type used by bread and diaper companies.

On the afternoon of August 14, a truck driven by Patrick Schena and guarded by William F. Barrett—both armed with .38-caliber revolvers—departed from Boston to pick up the Cape Cod fortune. So casually did the two mailmen ramble down to the Cape that an "unauthorized stop" was made "for a drink of lemonade" at the home of another postal employee near Plymouth.

About 6:15 P.M. the truck left Hyannis loaded with nine locked mail bags containing nothing but money. As the sun set, it crossed the Cape Cod Canal and paused at Buzzards Bay to take on seven more money bags. In the back of the little truck there was now a very grand total of $1,551,277, mostly in unmarked bills of small denominations.

Twenty minutes later, proceeding up Route 3 toward Boston, Schena and Barrett noticed two cars race past them at an estimated 80 miles an hour. What they did not see was what was going on behind them at the Clark Road turnoff; there, an unknown number of men were swiftly sealing off the northbound lane of Route 3 with a detour barricade of sawhorses, yellow rubber traffic cones and an electric flasher, all of which belonged to the Massachusetts Department of Public Works. All motorists following the mail truck obediently swung off Route 3 onto Clark Road.

About four miles farther north, where Route 3 skirts the tip of Myles Standish State Forest, the northbound lane is hidden from southbound traffic by 50 yards of dense woods. Here the two mailmen saw two automobiles parked at odd angles and a man who, judging by his cap and uniform, was a police officer.

Suddenly, one of the cars veered across the highway. As the mail truck skidded to a brake-screeching halt, the "policeman" leaped to the right door and pointed a weapon at Barrett. The driver of the car which had blocked the road rushed to cover Schena with another weapon. Stunned, the mailmen were ordered to "open the door or I'll blow your head off." They obliged.

"Now open *that* door," commanded the robber in policeman's disguise, hammering on the steel mesh doors to the mail compartment. Barrett handed over the key, and the "policeman" herded the mailmen into the money compartment, ordered them to lie face-down on the sacks of currency and tied their feet. The imprisoned mailmen noted that one of their captors seemed middle-aged and both wore gloves. They observed too, that the "policeman," a bulky six-footer, wore glasses and was called Tony, while his colleague was dubbed Buster.

Tony's eyes protruded and he spoke with a Brooklyn accent—rather like a Sergeant Bilko type. Buster seemed slightly younger and had thick black hair and a typical New England accent.

Soon the truck began bumping over what felt like a country road. About 15 minutes later it stopped and Tony handed some mail bags to Buster, who transferred them to someone who remained silent and invisible in the darkness. Then the vehicle moved off again into the night. Once more during the next hour it stopped somewhere to unload the balance of the loot.

About 9:30 P.M. the highwaymen, warning the mailmen not to move for 10 minutes, vanished. When Schena finally wriggled out of the truck he found himself on the outskirts of Boston at the intersection of Route 128, a busy belt parkway, and Highway 28. He finally flagged down a motorbike piloted by an Ecuadorian premedical student who buzzed off to sound the alarm.

Never before had any robbery triggered such a manhunt. The first police roadblocks were flung up around Boston at 9:50 P.M. At 10:08 a state police alarm went out over Teletype machines to state police barracks in 13 states and was promptly picked up and relayed across the nation. Before sunrise Government agents had staked out international airports and scouted the Canadian and Mexican borders. Law-enforcement agencies in all 50 states and U.S. possessions had been alerted.

Next day, an army of FBI agents, state police troopers, county sheriffs, deputies and local police fanned out over New England from Rhode Island to Maine. U.S. Air Force helicopters windmilled over beaches, inlets, farmers' fields. U.S. Coast Guard cutters searched the coast. Attorney General Robert Kennedy and FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover were on the telephone from Washington. Before dusk, handpicked postal inspectors were coming by jet toward Boston from all over the country.

By nightfall the Government was in possession of these solid clues:

1—Abandoned at the scene of the crime: two 1959 Oldsmobile sedans, found to have been stolen in Greater Boston August 11 and 13 and bearing license plates stolen in the Revere, Massachusetts area between Halloween, 1961, and July, 1962.

2—Discovered burning in Dorchester, Massachusetts: one 1959 Oldsmobile hardtop sedan, white over bronze mist in color, stolen in Lynn, Massachusetts, in June, 1962, and found to contain charred detour signs in its trunk.

Complete command of the manhunt was assigned to the U.S. postal inspectors, with the understanding that all other governmental agencies would cooperate and assist. Not only in New England, but in most major cities throughout the nation, postal inspectors talked with thousands of persons. Agents visited penitentiaries, asylums and hospitals, searched quarries and warehouses, patiently sifted through mountains of letters from cranks and public-spirited citizens, followed up

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ike something from the ten-cent store."

hundreds of telephone tips and labored up to 18 hours a day to keep suspects under surveillance.

Within two weeks circulars carrying sketches of Tony and Buster went out and were relayed to millions of Americans via newspapers and TV newscasts. With them went the announcement of a reward of $50,000 to be paid by the Post Office for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the robbers.

In September, the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston announced that it would pay $150,000, or 10 percent of whatever amount was recovered, for information resulting in the recovery of all the money taken in the holdup.

Still nobody stepped forward to pick up the $200,000. If the Government was getting any hot tips, nobody was telling. A force of 75 inspectors, directed by William F. White, Postal Inspector in charge of the New England region, and Inspector Raymond J. Dunne, was now concentrated in Boston.

Inspector White, 54, is a suavely handsome, carefully tailored man with gray hair and steely blue eyes. His lair is a large, leather-furnished executive suite in Boston's Federal Building, and when he reluctantly ventures forth for infrequent news interviews he does so with the disciplined, coolly confident manner of a man who has never made an impetuous decision in his life.

Inspector Raymond Dunne, whom the Post Office apparently deems one of its shrewdest and most relentless crook-chasers, had flown in from Chicago. He is a tall, extremely soft-spoken, mild-mannered midwesterner who might be more apt to be taken for an economics professor than a gun-toting detective who has spent much of his life cracking pornography rings and tracking down thieves and murderers.

The postals close in

Bostonians, who consider themselves the nation's top crime fans (three of the largest armed robberies in U.S. history have been committed within 40 miles of Boston), settled back like World Series bleacherites to watch the "postals" in action. A few weeks passed. Then rumors swept Boston newspaper offices that the "postals" were on to something hot.

On October 10 the inspectors swooped down on a score of homes in the greater Boston area. Among them was the residence of John J. Kelley, 48, of Watertown, a suburb within sight of the church spires of Boston.

A big, balding, blue-eyed man, articulate and garrulous, who was later to announce publicly that the Post Office considered him the mastermind behind the robbery, Kelley has a restless nature and a volatile temperament. From quick-witted Irish humor and charm he can switch abruptly to sudden indignation and exploding anger.

"I was visiting in Lawrence," Kelley recalls, "and I dropped in at the Golden Chestnut Tavern, the place of business of a friend of mine named Joseph Tripoli. He was very upset and told me that he had just received word that his home and the homes of all his relatives had been hit by a gang of postal inspectors looking for the mail-robbery money.

"I decided to call my home. My wife was hysterical. 'There are some postal people here with a warrant for your arrest,' she cried.

"Inspector Raymond Dunne got on the phone. 'Wait right where you are,' I told him. 'I'll be there in forty-five minutes.'

"When I reached my home it was swarming with postal inspectors. My wife told me they claimed to have a warrant for my arrest for an Ohio bank robbery.

"They had brushed past her without showing any identification and searched the premises thoroughly. On a shelf in my closet they found $235 in cash. They removed it and replaced it with $235 out of their own pockets.

"They took two coin money bags from my closet in which I usually keep some silver dollars and confiscated them. They snipped off my wife's clotheslines.

"'Why did you let them in here?' I yelled at my poor wife.

"'Because they told me they had a warrant,' she said.

"I shouted at the inspectors, 'Where are the warrants? Show me the warrants!'

"'There are no warrants,' the men answered.

"'Then get out of my house,' I yelled. I was shouting, and the whole neighborhood, what with the cars and people running in and out of the house, was in an uproar. I grabbed the money that my wife told me they had put on the shelf—I wanted no part of it. For all I knew I was being framed—marked money might be planted on me. I threw the money at them and cried, 'Get this out of here!'

"Later I found out that other agents had been raiding the homes of my relatives, but they hadn't found even ten cents that was of a criminal nature. I calmed down, and since that day they haven't been able to get me so excited, although you might say we have seen a lot of each other."

The inspectors were also chasing hard elsewhere. That same morning two inspectors had appeared at a power plant in Fall River, Massachusetts, and invited Thomas R. Richards, 39, a bulky, slow-spoken, bespectacled electrician who had been steadily employed by his firm for 12 years, to accompany them to the Fall River post office.

They talked with Richards until mid-afternoon. Then he drove to his home in North Weymouth, where he discovered other agents had been talking all day to his wife, attempting to persuade her to let them in the house. During the next week unmarked cars manned by postal agents watched the Richards place day and night. Agents followed Richards to his job and trailed his wife on her shopping trips.

One evening soon afterward Inspector Dunne himself arrived at the Richards home, an attractive white house on a neatly landscaped lot overlooking an arm of Massachusetts Bay. Among its most recent improvements were a rumpus room and a patio which Richards, a do-it-yourself hobbyist, had constructed.

Present were Richards, his wife, Sylvia, and his brother-in-law, who happens to work for the Internal Revenue Service. The interview, according to Inspector Dunne in a sworn affidavit dated October 23, 1962, began in the living room and proceeded as follows:

At the outset Richards told Dunne he expected his home to be searched and wanted to know what kind of a search Dunne was contemplating. He particularly wanted to be sure the men would not break through the floor in his new rumpus room and suggested that they might inspect the floor from underneath.

Dunne replied it was silly to be talking about inspecting floors or anything else when Richards could cooperate, return the money and claim the reward.

RICHARDS: I am interested in the reward but do not wish to go to jail. Supposing I say I could come up with some of the money. Couldn't we just say I found it? I don't want to get involved in identifying any other person. What will I tell them when they come to get it? I'm going to end up with a bullet in my head.

MRS. RICHARDS (*astonished*): What are *you* doing with the money?

RICHARDS: Just because I'm keeping some money for somebody does not mean I'm involved. I invited him (Dunne) in to talk about a search of the place, and already we're talking about returning the money and me going to jail! . . .

DUNNE: Let's you and I go into the other room and talk in private.

(*Richards and Dunne proceed from living room to rumpus room, shut door.*)

DUNNE: How much of the money do you have?

RICHARDS: About 65 to 70 percent.

DUNNE: You are talking about a million dollars that you can deliver?

RICHARDS: That's right.

DUNNE: Where is the other half million?

RICHARDS: You know who has it.

DUNNE: How long will it take you to turn over the money?

RICHARDS: We don't have to do it right away, do we? . . .

DUNNE: I'm interested in getting it back as soon as possible. I'm not going to worry about where it is or where it was. I'll back that station wagon up to your garage right now and send the other cars away and we'll load it. I will even turn my back while you and your brother-in-law load it if that's what you want.

RICHARDS: I can't decide this so fast. I want to think about it.

MRS. RICHARDS (*calling from other room*): Tom, are you coming in here? You had better go to an attorney.

(*Dunne and Richards return.*)

MRS. RICHARDS: How are you involved in all this? Why are all those men outside, and why are you talking about returning money? Who were those men who were calling you on the telephone today?

RICHARDS: It's like a chain. One thing leads to another. Anyway, it was your idea that we go down to Plymouth [on a vacation]. If it had not been for going to Plymouth and for ——— I wouldn't be involved.

(*Richards here named a resident of greater Boston who is later referred to in Dunne's affidavit as "the third person."*)

Mrs. Richards again urged her husband to call a lawyer, and Inspector Dunne departed.

On the following morning, Dunne later swore, he and two other inspectors met with Richards in his Oldsmobile in a parking lot. After expressing concern about how much tax he would have to pay on the reward, Richards began putting himself out of the picture as a participant in the robbery.

Several times he referred to and named the "third person," and said the "third person" had planned the job. When Dunne asked how he knew this if he had not been in on the robbery himself, Richards, it is alleged, replied that before he went on his Plymouth vacation the "third person" had told him to buy two

Using descriptions given by victims of robbery, police artist drew these sketches of fake policeman called "Tony" (left) and partner "Buster."

Mysterious conversations with postal inspectors got Thomas Richards (left) in hot water. An informer named barman Joseph Tripoli as suspect.

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After fingering three men, an informer said that he had been kidding.

Ex-bank robber Agisotelis allegedly used a tape recorder to counterspy.

footlockers in which to put the loot. Richards said both trunks were in the basement of his home but hadn't been used to store the money because the "third person" had told him later that he had decided to use wooden crates instead. Richards was asked how the robbers would keep the money from deteriorating, and he said it would be wrapped in plastic.

At this point the conversation was interrupted by Richards's brother-in-law with a message to Richards from his wife to cease "gabbing" with the inspectors and get himself a lawyer.

The inspectors, with understandable reluctance, departed, leaving teams of men sitting in cars around the house.

For five subsequent days matters remained in this suspenseful state. Just what the postal inspectors were waiting for they have not yet seen fit to reveal.

On October 23, Thomas Richards arose, prepared his own breakfast and departed for work, trailed as usual by postal agents. At 8:30 a motorcade arrived in front of Richards's home. Out of the cars poured a force of Government agents. Led by a U.S. marshal brandishing a search warrant, and armed with crowbars, axes, power saws and special lights for peering up chimneys, they stormed up the sloping lawn.

Mrs. Richards, still in her bathrobe, answered the door. A police matron was assigned to guard the housewife and her child while the marshals began pulling up rugs, dumping out bureau drawers and ransacking cabinets.

A marshal put in a telephone call to the power plant where Thomas Richards worked. "We are in your house," he said. "Where is the money hidden? We are going to rip the place apart until we find it."

"I keep telling you the money is not there," Richards says he replied.

The search resumed. The marshals sawed a large hole in the rumpus-room floor and explored its subflooring and its foundation. Next they ripped gaping holes in the partitions between the garage and basement, sledgehammering a hole in the concrete floor, and finally they dismantled the furnace.

Regatta Road was in a turmoil. Reporters raced across lawns and trooped into neighboring homes, trampling mud and dirt on clean kitchen floors, clamoring to use the telephones. Hordes of people rushed to the scene. Small boys, popeyed with excitement, scrambled up into the crotches of trees to watch.

At 2:30 P.M. an official announced to newsmen that the searchers had found one shotgun, two footlockers, a couple of bulletproof vests, two belts similar to those worn with police uniforms, and a .45-caliber revolver.

Agents, he explained, now were using jackhammers to tear up the cement patio but making slow progress—so they were bringing in a power shovel. The patio had been completed after the great robbery was committed, and Richards himself had poured the cement on September 29. Therefore the possibility existed that evidence connected with the robbery might have been buried in this cement.

A mobile air compressor chugged noisily in front of the house. Police lines had been set up. A white food-vending truck labeled DAIRY DAN had parked nearby and was doing a brisk business dispensing hot drinks and ice-cream bars. One reporter complained that he was getting more information from "Dairy Dan" than he could from the "feds."

A huge yellow power shovel lumbered into the backyard of the Richards's home. Its operator enthusiastically charged at the patio, quickly reducing it to rubble.

At 5:30, when night was falling and parents were plucking their small fry out of trees, an official came out and announced that, in addition to the shotgun and other items, $330 had been found tucked away among the rafters in the basement, and the search was finished.

Next morning U.S. Attorney W. Arthur Garrity, Jr. announced that the postal inspectors were apparently mistaken in believing that the $1,000,000, or anything else, was hidden in the Richards residence. Nevertheless, he said the Government considered the search a "qualified success" and a big step forward in the investigation. He added that the Government had no charges against Richards on the basis of "present evidence," but that the Government had no intention of apologizing for the search, nor were there any plans to repair the damage (which is perhaps the greatest ever inflicted on an American home during a court-authorized search or raid).

Richards returned to his house. His wife, he found, had gone to stay with her mother and was so angry with him that she refused to return and help him clean up the mess.

Richards complained that the Federal officers had tracked mud through the bedroom, filled all the ashtrays with butts and even helped themselves to his tea bags. "Everything they found," he lamented, "was just where I told them it would be—except that money, which I won in a dice game and hadn't even told my wife about."

He explained that the bulletproof jackets were war-surplus vests that he had bought for hunting, that the footlockers contained baby clothes, that the shotgun had been lying in plain view for several years. He complained that Dunne's affidavit twisted the facts.

However chagrined by their unfruitful searches of the homes of Kelley, Richards, Tripoli and their relatives, the postal investigators seemed more interested than ever in these three individuals. Men in unmarked cars dogged them wherever they went and were observed loitering about their homes day and night.

The inspectors who shadowed Richards, now back on his job with the power company, and Tripoli, tending bar at his small tavern in Lawrence, had a rather humdrum time. By day the two suspects were at work, and by early evening they were usually relaxing before television while the men in the cars outside tried to ward off the chill of wintry nights by bundling in thermal underwear and munching apples and Metrecal wafers.

The agents who drew the Kelley assignment, however, found their days and nights much livelier. John Kelley followed a life of less conventional patterns. Emerging from his Watertown home in the morning, he would sometimes get into his parked Cadillac, which he had purchased shortly after the mail robbery, and, after waving genially to the postal

Agents used power shovel in hunt for evidence at Thomas Richards's home.

Jackhammers ripped apart cement patio Richards had laid just after robbery.

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inspectors to join him, drive slowly to a Watertown diner for buns and coffee.

Other mornings he would dash from the house as if it were on fire, leap into his car and roar away at blinding speed. With the unmarked cars careening after him, Kelley would whip his car around in sudden U-turns in the middle of busy streets, run through red lights, dodge down side streets, weave perilously in and out of traffic, bounce over dirt roads and then finally return to his neighborhood to drop off a suit at the cleaners.

Occasionally Kelley shook off his pursuers and was missing all day or overnight. This led to Kelley's upbraiding some inspectors whom he said he had found pussyfooting around his locked car, peering in to check the odometer. Presumably, by drawing circles on a map with Boston as a center, they could gain some idea of the distance he might have traveled. After this Kelley took to slapping adhesive tape over his odometer whenever he left the car.

The son of immigrant Irish parents, Kelley had grown up in Boston, displaying early the energy, charm and cleverness which he says "made things easy for me in school." Fascinated with anything that challenged his ego and daredevil nature, he raced motorcycles until a spill broke his back and made him 4-F for World War II. After the war he found his calling in the used-car business.

From cars Kelley branched out into other fields. "I have never been known to miss a chance to pick up a dollar or find a way to spend it," he says. He also found the horses and dice irresistible.

In 1955 Kelley was enjoying a day at the races at the Suffolk Downs track when a Massachusetts state police detective impolitely frisked him and found in his possession fourteen dollar bills traceable to loot taken in a $15,000 holdup of a small branch bank near Kelley's home. Although he indignantly denied knowing anything about the crime, Kelley was convicted of receiving stolen goods—i.e., the $14—and sentenced to a term of from 4½ to 5 years in jail.

Released in 1957 for good behavior, Kelley had not been arrested since. He says he has engaged in a variety of money-making enterprises. One has to do with religious statuary. "I am in the importing business," he has explained. "I have a small factory, and we make and import religious statues, and I go around to these different shrines, looking at statues to see if there is a potential possibility of manufacturing these shrines."

The work requires him, he says, to make trips about the U.S. and Canada. Whether the postal inspectors have trailed him into Canada Kelley doesn't know, but returning from one Canadian tour he was stopped five miles inside Vermont and escorted back to the U.S. customs office, where he was unceremoniously stripped and searched.

The noose draws tighter

This and other indignities have tended to sour Kelley on the postal inspectors. "In the beginning," he says, "I accepted their surveillance as part of the investigation. I used to have coffee with the men assigned to me and joke with them. I even saved their cars from being towed away when they broke parking regulations. But then, led by that Inspector Dunne, they entered my house, and Dunne told my wife they had been notified by a tipster that I was the one who had masterminded the Great Mail Robbery.

"It was a horrible feeling. It was untrue, and I couldn't believe it. They have been rude without provocation. They have harassed my wife and frightened my Siamese cats."

Kelley's friendship with Joseph Tripoli dates back to the palmy postwar days when Tripoli was also a used-car salesman. Tripoli's only tangle with the law occurred in 1946, when he was accused of bookmaking. The case was dismissed.

Kelley finds the notion that Tripoli could have been a participant in the Great Mail Robbery ridiculous. "If I were going to commit a robbery," he bellows, "I wouldn't take Trip along to drive the getaway car unless he was attached to my person with a two-inch hawser! He's too jumpy—it's his Latin background."

Nonetheless, the noose about the "suspects" seemed to be drawing tighter. On December 8 a confidential circular carrying photographs of Kelley, Richards and Tripoli and a fourth man named George (Billie A.) Agisotelis, a convicted bank robber hitherto unmentioned in the mail-robbery case, was distributed throughout Massachusetts. In this flyer Inspector William White requested statewide police cooperation in an "important phase of the Plymouth mail robbery," asking all officers to observe and report the location of cars belonging to these four men at any hour, day or night.

On December 10 federal investigators told Boston newspapermen they knew the identities of the mail-truck robbers. "Our main thrust has been toward total recovery of the money. The men have been allowed to roam at will in hope that they would lead the Post Office investigators to the stolen money."

"The way they talked," recalls one Boston reporter, "it sounded like the whole case was almost over."

That same day, however, new melodramatic plots involving the mail robbery were hatching in downtown Boston. Into the case bounced a glib young lawyer named F. Lee Bailey. A former U. S. Marine Sabrejet pilot who blossomed forth recently as a fast-moving, fast-thinking trial lawyer, Bailey operates—along with his law practice—a private-detective agency replete with radio cars, tape recorders, plainclothes detectives and even a platinum-blond secretary. A specialist in the use of the polygraph lie-detector device and in unorthodox criminal-law techniques, he has been called by admiring friends "the Perry Mason of New England."

Bailey announced that he had been retained by Joseph Tripoli, who feared he was about to become victim of a frame to implicate him in the theft of the Cape Cod fortune.

Bailey invited Postal Inspector White to observe and help select the questions to be asked Tripoli during a lie-detector examination which, Bailey said, would be administered by "the finest polygraph experts in the United States. . . . If the test indicates he is guilty," Bailey added, "I'll turn him over to White on a silver platter."

White declined Bailey's invitation.

On Friday, December 14, Joseph Tripoli, a dark, lithely built, warily reticent man, took his first test. It was given in Bailey's law office by Charles Zimmerman, a polygraph expert connected with a Boston firm specializing in lie-detection work in private industry.

One Boston newspaper immediately reported that Tripoli had flunked the test, but Bailey called the results "inconclusive." "Trip was so hot—what the layman would call nervous," he explained later, "that he was reacting to everything."

The scene now shifted to the staid Parker House, historically the most famous hotel in Boston, where Bailey reserved Suite 711. There Tripoli's tests continued throughout the weekend. On Monday, Bailey announced that Tripoli had cleared himself of having any part in the Great Mail Robbery.

No other news of the Parker House meetings appeared in the press, but, judging by later disclosures, Suite 711 must have been one of the busiest in the city. Joining attorney Bailey were the three other known "suspects" in the $1.5 million mail heist: John J. Kelley, Thomas Richards and Billie A. Agisotelis.

During the next week at his office, attorney Bailey reclined on a couch listening to a miniature tape recorder.

On the tape, mingled with a background of whirring noises, hums, clanks and coughs, could be heard clearly decipherable conversations between two men, fragments of which proceed about as follows:

(*Slam of a door, followed by heavy tramp of footsteps as if someone were walking through snow. A dog barks loudly. A door opens.*)

FIRST VOICE (*Sharply*): Stop that! Keep quiet! (*Dog subsides.*)

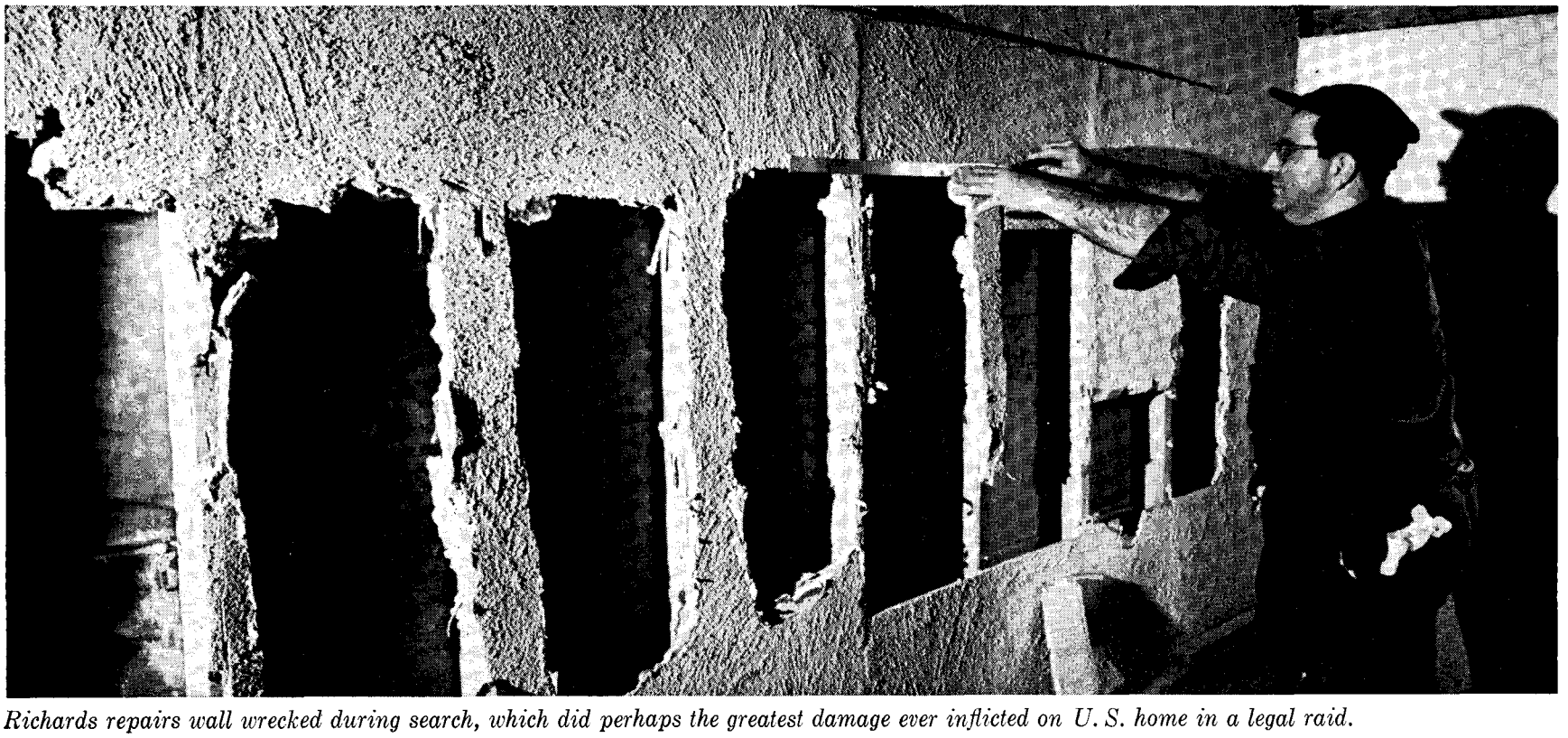
FIRST VOICE: Come on in.

SECOND VOICE: Thanks.

FIRST VOICE: What did they do up there today?

SECOND VOICE: They were talking about a guy with a pockmarked face. . . . They say there's a lot of postal inspector cars spotted around Kelley's house.

FIRST VOICE: Nonsense! There's not enough cars out there to spit on. What else happened?



Richards repairs wall wrecked during search, which did perhaps the greatest damage ever inflicted on U. S. home in a legal raid.

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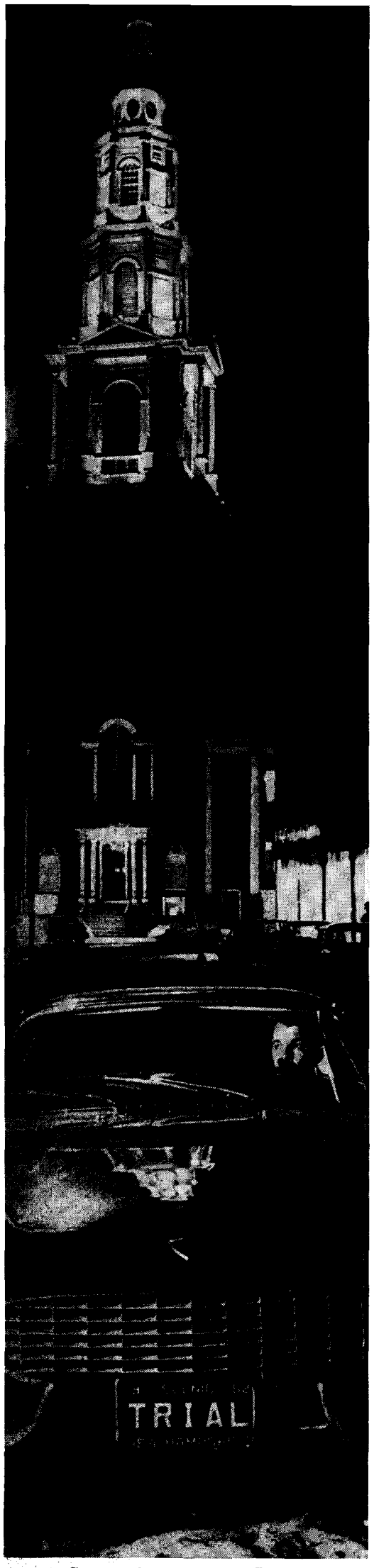
"There is no reason for the U.S. Post Office to act as if it isn'



Suspects' attorney, F. Lee Bailey, is called "New England's Perry Mason."

SECOND VOICE: I stuck around and drank coffee and listened—just like you would have done.
FIRST VOICE: Rack your brain!
(*Sound of money being counted out.*)
SECOND VOICE (*Injured tones*): Do you realize what I get out of there is amazing? Someday I'm going in and not coming out, I bet! I'm getting scared. Real scared, I tell you!
FIRST VOICE: Don't worry, we've got you protected. We've got men following you all the time.
SECOND VOICE (*Dubious*): Yeah, but I think they've got their own people following your people.
FIRST VOICE: Inspector Dunne thinks there's been a woman following him. An older woman, gray-haired. What does Kelley's mother look like?
SECOND VOICE: You mean you think Kelley's mother has been tailing Dunne?
FIRST VOICE: Does Kelley's mother have gray hair? Look like Kelley?
SECOND VOICE: There's only one Kelley that looks like Kelley. Let's talk some business. When can I get some money?

Bailey was not listening to old radio scripts but to playbacks of conversations which he alleges took place between a postal inspector (first voice) and a Bailey counterspy (second voice) with a concealed tape recorder.

After Bailey had placed copies of many hours of such recorded conversations in a safe-deposit vault he released to the press an extraordinary tale from the Bailey counterspy, who, it turned out, was none other than "Billie A." Agisotelis, the paroled bank robber.

Agisotelis related that on the night of the Great Mail Robbery he was at a drive-in movie with his wife and other relatives. In September, however, two postal inspectors showed up at his home and asked him who he thought might have been involved in the crime. He said he had no idea. They then reminded Agisotelis that he was still on parole and it would be wise to cooperate with them.

Agisotelis stated he found this implied threat so alarming that he decided that he had better come up with some information just to get the inspectors off his back—even if he had to pluck it out of thin air. He thereupon gave them the names of two old acquaintances—John J. Kelley and Joseph Tripoli.

Kelley and he had become friends, Agisotelis explained, shortly after the war when Kelley was selling used cars and he was in the taxicab business. Later he teamed up with Kelley in the car business. Through him he met Joe Tripoli.

Agisotelis explained his fingering of two old pals as follows:

"When I gave them Kelley's name I knew he had a record for receiving stolen goods, and I thought the postal inspectors might investigate him for a while and leave me alone. I gave Tripoli's name because I knew the Great Mail Robbery was accomplished by more than one person, and I felt that I had to give them more than one name before they would be satisfied. I was quite sure at the time that neither Kelley or Tripoli had anything to do with the robbery.

"An agent told me that they were looking for a man named Tommy or Tony and asked me who Kelley knew who had one of those names.

"After I thought for a while I remembered a fellow named Tom Richards who had lived in Watertown back in the early 1950's. I had known him only slightly, but I had introduced him to Kelley one time when Richards was interested in buying a car.

"I figured if the inspectors did look him up they would not waste much time investigating him, for I knew that Richards was a steady worker who had never been in trouble of any kind."

Instead of getting rid of the inspectors by these tactics, Agisotelis soon found himself becoming even more entangled.

The next thing he knew, he related, they had *him* taking a lie-detector test, for which they insisted on paying him $50. Then they fastened a tiny radio transmitter to his back and sent him around to talk to Kelley and Richards about the robbery while inspectors stationed themselves nearby to pick up what was said.

Then a postal agent from Michigan, masquerading as a suburbanite, moved into the house next door to Agisotelis along with his wife and a dog named Freckles. One night agents buried a telephone line between the houses so Agisotelis could talk privately to the agent.

About this time, Agisotelis alleged, he found himself on the Government payroll, with the inspectors paying him $75 cash a week plus some expense money to listen to tape recordings of wiretapped conversations among Kelley, Tripoli, their wives and even their family doctors. He was also requested, he related, to help lay plans to enter Thomas Richards's house secretly to obtain evidence that would enable the inspectors to get a search warrant.

The pressure mounts

He continually threw cold water on such plots, Agisotelis says, because he felt sure there was no money there.

"When I first gave them the names of these men," he said in his statement, "I did not realize that they had nothing else to go on and that they would center their whole investigation on my information."

After the raid on Richards's house yielded nothing pertaining to the robbery, Agisotelis continued, the inspectors suggested that he testify that Richards had been in on the Quincy Trust Company Bank Robbery in 1956—the one for which Agisotelis had been convicted. He was told that the postal inspectors were sure that if Richards could be indicted for a robbery—any robbery—he would want to get out of a trial badly enough to name other people as the mail robbers and testify against them.

Agisotelis was told, he stated, that probably $100,000 could be raised to pay him if he testified against Richards on the Quincy bank job. He said he was told that, while Federal funds could not be used for such a purpose, the postal authorities would get $100 from each of the 1,000 postal inspectors in the country.

Either because Agisotelis feared he was being bamboozled or because he found this offer so astounding, he stated, he took a cousin along with him to a rendezvous so that the offer could be repeated in the presence of a witness. An inspector, Agisotelis alleged, promptly did so, adding that it could be arranged to have the $100,000 put in banks in Mexico or any other country of his choosing.

About this time, Agisotelis recalled, he was shocked to discover that the confidential bulletin sent to all Massachusetts police departments linked *him* with the Great Mail Robbery. When he protested this notoriety, he was told that the Post Office had done him a favor. Now no-one would suspect him of being a spy. To be on the safe side, Agisotelis got attorney Bailey to take him up to Suite 711 to inform Kelley and Tripoli that, contrary to rumors in the press, he had nothing to do with the postal authorities.

Each night, however, he was still reporting back to an inspector on the conversations between Bailey, Tripoli and Kelley. The agent allegedly said that Billie A. was doing an excellent job and ordered him to stay "in with them" as long as he could.

At this point, however, Agisotelis learned something that strained even *his* nerves. From Bailey and Kelley he heard about a poster put out by the postmaster general stating that if a participant or accomplice in the Mail Robbery was killed while resisting arrest he would be "deemed to have been convicted."

The realization that he himself or any of the men he had caused to become prime suspects in the robbery might be killed by someone who could then claim the reward gave Agisotelis such a sleepless night that he went down to Bailey's office and confessed that he was actually a post office spy. After some explosive comments on Agisotelis's disgraceful lack of ethics, Bailey convinced him that the way to atone for his actions was to become a Bailey counterspy and carry a concealed Bailey tape recorder.

On ensuing evenings, Agisotelis related, he would leave his home by the back door, crunch across the frozen backyard to the home of the postal agent with the barking dog and chat with him in his cellar about what Bailey was up to. Next morning he would deliver the tape recordings of these meetings to Bailey.

With all four "suspects" now joined in a remarkably harmonious relationship, Bailey boldly attacked the postal authorities. First he arranged a radio interview in which Kelley disclosed that the postal inspectors considered him a possible mastermind of the Great Mail Robbery and, along with Tripoli and Richards, angrily protested his innocence.

Next he released Agisotelis's story of his adventures as a double-dealing agent and asserted that tape recordings would prove the postal inspectors were secretly, illegally and fraudulently obtaining information from Bailey's office. Declaring that his clients had been "marked for murder" by the Post Office's reward handbills and police bulletins, Bailey then fired off telegrams of protest to Senators Leverett Saltonstall and Edward Kennedy in Washington.

Later he permitted Kelley and a business associate to make a flying trip to Washington to complain in person on Capitol Hill and at the White House.

Then, as if the case were not already overloaded with obstreperous personalities, Kelley's business associate identified himself as a former TV writer and advertising man who had attended Harvard

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bound by the rules."

and worked as a publicity aide for John F. Kennedy when he was running for Congress in 1946.

He insists on being known as "Robespierre" rather than by his own name and angrily declares that the postal inspectors "are taking the mantle of mastermind of the mail robbery off Kelley's shoulders and putting it on mine!"

"Robespierre" has also fallen under the eye of the postal inspectors, who have, he says, searched his car, stolen his address book and ransacked his office. With all the harassment he and Kelley have suffered, he complains, their statuary business has fallen flat on its face.

Meanwhile, in damage suits filed in Boston, Bailey charged that Inspector Dunne made false statements in his affidavit which resulted in the ransacking of Richards's home, and demanded that Dunne be ordered to pay the damages.

In another suit, filed on behalf of Kelley, Bailey alleged that Inspector Dunne made false statements to Mrs. Kelley in an attempt to search the Kelley home and that Dunne carried no warrants.

"Just because this is such a big case," he says, "is no reason for the Post Office to act as if it doesn't have to be bound by a lot of sticky little rules such as the protection provided for private citizens by the U.S. Constitution and the laws of the state of Massachusetts.

"I and my office staff have been followed. My phones have been tapped. My office has been spied on. Why, after they discovered that I play for a semipro hockey team in Hyannis, I think they began to suspect that *I* was the one who had masterminded the robbery!"

For their part, the postal inspectors have steadfastly endured Bailey's barbs with traditional stoicism and silence.

"We are preparing an important criminal case for prosecution in court," says a Post Office spokesman. "We cannot and will not participate with Mr. Bailey or anyone else in a contest for newspaper headlines. We cannot give to the newspapers and the general public information that the courts will need later on. We cannot jeopardize human lives. We must weigh each move we make carefully. We feel that the arrest and conviction of those associated with the crime and the recovery of the money is far preferable to hasty action."

In Washington, Chief Postal Inspector Henry B. Montague has denied Bailey's charges that the civil rights of his clients have been violated. "We will stay on this case until we crack it," Montague adds.

Meanwhile, although the postal authorities still insist that time is working in their favor, there are those who disagree.

Approaching fast is another summer season in which a dozen race tracks, trotting tracks and dog tracks will be running, and new hordes of summer tourists will be flooding into New England, making the movement and exchange of large sums of money much more difficult to keep an eye on.

Is the stolen money now widely dispersed or still cached in one spot? And, if the highwaymen are spending it, how do they get to the "bank" in which they keep it? Do they go in person or—perish the monstrous thought—are comfortable sums being delivered to them regularly via the U.S. mails? THE END

Leaving Bailey's Boston office, four suspects—Tripoli, Richards, Kelley, Agisotelis—discuss future plans.

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Kiss-and-tell journalism

Suppose that you worked for the President of the United States. You drew your pay at the White House. The President trusted you and confided in you. You attended Cabinet meetings and were told the Administration's innermost secrets. What sort of loyalty would you owe the President in later life?

The answer given by Emmet J. Hughes in a book called *The Ordeal of Power* is: none.

Hughes was a speech writer for General Eisenhower in both of Ike's campaigns for the presidency and served in the White House for the first 10 months of the Eisenhower Administration. Now he tells us that he was a Democrat at heart all the time. He writes, "I most commonly found myself a comrade, in purpose and temper, of the Democrats—and not the more conservative ones. I still do." Fair enough; but when Hughes wormed his way into Eisenhower's confidence he was posing as an independent.

His story now is that in 1952 he joined Ike's team to save the two-party system in the U. S. "I believed the essential vigor of the nation's two-party system to stand in clear and present danger," he writes.

In 1956 he got himself invited back to save the Republicans from themselves. In tortured, incredibly arrogant passages of self-justification Hughes writes, "I was seriously swayed by the counsel of some astute and conscientious Democratic friends." The Democratic friends feared that "the din and stress of the campaign . . . might easily tempt the Administration to elaborate boasting of its fancied attainment of world peace."

Hughes came well prepared for his Republican mission, having prepped for several years at Henry Luce's New York academy. (Currently he is a pundit for *Newsweek*.) In Washington he took notes of Cabinet meetings and conferences, even of private conversations with the President and now has published his versions without consulting General Eisenhower.

The book is salted with grotesque estimates of public men. Ike is portrayed as a likable amateur surrounded by petty, parochial men. Businessman George Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury, appears as a narrow man "who deeply believed the destiny of all free peoples to depend almost wholly upon the stability of the American dollar." Defense Secretary Charles Wilson is loftily dismissed as "a classic type of corporation executive . . . unphilosophic, aggressive . . . the undoubting and uncomplicated pragmatist who inhabits a world of sleek, shining certitudes."

The arch-villain in Hughes's gallery of distorted portraits is John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State. Hughes writes of Dulles as a man with a "fondness for embellishing his political statements—usually rendered with the cold finality of judicial decisions—with moralistic flourishes more appropriate to church councils than to international conferences."

The Ordeal of Power is puncutated with superficial statements that Hughes must have known would hurt his old boss. Example: Aboard the cruiser *Helena* in the Pacific after Ike's post-election visit to Korea, Hughes noticed that Dulles "made one consistent impact upon Eisenhower: He bored him." Example: In 1956, Hughes writes, President Eisenhower gave this appraisal of Richard Nixon: "Well, the fact is, of course, I've watched Dick a long time, and he just hasn't grown. So I just haven't honestly been able to believe that he is presidential timber."

Hughes's condescending verdict on Ike is that he was sincere and well-meaning but a negative President: "His conduct of the presidency was unskillful and his definition of it inaccurate."

In evaluating Eisenhower's conduct of foreign affairs Hughes writes, "He was . . . the unabashed believer in conciliation and compromise—who conferred all of his trust, and much of his power, upon a Secretary of State unique in modern American diplomacy for his distrust of compromise or conciliation."

It is evident now that Eisenhower's real mistake was in conferring his trust on Hughes, who has exposed himself as a political renegade, a blabber of state secrets and a biased journalist. Try as he will, he can't make us believe men of Eisenhower's stature, and the men who served him, are contemptible midgets. These were big men who shouldered awesome responsibility with dignity and maturity at a critical time in our country's history. No kiss-and-tell journalist can tarnish their reputations.

The hero of Volgograd

The Sino-Soviet rift and the resulting rivalry between the two great Communist powers, as described by Max Frankel beginning on page 30, have produced many bizarre and intriguing effects in recent years. Khrushchev denounces Stalin, whom he served so well. The Chinese Communists, who have hated Stalin since he betrayed their revolution in the 1920's, take a hard, Stalinist line. And now Khrushchev, no doubt under heavy pressure from the Chinese Communists and hard-line Stalinists at home, suddenly discovers that Stalin wasn't so bad after all.

Back in 1956 there wasn't any question about how bad Khrushchev thought Stalin was. In his famous denunciation of the old dictator, Khrushchev accused Stalin of nearly every crime in the book. Stalin, he said, "practiced brutal violence, not only toward everything which opposed him but also toward that which seemed to his capricious and despotic character contrary to his concepts. . . . Whoever opposed [him] was doomed to removal . . . and to subsequent moral and physical annihilation." Khrushchev charged Stalin with using "extreme methods" and "mass repressions," of extracting confessions through "cruel and inhuman tortures." When "plots" were unearthed, Stalin "called the investigative judge, gave him instructions, advised him on which investigative methods should be used; these methods were simple—beat, beat and, once again, beat."

Now the same Nikita Khrushchev has suddenly discovered that Stalin was a "dedicated Marxist" and a "good Communist." No doubt he was.

There is no limit to the Communists' ingenuity. They have just discovered, 20 years after the event, that the hero of the Battle of Stalingrad was Nikita S. Khrushchev. By the time they made this discovery history had gone through so many rewrites that Stalingrad wasn't Stalingrad anymore. It was Volgograd.

Now that Stalin is respectable again, perhaps they will want to change the name of Volgograd. We have a suggestion: Stalingrad. And let Mr. Khrushchev be the hero of Volgograd.

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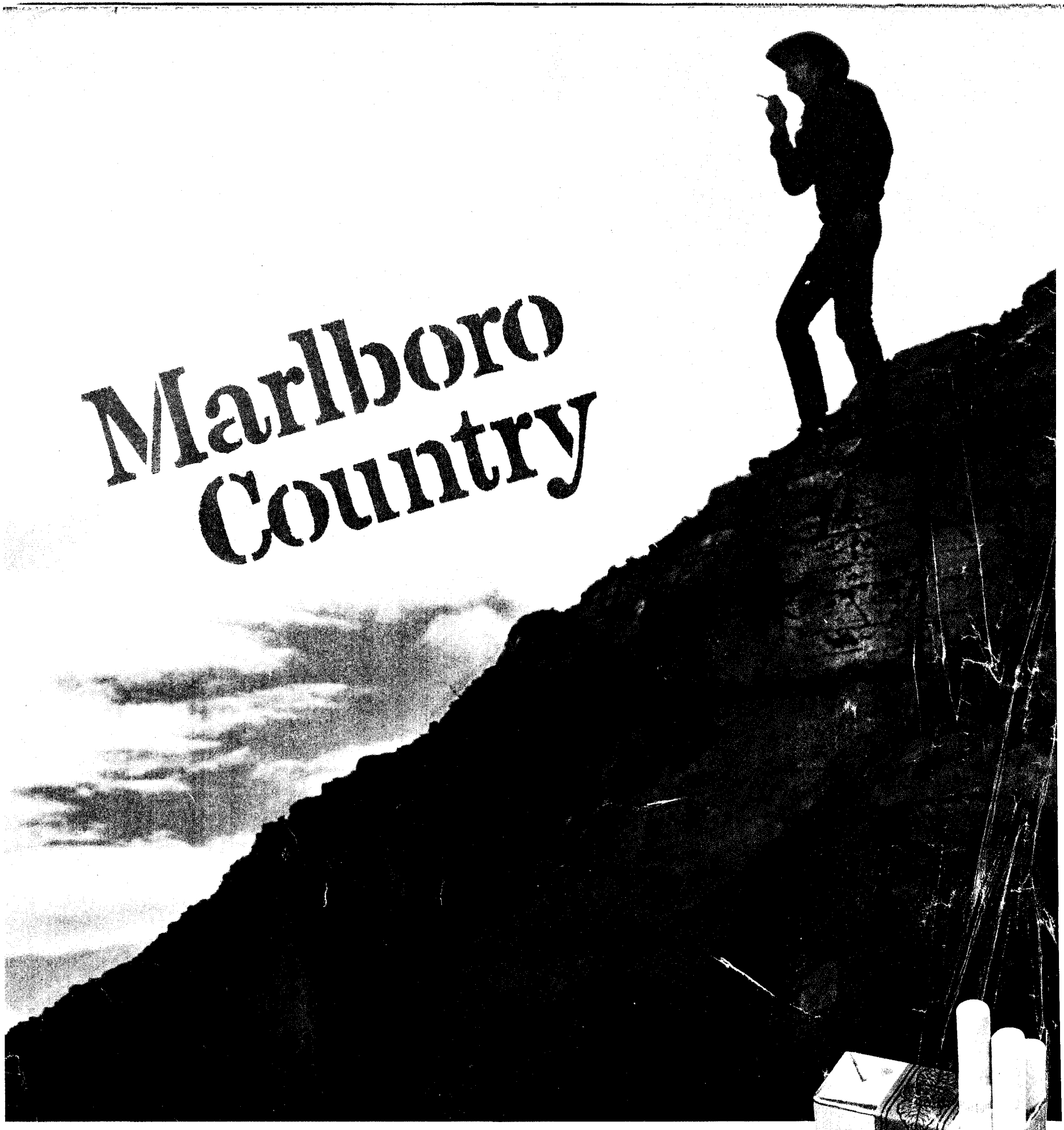

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